

THE  
**Vocal Miscellany.**  
A  
**COLLECTION**

Of above **FOUR HUNDRED**  
**CELEBRATED SONGS;**

Many of which were  
**Never before PRINTED.**

**WITH**

**The Names of the TUNES prefixed**  
**to each SONG.**

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**VOLUME the SECOND and LAST.**

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**The SECOND EDITION, with many Alterations and**  
**large Additions.**

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**MDCCXXXVIII**

# Vocal Miscellany

## COLLECTION

OF ABOVE TOWN HUNTER

1813

Never before printed



The Names of the Authors of the Songs

Printed by J. Johnson, Strand

LONDON

MDCCLXXIII



# T A B L E

O F T H E

## S O N G S

I N T H E

### V O C A L M I S C E L L A N Y.

S E C O N D V O L U M E.

A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z. Page

|                                            |        |
|--------------------------------------------|--------|
| A Pox of this Fooling and Plotting of late | 36     |
| A very pretty Fancy a brave Gallanté Show  | 39     |
| A Fig for the dainty civil Spouse          | 299    |
| A Woman's Ware like China                  | 46     |
| A Curse attends the Woman's Love           | 60     |
| A Virgin once was walking along            | 143    |
| A Tory, a Whig, and a moderate Man         | 145    |
| A Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar, I'll be      | 153    |
| A Damsel I'm told                          | 174    |
| A Dean and Prebendary                      | 179    |
| A 2                                        | A Sol- |

|                                                     | Page |
|-----------------------------------------------------|------|
| A Soldier and a Sailor, a Thief and a Teller        | 164  |
| A Female Friend admir'd a Swain                     | 303  |
| A shepherd sways to woo my Heart                    | 262  |
| A Lass that was loaden with Care                    | 322  |
| As Archers and Killers who cunningly know           | 30   |
| As I sat at my Spinning Wheel                       | 21   |
| As <i>Demetrius</i> watch'd his harmless Sheep      | 64   |
| As the <i>Delian</i> God                            | 132  |
| As <i>Sparaballa</i> pensive lay                    | 210  |
| As soon as the Chaos was made into form             | 221  |
| As swift as Time put round the Glass                | 246  |
| As Sparks fly upwards Man is born                   | 256  |
| As musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone           | 321  |
| Ambition never me seduc'd                           | 41   |
| At break of Day poor <i>Celadon</i>                 | 52   |
| At setting Day and rising Morn                      | 251  |
| Ah! how sweet it is to love                         | 192  |
| Ah tell me no more                                  | 218  |
| After the Pangs of a desperate Lover                | 98   |
| <i>Apollo</i> once finding fair <i>Daphne</i> alone | 103  |
| Artist, who underneath the Table                    | 334  |
| Ask not the Cause why sudden Spring                 | 123  |
| Awake thou fairest thing in Nature                  | 141  |
| All you that must needs take a Leap in the Dark     | 161  |
| All Nature was smiling and gay                      | 223  |
| All you that do to Love belong                      | 234  |
| Adieu ye pleasant Sports and Plays                  | 254  |
| Amongst the pure Ones all                           | 282  |
| <i>Andria</i> wishes when she dies                  | 284  |

Went small as B.

|                                                       |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| BY smooth winding Tay                                 | 12  |
| By Moon-light on the Green                            | 88  |
| By the Toast of your Health when full Bumpers go down | 213 |
| Blow on ye Winds, descend soft Rains                  | 17  |
| Beneath a Cypress lying                               | 83  |
| Beneath a shady Willow                                | 271 |

Beneath

# The TABLE.

|                                           | Page |
|-------------------------------------------|------|
| Beneath a green Shade I find a fair Maid  | 188  |
| Beneath a cooling Shade                   | 310  |
| Behold the Birds in Love combin'd         | 315  |
| Behold and listen while the fair          | 289  |
| Busy, curious, thirsty Fly                | 81   |
| <i>Blowzabella</i> my bouncing Dory       | 146  |
| <i>Belinda's</i> bless'd with every Grace | 208  |
| <i>Belinda</i> , see, from yonder Flowers | 294  |
| Blyth was I each Morn to see              | 292  |

## C.

|                                                       |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <b>C</b> ome chear up your Hearts                     | 23   |
| Come fill me a Glafs, fill it high                    | 45   |
| Come to my Arms my Treasure                           | 72   |
| Come from the Groves each Goddess                     | 102  |
| Come Love let us join                                 | 138  |
| Come let us drink, and drown all Sorrow               | 179  |
| Come, come my <i>Melby</i> , come let's be jolly      | 187  |
| Come Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs and Musicians      | 207  |
| Come hither my Country 'Squire                        | 245  |
| Come, little <i>Cupid</i> , God of Love               | 273  |
| Come listen, ye <i>English</i> , a-while to my Strain | 305  |
| <i>Cloe</i> , when I view thee smiling                | 26   |
| <i>Cloe</i> found <i>Amyntas</i> lying                | 75   |
| <i>Cloe</i> proves false, but still she is charming   | 142  |
| <i>Cloe</i> , a Coquet, in her Prime                  | 108  |
| <i>Cloe</i> is handsome, brisk, and gay               | 268  |
| Charming <i>Cloe</i> look with Pity                   | 40   |
| Charming <i>Phillis</i> , clear as Lillies            | 324  |
| Cold and raw the North did blow                       | 76   |
| <i>Celia</i> , thou fairest of the Fair               | 330  |
| <i>Celia</i> the charming                             | 195  |
| Can Love be controul'd by Advice                      | 110  |
| Can then a Look create a Thought                      | 135  |
| <i>Cupid</i> with <i>Ganymede</i> to play             | 116  |
| <i>Cupid</i> , Commander of every Creature            | 324  |
| <i>Chloris</i> , I cannot say your Eyes               | 266  |
| A 3                                                   | Com- |

# THE TABLE

|                                              |          |
|----------------------------------------------|----------|
| <i>Chloris</i> , 'twill be for either's Rest | Page 337 |
| Complying denying                            | 267      |

|                                                      |     |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <b>D</b> Far <i>Colin</i> prevent my warm Blushes    | 71  |
| Dear Madam when Ladies are willing                   | 72  |
| Dear <i>Molly</i> why so oft in Tears                | 335 |
| Dear <i>Chloe</i> while thus beyond Measure          | 232 |
| Down in the North Country                            | 80  |
| <i>Daphnis</i> flood pensive in the Shade            | 106 |
| De'l take the Wars that hurry'd <i>Willy</i> from me | 167 |
| Don't you teaze me, let me go                        | 227 |
| <i>Damon</i> to <i>Sylvia</i> , when alone           | 260 |

|                                                        |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <b>F</b> Rail's the Bliss of Woman                     | 275 |
| For haughty <i>Phyllis</i> <i>Thyrus</i> pines         | 38  |
| For a Soldier or Poet consumedly poor                  | 224 |
| For many unsuccessful Years                            | 255 |
| For Gold and not Freedom those Generals fight          | 101 |
| Fair <i>Chloe</i> my Breast so alarms                  | 64  |
| Fair <i>Iris</i> I love, and I hourly die              | 206 |
| From beneath a cool Shade by the side of a Stream      | 65  |
| From o'er the Park and Meadows fine                    | 160 |
| From native Stalk the Provence-rose                    | 144 |
| From <i>White's</i> to <i>Will's</i>                   | 215 |
| Fond Echo forbear thy light Strain                     | 106 |
| Farewel the fatal Pleasures                            | 311 |
| Farewel ungrateful Traytor                             | 157 |
| Farewel the World and mortal Cares                     | 295 |
| Free from Confinement and Strife                       | 126 |
| Forbid me not to enquire                               | 152 |
| Pull of Dreams of bright Beauties, and fond to explore | 163 |
| Fairest Isle all Isles excelling                       | 225 |
| God                                                    |     |

# The TABLE

vii

|                                                             |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <b>G</b> OD of Sleep for whom I languish                    | 34  |
| God prosper long from being broke                           | 111 |
| Gentle <i>Zephyrus</i> , silent Glades                      | 47  |
| Gentle Gales that fan the <i>May</i>                        | 67  |
| Generous, gay, and gallant Nation                           | 55  |
| Gaffer and Gammer were fast in their Nest                   | 189 |
| Give o'er foolish Heart and make haste to despair           | 341 |
| Give, ye Nymphs, O give your Lover                          | 267 |
| Grim King of the Ghosts                                     | 193 |
| Glide swiftly on ye purling Streame                         | 287 |
| Go, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kisse                          | 226 |
| Go tell <i>Amyntas</i> , gentle Swain                       | 263 |
| Genius of <i>England</i> , from thy pleasant Bow'r of Bliss | 279 |

## H

|                                                              |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <b>H</b> Ave you not seen the Morning Sun                    | 8   |
| Help me each harmonious Grove                                | 27  |
| Here are the best Horses                                     | 30  |
| Here's to thee, my <i>Damozel</i> , let's drink and be merry | 32  |
| Here's a Whim Wham new come over                             | 68  |
| Here lies old <i>Hare</i> , worn out with Care               | 184 |
| He's a Man ev'ry Inch I'll assure you                        | 318 |
| Here's a Health to those Men                                 | 229 |
| Hark the bonny Christ Church Bells                           | 46  |
| Hark, <i>Lucinda</i> , to the wooing                         | 191 |
| How happy a State does the Miller possess                    | 1   |
| How well may Life be term'd a Play                           | 51  |
| How cruel are the Traytors                                   | 58  |
| How sweetly smells the Summer Green                          | 90  |
| How hard is the Fortune of all Woman-kind                    | 123 |
| How smoothly the Minutes, dear <i>Coladen</i> , flow         | 127 |
| How dismal's the Lover's Condition                           | 224 |
| How brim-ful of Nothing's the Life of a Beau                 | 288 |
| Hear all you Friends to Knighthood                           | 58  |
| Happy's the Love which meets Return                          | 131 |
| Happy is a Country Life                                      | 179 |
| Happy Hours all Hours excelling                              | 181 |

|                                                  |          |
|--------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Henceforth, vain Youth, your Arts forbear        | Page 309 |
| Hence, thou Deceiver                             | 310      |
| I Never saw a Face till now                      | 35       |
| I prithee send me back my Heart                  | 339      |
| I grant a thousand Oaths I swore                 | 124      |
| I love thee, by Heav'n, I cannot say more        | 133      |
| I said to my Heart between sleeping and waking   | 91       |
| I come my fairest Treasure                       | 202      |
| I burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes               | 204      |
| I love, I doat, I rave with Pain                 | 300      |
| I am a jolly Humane                              | 211      |
| I like a Ship in Storms was tost                 | 216      |
| I cry'd not to love, but I try'd all in vain     | 259      |
| I cannot change as others do                     | ibid.    |
| In these strong Damigians                        | 117      |
| In <i>Richmond's</i> cool Grotto                 | 198      |
| In vain's the Force of Female Arms               | 317      |
| In <i>Chloe's</i> Frowns I read my Fate          | 114      |
| Joy to great <i>Cæsar</i>                        | 114      |
| <i>Jockey</i> met with <i>Fanny</i> fair         | 114      |
| In Beauty or Wit                                 | 114      |
| In Slumber sweet as <i>Venus</i> lay             | 114      |
| In ancient Days I've heard with Horns            | 114      |
| In Storms when Clouds the Moon does hide         | 114      |
| In <i>Kent</i> so fam'd of old                   | 114      |
| In the Fields of Frost and Snow                  | 114      |
| In a dark silent shady Grove                     | 114      |
| I'll languish no more at the Glance of your Eyew | 114      |
| I'll tell thee <i>Dial</i> where I have been     | 114      |
| If from the Lustre of the Sun                    | 114      |
| If the Heart of a Man is depress'd with Care     | 114      |
| If <i>Carinna</i> would but hear                 | 114      |
| If I live to be old for I find I go down         | 114      |
| If the Glasses they are empty                    | 114      |
| It is not that I love you less                   | 114      |



# The TABLE

in

| Page |                                                        | Page |
|------|--------------------------------------------------------|------|
| 309  | It is not <i>Celia</i> in our Pow'r                    | 198  |
| 319  | Jolly Souls that are gen'rous and free                 | 196  |
|      | Inspir'd by Interest, Passions, or Whims               | 200  |
|      | <i>Itinerants</i> we are, and merrily agree            | 264  |
|      | Jolly Roger, <i>Tavangdillo</i> of <i>Plowden-Hill</i> | 285  |
|      | L.                                                     |      |
|      | <b>L</b> ove wearied with his roving Flights           | 44   |
|      | Love's a Dream of mighty Treasure                      | 173  |
|      | Love's a gentle generous Passion                       | 327  |
|      | Love is like the raging Ocean                          | 261  |
|      | Little Syren of the Stage                              | 65   |
|      | Let <i>Burgundy</i> flow                               | 165  |
|      | Let us revel and roar                                  | 176  |
|      | Let bold Ambition lie                                  | 254  |
|      | Let Prudes and Coquets their Intentions                | 328  |
|      | Listen all, I pray, to the Words I have to say         | 190  |
|      | Lovely Ruler of my Heart                               | 219  |
|      | Little Flea, why so Blood thirsty                      | 319  |
|      | Lately in yonder swelling Bush                         | 340  |
|      | M.                                                     |      |
|      | <b>M</b> others thr'd too much Pride on Love           | 22   |
|      | Mistaken Fair lay <i>Serket</i> by                     | 42   |
|      | Majds like Courtiers must be woo'd                     | 307  |
|      | Maidens beware ye                                      | 215  |
|      | Mortals wisely learn to measure                        | 75   |
|      | My Masters give ear                                    | 129  |
|      | My <i>Chloe</i> , why d'ye flight me                   | 132  |
|      | My Love is all Madness and Folly                       | 136  |
|      | My Days have been so wond'rous free                    | 158  |
|      | My <i>Focky</i> blyth for what thou'lt done            | 176  |
|      | My <i>Molly</i> is of Form divine                      | 312  |
|      | A s                                                    | Not  |

# The TABLE

|                                                  |      |
|--------------------------------------------------|------|
| <b>N</b> OT this blooming April Season           | Page |
| Not Eden's Garden did disdain                    | 278  |
| Now the hungry Lions roar                        | 288  |
| No more, Sir, no more, I'll e'en give it o'er    | 288  |
| No more think me false, for the Flame never dies | 143  |
| No longer I'll bear                              | 296  |
| No scornful Beauty e'er shall boast              | 249  |
| No, no, 'tis in vain in this turbulent Town      | 262  |
| Nay, prithee why d'ye fly                        | 229  |
| <b>O</b> My little Punchinello                   |      |
| O why did e'er my Thoughts aspire                | 283  |
| O the Broom, the bonny Broom                     | 97   |
| O Cupid, why art thou pursuing                   | 243  |
| O ye bless'd Pow'rs, propitious be               | 261  |
| O say! what is that Thing call'd Light           | 320  |
| One Evening the loveliest Pair                   | 7    |
| One Night when all the Village slept             | 85   |
| Of all Occupations                               | 9    |
| Of all our fond Diversions                       | 20   |
| Of old we read of Nymphs that stray'd            | 66   |
| Of all the Lads in London Town                   | 156  |
| Of noble Race was Shaloten                       | 170  |
| Of all the World's Enjoyments                    | 177  |
| Of all the mighty Powers above                   | 292  |
| Of all States in Life so various                 | 290  |
| Others false Tongues can you believe             | 251  |
| Oh what Pleasures will abound                    | 31   |
| Oh the Time that is past                         | 122  |
| Oh what Pain it is to see                        | 137  |
| Oh think not the Maid whom you scorn             | 144  |
| Oh Love! if a God thou wilt be                   | 150  |
| Oh cease, cease, urge no more                    | 340  |
|                                                  | Oh   |

# THE TABLE.

Page

Oh *London* is a dainty Place 327

Old Poets have told us when they were grown mellow 185

Old *Adam* it is true 221

Once on a Summer's Ev'ning fair 268

Observe the num'rous Stars which grace 293

Our Shop-keepers Wives are so polish'd of late 99

P.

Pursuing Beauty Men descry 335

Pity my Fate ye tender Youths 160

*Phyllis* the lovely, the charming and fair 149

Poor *Celia* once was very fair 298

*Prithee Chloë* not so fast 336

R.

Restrain'd from the Sight of my Dear 6

Ranging the Plain one Summer's Night 305

Remember *Damon* you did tell 95

Reign, *Silvia*, reign 263

Ring, ring the Bar-Bell of the World 239

S.

SEE in the limpid floating Glass 27

See, see she wakes, *Sabina* wakes 244

See, from the silent Grove *Alexis* flies 63

Sure ne'er was a Dog so wretched as I 275

Say, cruel *Amoret*, how long 284

Say, good Master *Bacchus*, astride on your Butt 145

Say, lovely Dream, where could'st thou find 108

Says *Roger* to *Will* both our Teams shall lie still 149

*Silvia*, on her Arm reclining 304

Stripp'd of their Greens our Groves appear 309

Send back my long stray'd Eyes to me 97

*Strephon*

# THE TABLE

|                                                   |          |
|---------------------------------------------------|----------|
| <i>Strecher</i> , when you see me fly             | Page 104 |
| Silent Night yields no Repose                     | 137      |
| God <i>Philoctetes</i> sigh'd to the Wind         | 154      |
| State and Ambition; all Joy to great <i>Cæsar</i> | 182      |
| She sung—with such a sweetness sung               | 302      |
| She that would gain a constant Lover              | 265      |
| Sweet <i>Suley</i> , my Heart's Delight           | 271      |
| Since we must part, my Love adieu                 | 218      |
| Since you will needs my Heart possess             | 246      |
| Since we poor slavish Women know                  | 258      |
| Since all the World's turn'd upside down          | 240      |
| Shall Strangers weep, and shall not I             | 296      |

T.

|                                                     |       |
|-----------------------------------------------------|-------|
| <b>T</b> Hrice happy <i>Lizzy</i> , blooming Maid   | 3     |
| Thro' all the Conditions of Life                    | 9     |
| The <i>Macedon</i> Youth                            | 16    |
| The feather'd Songster of the Skies                 | 252   |
| The utmost Grace the <i>Greeks</i> could shew       | ibid. |
| The Frantick know                                   | 276   |
| The Morn was fair, the Sky serene                   | 32    |
| The Lass that wou'd know how to manage her Man      | 38    |
| The am'rous Spark talks of Flames, Darts, and Fires | 46    |
| The Mountain of the <i>Delphian</i> God             | 54    |
| The Pride of ev'ry Grove I chose                    | 338   |
| The Modes of the Court so common are grown          | 58    |
| The Sun had just withdrawn his Fires                | 307   |
| The Night was still, the Air serene                 | 339   |
| The thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain                 | 332   |
| The fairest Month of the fair Year                  | ibid. |
| The Stone that all things turns at Will             | 110   |
| The Gentlefolks of <i>London</i>                    | 311   |
| The Collier has a Daughter                          | 126   |
| The Lawland Maids gang trig and fine                | 134   |
| The Doctor is see'd for a dang'rous Draught         | 140   |
| The dusky Night rides down the Sky                  | 141   |
| The                                                 |       |

# The TABLE

| Page |                                                            | Page         |
|------|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|
| 101  | The more we see of human Kind                              | 142          |
| 137  | The Man that is drunk is void of all Care                  | 148          |
| 154  | The <i>Cupid's</i> had left all the Larks                  | 168          |
| 182  | The Charms of bright Beauty so powerful are                | 183          |
| 302  | The Sun was just setting, the Reaping was done             | 201          |
| 265  | The Sun was now withdrawn                                  | 206          |
| 271  | The Soldier disbanded and forc'd for to beg                | 215          |
| 218  | The Youth whom I                                           | 280          |
| 246  | The Charge is prepar'd, the Lawyers are met                | 219          |
| 258  | The Lark of <i>Bromhall-Green</i>                          | 318          |
| 240  | The Hounds are all out, and the Morning does peep          | 323          |
| 296  | The Charms of <i>Florimel</i>                              | <i>ibid.</i> |
|      | The Turtle lamenting                                       | 272          |
|      | 'Tis Int'rest that governs Mankind                         | 253          |
|      | 'Tis Woman that seduces all Mankind                        | 109          |
|      | 'Tis my Glory to adore you                                 | 195          |
|      | Tell me not <i>Celia</i> once did bless                    | 273          |
|      | Tell me no more I am deceiv'd                              | 109          |
|      | Tell me no more you love in vain                           | 267          |
|      | The Gods and the Goddesses lately did feast                | 241          |
|      | The rosy Morn unbarr'd her Gates                           | 314          |
|      | <i>Thyrsis</i> , a young and am'rous Swain                 | 274          |
|      | 'Twas in the solemn Noon of Night                          | 277          |
|      | That which her slender Waist confin'd                      | 290          |
|      | That the World is a Lottery what Man can doubt             | 232          |
|      | Tell me ye gay, ye brave, ye wise                          | 302          |
|      | To charming <i>Celia's</i> Arms I flew                     | 57           |
|      | To silent Groves where weeping Yews                        | 61           |
|      | That Man who for Life                                      | 297          |
|      | To his poor <i>Cell</i> , a Satyr led                      | 66           |
|      | To thee, the brightest of thy Race                         | 330          |
|      | To all you Husbands and you Wives                          | 102          |
|      | To hug yourself in perfect Ease                            | 181          |
|      | To you who live at Home at Ease                            | 197          |
|      | Two Gods of great Honour, <i>Bacchus</i> and <i>Apollo</i> | 99           |
|      | <i>Tom</i> and <i>Will</i> were Shepherd Swains            | 73           |
|      | Those Arts which common Beauties move                      | 333          |
|      | Tho'                                                       |              |



# THE TABLE.

|                                                                  | Page |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| 'Tho' you make no return to my Passion                           | 259  |
| 'Tho' lovely <i>Phillis</i> then art coy                         | 299  |
| 'Tho' late I was a Nun most pure                                 | 316  |
| <i>Tobacco's</i> Bat an <i>Indian</i> Weed                       | 146  |
| <i>Tibby</i> has a store of Charms                               | 209  |
| Transform'd in female Shape                                      | 217  |
| Thus I stand like a <i>Tart</i> with his <i>Doxies</i> all round | 221  |
| Thus was the Tempest high                                        | 246  |
| Thou art so fair and cruel too                                   | 243  |
| Thou rising Sun whose gladsome Ray                               | 289  |
| Thy vain Pursuit fond Youth give o'er                            | 314  |
| <i>Troy</i> had a Breed of brave stout Men                       | 226  |
| Then as it fell out on a Holiday                                 | 230  |

## U.

|                                                |     |
|------------------------------------------------|-----|
| U Ngrateful Love thus ev'ry Hour               | 283 |
| Virgins are like the fair Flow'r in its Lustre | 110 |
| Upon <i>Clarinda's</i> panting Breast          | 208 |

## W.

|                                                           |     |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| W HY, <i>Silvia</i> , will you still be shy               | 248 |
| Why should we that Ambition call                          | 16  |
| Why, <i>Damon</i> , with the forward Day                  | 276 |
| Why, <i>Lycidas</i> , should Man be vain                  | 34  |
| Why, <i>Celia</i> , should you so much strive             | 258 |
| Why, <i>Delia</i> , when I tell the Pain                  | 342 |
| Wine, Wine in a Morning                                   | 10  |
| When mighty Roast-Beef was the <i>Englishman's</i> Food   | 2   |
| When you censure the Age                                  | 249 |
| When <i>Dolly</i> wife the grave disdains                 | 19  |
| When a Lover's Sighs his Mistress gains                   | 22  |
| When <i>Chloe's</i> Picture was to <i>Chloe</i> shewn     | ib. |
| When <i>Silvia</i> strikes the trembling Strings          | 25  |
| When I visit proud <i>Celia</i> , just come from my Glass | 29  |
| When <i>Cynthia</i> saw <i>Bathsheba's</i> Charms         | 279 |
| When <i>Daphne</i> o'er the Meadows fled                  | 281 |
| When                                                      |     |



# The TABLE.

xv

|                                                    | Page |
|----------------------------------------------------|------|
| When a Lady like me condescends to agree           | 37   |
| When Gammer Gertie first I knew                    | 36   |
| When Molly smiles beneath her Cow                  | 67   |
| When charming Silvia first I saw                   | 70   |
| When Trees did bud, and Fields were green          | 89   |
| When gay Philander felt a Prize                    | 105  |
| When Delia on the Plain appears                    | 121  |
| When Fanny first began to love                     | 135  |
| When Chloe shines serenely gay                     | 285  |
| When Lovers for Favours petition                   | 295  |
| When first, Dorinda, your bright Eyes              | 244  |
| When Silvia, in bathing, her Charms did expose     | 222  |
| When humming Brown-Beer was the Englishman's Taste | 247  |
| Woman's like the flatt'ring Ocean                  | 266  |
| Woman, Nature's greatest Beauty                    | 100  |
| Was ever Nymph like Rosamond                       | 17   |
| Was ever Mistress so gentle as mine                | 317  |
| Were I laid on Greenland's Coast                   | 217  |
| What Torment ye Pow'rs I sustain                   | 115  |
| What a Pother of late                              | 205  |
| What's all the World to me                         | 220  |
| What Class in Life tho' ne'er so great             | 253  |
| Whenever Chloe I begin                             | 170  |
| With early Horn                                    | 69   |
| With Gems as bright as are thy Eyes                | 308  |
| With her round the World will I wander             | 291  |
| While on those lovely Looks I gaze                 | 228  |
| Welcome, welcome, Brother Debtor                   | 202  |
| Who, to win a Woman's Favour                       | 291  |
| Whoe'er to a Wife                                  | 296  |
| Wine does Wonders ev'ry Day                        | 326  |

## Y.

|                                               |     |
|-----------------------------------------------|-----|
| Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window    | 3   |
| Young Corydon and Phillis                     | 43  |
| Young Bacchus, when merry, bestriding his Tun | 124 |
| Young Civia, gay and fair                     | 312 |
| Young Anne and Philip, a kind loving Pair     | 165 |
| Your                                          |     |

|                                            | Page |
|--------------------------------------------|------|
| Your Friendship I court                    | 169  |
| You twice ten hundred Delicies             | 161  |
| You meener Beauties of the Night           | 199  |
| You pretty Birds that sit and sing         | 203  |
| You I love by all that's true              | 204  |
| Youth's the Season made for Joys           | 115  |
| Ye People of Ireland both Country and City | 118  |
| Ye Pinks and blooming Roses                | 312  |
| Ye Nymphs who frequent those sweet Plains  | 176  |
| Ye Cats that at Midnight                   | 328  |

## Z.

|                                          |     |
|------------------------------------------|-----|
| <b>Z</b> ephyr who with Spring returning | 251 |
| Zem, Plato, Aristotle                    | 326 |





T H E

## Vocal Miscellany.

\*\*\*\*\*

SONG I. *The Miller of Mansfield.*

**H**OW happy a State does the Miller possess,  
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less;  
 On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,  
 Which is better than servilely cringing at  
 (Court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,  
 The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a Beau:  
 A Clown in this Dress may be honestest far  
 Than a Courtier, who struts in his Garter and Star.

Tho' his Hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,  
 The Hands of his Bettors are not very clean;  
 A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal;  
 Gold, in handling, will stick to the Fingers like  
 (Meal.

What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,  
 He crabs, without Scruple, from other Men's Sacks:  
 In this, of right noble Examples he brags,  
 Who borrows as freely from other Men's Bags.

## 2 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Or should he endeavour to keep an Estate,  
In this, he would mimic the Tools of the State,  
Whose Aim is alone their Coffers to fill,  
As all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,  
And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;  
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing;  
How happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

### SONG II. *Roast Beef.*

**W**HEN mighty roast Beef was the *Englishman's*  
(Food,  
It ennobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood;  
Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good.  
*Oh the roast Beef of old England, and old English*  
*roast Beef.*

But since we have learn'd from all-conquering *France*,  
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to dance,  
We are fed up with nothing, but vain Complaisance.  
*Oh the roast Beef, &c.*

Our Fathers, of old, were robust, stout, and strong,  
And kept open House, with good Chear all Day long,  
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song.  
*Oh the roast Beef, &c.*

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name,  
A sneaking poor Race, half begotten—and tame,  
Who sully those Honours, that once shone in Fame.  
*Oh the roast Beef, &c.*

When Good Queen *Elizabeth* sat on the Throne,  
E're Coffee, or Tea, and such Slip-Slops were known,  
The World was in Terror, if e'er she but frown.  
*Oh the roast Beef, &c.*

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,  
They seldom, or never, return'd back again,  
As witness, the vaunting *Armada* of Spain.  
*Oh the roast Beef, &c.*

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 3

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat, and to fight,  
And when Wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves  
But now we're a ——— I could, but good Night.

*Oh the roast Beef, &c.*

## SONG III. *Young Roger came tapping, &c.*

**Y**OUNG Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window,  
Thumpaty, tumpaty, tump.

He begg'd for Admittance, she answered him no,  
Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.

My Dolly, my Dear, your true Love is here,  
Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump.

No, no, Roger, no, as you came, you may go.  
Slumpaty, slumpaty, slump.

Oh! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again,  
Humpaty, humpaty, hump.

Whilst he, like a Mad-man, ran over the Plain,  
Slumpaty, slumpaty, slump.

Oh! what is Reason, dear Dolly, he cry'd,  
Humpaty, humpaty, hump!

That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd.  
Trumpaty, trumpaty, trump.

Some Rival more dear, I guess, has been here.  
Crumpaty, crumpaty, crump.

Suppose there's been two, Sir, pray what's that to you, Sir.  
Numpaty, numpaty, nump.

Oh! then, with a Sigh, his sad Farewell he took.  
Humpaty, humpaty, hump.

And all in Despair, he leap'd into the Brook.  
Plumpaty, plumpaty, plump.

His Courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd.  
Mumpaty, mumpaty, mump.

He swam to the Shore, and saw Dolly no more.  
Rumpaty, rumpaty, rump.



## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Determin'd to find, a Damsel more kind.  
 Plumpaty, plumpaty, plump.  
 While Dolly's afraid, she must die an old Maid.  
 Mumpaty, mumpaty, mump.

### SONG IV. *Sciciatta dal suo nido in Rodelinda.*

Col. **O** my little *Punchinello*,  
 My little dapper Fellow,  
 Have you heard that *Farinello*  
 Is coming over.

Punch. O no -----my *Columbino*,  
 I hear that *Caristeno*,  
 The famous *Caristeno*,  
 Who has pleas'd both the King and Queen-o,  
 Sets out for *Dover*.

Col. But I hope my *Senesino*  
 Is no such Rover.

Punch. O, no, your *Senesino*  
 Has lick'd himself quite clean-o,  
 Has, of thousands, made fifteen-o,  
 And lives in Clover.

Col. After *Porpora* or *Handel*,  
 Where d'ye think the Town will dandle;  
 Or who shall hold the Candle?

Punch. -- -- I care not a Farthing,  
 But *Harlequin's Lun-o*  
 Has cook'd a deal of Fun-o  
 Of Pantomine and Pun-o,  
 And expects a mighty Run-o  
 At *Covent-Garden*.

Col. Shall us go and see the Fun-o  
 At *Covent-Garden*.

Punch. In Play-houses, full fix-o,  
 One knows not where to fix-o,  
 Till they let us in for Nix-o,  
 That's *Punch's Bargain*.

*Boto*. In Play-houses, &c.

SONG

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 3

## SONG V. *White Foak.*

**T**HREE happy *Lizzy*, blooming Maid,  
By no false Arts of Life betray'd,  
Bless'd Tenant of the rural Scene;  
Whose Joys unmix'd with pining Care,  
Which prey upon the modish Fair;  
When Evening comes with artless Smile,  
Does all her pleasing Toils beguile,  
With tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

*Clarinda* fair, in Jewels dress'd,  
The Pride of Theatres confess'd,  
Still shines with irresistible Mien:  
Tho' Musick, Action, Words conspire  
To wake her Soul to soft Desire;  
Delight like this will quickly cloy,  
And *Lizzy* take more perfect Joy  
In tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

When *Lindamira*, in the Dance,  
To sprightly Airs does swift advance,  
And graceful moves like Beauty's Queen;  
Tho' Crowds of Beaux admiring gaze,  
Nor sick'ning Prudes refuse her Praise,  
The flatter'd Belle's not half so blest'd,  
And *Lizzy's* of more Joys possess'd,  
In tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

When *Coquetilla* Cards invite,  
To while away the social Night,  
And banish far corroding Spleen;  
Tho' Chance, indulgent to her Will,  
Conveys, each circling Deal, Spadille;  
The Sweets of Gain are less refin'd,  
And softer Transports sooth the Mind,  
Of *Lizzy* when she trips the Green.

## 6 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Hail blissful Life which *Lizzy* leads !  
 'Midst bubbling Springs and painted Meads;  
 Just Emblem of the golden Mean ;  
 A Life with fairest Virtue grac'd,  
 Whose ebbing Moments sweetly waste ;  
 Made doubly joyous, chearful, gay,  
 When *Lizzy* crowns th' indulgent Day,  
 With tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

### SONG VI. *Tweed Side.*

**R**estrain'd from the Sight of my Dear,  
 No Object with Pleasure I see,  
 Tho' Thousands all round me appear,  
 The World's but a Desert to me ;  
 Ev'ry Morning her Charms to survey  
*Sol's* Absence I'd gladly excuse,  
 'Tis her Eyes that restore me the Day,  
 'Tis Night when their Lustre I lose.

In vain are the Verdure of Spring,  
 The Fields dress'd so bloomingly gay,  
 The Birds that delightfully sing,  
 Delight not when *Calia's* away :  
 Oh ! give the dear Nymph to my Arms,  
 And the Seasons unheeded may roll,  
 Her Presence like Midsummer warms,  
 Her Absence out-freezes the Pole.

Reclin'd by soft murmuring Streams,  
 I weeping disburthen my Care ;  
 I tell to the Rocks my fond Themes,  
 Whose Echo's but sooth my Despair :  
 Ye Streams that soft murmuring flow,  
 Convey to my Love e'ery Tear ;  
 Ye Rocks that resound with my Woe,  
 Repeat my Complaints in her Ear.

O tell her I languishing lie  
 In the Midst of Life's vigorous Bloom,  
 That 'tis only herself can supply  
 The Cure that retrieves from the Tomb :

And

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 7

And if the dear Charmer shall deign  
To equal my amorous Fire,  
That Moment will ease all my Pain,  
New Life and new Pleasure inspire.

## SONG VII. *Colin's Complaint.*

**O**NE Ev'ning the loveliest Pair  
That ever frequented the Plain,  
Bright *Lydia* th' all-conquering Fair,  
And *Damon* the beautiful Swain,  
Sat down in a Jessamine Grove,  
Where a murmuring Rivulet stray'd,  
When *Damon* to kindle old Love  
Thus softly reproached the Maid.

*Dam.* O *Lydia*! while I was that he  
That ever was blest'd with your Charms,  
And never a Shepherd but me  
Clasp'd in that soft Circle your Arms;  
Then *Damon* all chearful did sing,  
And his Happiness yielding to none,  
Despis'd all the Pomp of a King,  
And slighted a glittering Throne.

*Lyd.* False *Damon*! the Virgin reply'd,  
Whilst you true and constant did prove,  
Consuming whole Days by my Side  
In sighing and talking of Love;  
Whilst *Phillis's* Beauty did yield  
To mine in your delicate Eye,  
Then I was the Pride of the Field,  
No Queen was so happy as I.

*Dam.* Ah name not that beautiful Dame,  
She has totally ravish'd my Heart,  
Her Charms set me all in a Flame  
Which she fans with her musical Art;  
One Touch of that powerful Breath  
Wounds a Heart as it pierces an Ear,  
For her I would freely meet Death  
Would the Powers my Goddess but spare.

## 9 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY

*Lyd.* *Alexis* the bloomingest Youth  
That treads on the flowery Plains,  
With innocent Arts and pure Truth,  
My Heart not unwilling detains:  
Still burning with mutual Desire  
Unbroken Delights we enjoy,  
Far oft'ner than once I'd expire  
To save the adorable Boy.

*Dam.* But now if my Heart should return  
To the Duty it owes thee again;  
Leave *Phillis* to sorrow and mourn  
A Conquest she could not maintain:  
If humbly thy Pardon he'll crave,  
And sigh when he thinks on the Time  
He slighted thy Love, wilt thou leave  
Thy *Damon* to die for his Crime?

*Lyd.* Ah! no, tho' *Alexis* the Fair  
His Charms like a Planet displays,  
And thou art unconstant as Air,  
And wrathful as bellowing Seas;  
Yet with thee a long Series of Years  
Like a Minute of Joy I'd consume,  
And at Death not lament thee with Tears,  
But lay myself down in thy Tomb.

### SONG VIII. *Polwarth on the Green.*

*Strepb.* **H**AVE you not seen the Morning Sun  
Peep over yonder Hill,  
Then you have seen my *Chloe's* Charms,  
At best, but painted ill.

*Col.* Have you not seen a Butterfly  
With Colours bright and gay,  
Then you have seen a Thing less fine  
Than *Molly* cloath'd in grey.

*Strepb.* The *Rose* you'll say of all the Field  
Can boast the loveliest Hue,  
But to compare with *Chloe's* Cheeks  
It wants the Lilly too.

As



## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 9

As I sat by her on the Plain  
And talk'd the Hours away,  
She breath'd so sweet I thought myself  
In Fields of new mow'd Hay.

*Col.* Not the sweet Breath that breath'd from Cows  
With *Molly's* can compare,  
And when she sings the listening Folks  
Stand silent round to hear.  
She said, as we were walking once  
Along the shady Grove,  
There's none but *Colin Molly* loves,  
And will for ever love.

*Strepb.* Believe not, Friend, a Woman's Word;  
Or you are much to blame;  
For t' other Night behind the Elms  
She swore to me the same.

*Col.* Yet I'll believe your *Chloe's* Word  
As on my Breast she laid,  
"This *Strepbon* is so dull a Clown  
"He'll think me still a Maid."

### SONG IX. *An old Woman cloathed in grey.*

**T**HRO' all the Conditions of Life,  
We each of us plunder each other,  
The Husband he plunders his Wife,  
The Sister she plunders her Brother;  
The Guardian he plunders his Ward,  
The Lawyer his Client the same;  
The Thief plunders all, 'till a Cord  
Puts an end to his Rapine and Shame.

### SONG X. *I am a jolly Toper.*

**O**F all Occupations  
A Toper's far the best,  
For when the World's Affairs run cross  
Good Liquor gives him Rest:  
*And a toping we will go, will go, will go,*  
*And a toping we will go.*

## 10 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Here's to thee, honest *Jack* my Boy,  
This Wine will chear our Hearts;  
And if the Bottle's almost out  
We'll call for t'other Quart:  
*And a toping, &c.*

What tho' your sober Sneakers  
Call jolly Topers Swine;  
Because they wallow in the Dirt,  
And we do swim in Wine:  
*And a toping, &c.*

The Musick that delights us most  
Is when the Bar-bell rings;  
For when the Wine's got in our Heads  
We fancy that we're Kings:  
*And a toping, &c.*

Good Liquor drives away all Cares  
Which do perplex Men's Lives;  
For when we've drank our Courage up  
We fear no scolding Wives:  
*And a toping, &c.*

We'll drink at Morn, at Noon, at Night,  
The Glas shall still go round:  
And when we cannot sit upright,  
Well drink upon the Ground:  
*And a toping, &c.*

See how the shining Sparkles rise  
When you fill your Glasses high,  
Tho' gouty Pains attack our Limbs,  
We'll drink until we die:  
*And a toping, &c.*

The Lover lives by *Celia's* Smiles,  
And if she frowns he dies;  
But what are Women's Smiles or Frowns  
To jolly drinking Boys:  
*And a toping, &c.*

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 11

Let Misers heap up sordid Gold  
To please their greedy Souls;  
We value not their Mass of Dirt  
Give us but flowing Bowls:  
And a toping, &c.

Let *Whigs* and *Tories* plague their Heads  
To settle State Affairs,  
We'll drink and ne'er regard their Noise  
If we live a thousand Years:  
But a toping we will go, will go, will go,  
But a toping we will go.

## SONG XI. Joy to great Cæsar.

**J**OY to Great Cæsar,  
Long Life, Love, and Pleasure,  
'Tis a Health that divine is,  
Fill your Glafs full as mine is:  
Let none fear a Fever,  
But take it off thus, Boys,  
Let the King live for ever,  
'Tis no Matter for us, Boys.

Try all the Loyal,  
Defy all, give Denial,  
Sure none thinks his Glafs too big here,  
Nor any Prig here,  
Or sneaking *Whig* here  
Of Cripple *Tony's* Crew,  
That now looks blue,  
His Heart aches too,  
The Tap won't do,  
His Zeal so true,  
And Projects new,  
Ill Fate does now pursue.

Let *Tories* guard the King,  
Let *Whigs* in Halts swing,  
Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be sham'd,  
Let bugg'ring *Oates* be damn'd;

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Let cheating Players be nick'd,  
 The Turn-coat Scribe be kick'd,  
 Let Rebel City Dons  
 Who ne'er beget their Sons,  
 Let every *Whiggish* Peer  
 That rapes a Lady fair,  
 And leaves his only Dear  
 The Sheets to gnaw and tear,  
 Be punish'd out of Hand,  
 And forc'd to pawn his Land,  
 T' atone the grand Affair.

Great *Charles*, like *Jehovah*,  
 Spares Foes would unking him,  
 And warms with his Graces  
 The Vipers that sting him,  
 'Till crown'd with just Anger  
 The Rebels he seizes,  
 Thus Heaven can thunder  
 Whenever it pleases.

Then to the Duke fill fill up the Glass,  
 The Son of our Martyr, belov'd of the King,  
 Envy'd and lov'd,  
 Yet bless'd from above,  
 Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.

Faction and Folly,  
 And State Melancholy,  
 With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell:  
 Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty  
 Then teach us our Duty,  
 For none e'er can love or be wise and rebel.

### SONG XII. *Over the Hills and far away.*

**T**ocky met with Jenny Fair  
 Aft by the dawning of the Day,  
 But Jocky now is fu' of Care,  
 Since Jenny staw his Heart away:  
 Altho'

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 13

Altho' she promis'd to be true,  
 She proven has alake! unkind,  
 Which gars poor Jocky aften rue,  
 That e'er he loo'd a fickle Mind.  
*And it's o'er the Hills and far away,*  
*It's o'er the Hills and far away,*  
*It's o'er the Hills and far away,*  
*The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.*

Now Jocky was a bonny Lad,  
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;  
 But now, poor Man, he's een gane wood,  
 Since Jenny has gart him despair.  
 Young Jocky was a Piper's Son,  
 And fell in Love when he was young;  
 But a' the Springs that he cou'd play,  
 Was o'er the Hills and far away.  
*And it's o'er the Hills, &c.*

He sung—when first my Jenny's Face  
 I saw, she seem'd so fu' of Grace,  
 With meikle Joy my Heart was fill'd,  
 That's now, alas! with Sorrow kill'd;  
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,  
 'Twad put an End to my Despair,  
 Instead of that she is unkind,  
 And wavers like the Winter Wind.  
*And it's o'er the Hills, &c.*

Ah! could she find the dismal Wae,  
 That for her Sake I undergae,  
 She coudna chuse but grant Relief,  
 And put an End to a' my Grief;  
 But oh! she is as fause as fair,  
 Which causes a' my Sighs and Care;  
 But she triumphs in proud Disdain,  
 And takes a Pleasure in my Pain.  
*And it's o'er the Hills, &c.*

Hard was my Hap to fa' in Love,  
 With ane that does sae faithless prove;  
 Hard was my Fate to court a Maid,  
 That has my constant Heart betray'd:



## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

A Thousand Times to me she swore,  
She wou'd be true for evermair;  
But to my Grief, alake! I say,  
She staw my Heart, and ran away.  
*And it's o'er the Hills, &c.*

Since that she will nae Pity take,  
I maun gae wander for her Sake,  
And in ilk Wood and gloomy Grove,  
I'll fighting sing adieu to Love;  
Since she is faule whom I adore,  
I'll never trust a Woman more;  
Fra' a' their Charms I'll flee away,  
And on my Pipe I'll sweetly play,  
O'er Hills and Dales, and far away,  
*Out o'er the Hills, and far away,*  
*Out o'er the Hills, and far away,*  
*The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.*

### SONG XIII. *By smooth winding Tay.*

**B**Y smooth winding Tay  
A Swain was reclining,  
Aft cry'd he, oh hey!  
Maun I still live pining,  
My sell thus away,  
And dare na' discover,  
To my bonny Hay,  
That I am her Lover.

Nae mair it will hide,  
The Flame waxes stranger,  
If she's not my Bride,  
My Days are nae langer:  
Then I'll take a Heart,  
And try at a Venture,  
May be, e're we part,  
My Vows may content her,

She's

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

She's fresh as the Spring,  
And sweet as *Aurora*,  
When Birds mount and sing,  
Bidding Day a good Morrow.  
The Sward of the Mead,  
Enamell'd with Daifies,  
Looks wither'd and dead,  
When twin'd of her Graces.

But if she appear,  
Where Verdures invite her,  
The Fountain runs clear,  
And Flow'rs smell the sweeter:  
'Tis Heav'n to be by,  
When her Wit is flowing,  
Her Smiles and bright Eye  
Set my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze,  
The deeper I'm wounded,  
Struck dumb with Amaze,  
My Mind is confounded;  
I'm all in a Fire,  
Dear Maid, to carefs thee,  
For a' my Desire  
Is *Hay's* bonny Lassie.

### SONG XIV. *Wine, Wine in a Morning.*

**W**INE, Wine in a Morning,  
Makes us frolick and gay,  
That like Eagles we soar,  
In the Pride of the Day,  
Gouty Sots of the Night  
Only find a Decay.

'Tis the Sun ripens the Grape,  
And to Drinking gives Light;  
We imitate him,  
When by Noon we are at Height;  
They steal Wine who take it,  
When he's out of Sight.

Boy,

## 36 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Boy, fill all the Glasses,  
Fill them up now he shines,  
The higher he rises,  
The more he refines;  
For Wine and Wit fall,  
As their Maker declines.

### SONG XV. *Come let us prepare.*

**T**HE *Macedon* Youth  
Left behind him this Truth,  
That nothing is done with much thinking;  
He drunk, and he fought,  
'Till he had what he fought,  
The World was his own by good drinking.

He drench'd his brave Soul,  
In a plentiful Bowl,  
And cast away Trouble and Sorrow;  
His Head never run,  
Of what was to be done,  
For he car'd not to Day, for to Morrow.

### SONG XVI. *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*

**W**HY should we that Ambition call  
To get at Court a servile Place,  
Where to please one we flatter all,  
And must gain Honour by Disgrace,  
Where, for our Pleasure and our Ease,  
We suffer Pain and Weariness.

Where all Things we must say, or do,  
Which farthest are from Mind or Heart;  
Still those who run from us pursue,  
And to gain Trust with Virtue part,  
Where we (ourselves more high to raise)  
Our Faith and Honour must debase.

Where

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 17

Where we must say as great Fools say,  
Do what great Knaves will have us do,  
That we for Wits with Coxcombs may,  
With Fools for Politicians go;  
To gain Court-favour there, and Praise,  
With all the World besides Disgrace.

Where we must flatter him we hate,  
Or, what is worse, him we despise:  
To broken Slumbers lie down late,  
And early to proud Levees rise,  
Must pass our Youth in real Pain,  
For Ease in Age to hope in vain.

Where we must change Day into Night,  
Night into Day, at others Will;  
Must take Disgusts to give Delight,  
And slight good Men to honour Ill;  
Make many Foes, nay be our own,  
To gain a Friend where there is none.

## SONG XVII. *Was ever Nymph like Rosamond.*

**W**AS ever Nymph like *Rosamond*,  
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,  
Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace;  
I'm all Desire,  
My Heart's on Fire,  
And leaps and springs to her Embrace.

*Da Capo.*

## SONG XVIII. *Blow on ye Winds.*

**B**LOW on ye Winds, descend soft Rains  
To sooth my tender Grief;  
Your solemn Musick lulls my Pains,  
And gives me short Relief.

# 18 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

In some lone Corner would I sit  
Retir'd from human Kind;  
Since Mirth, nor Show, nor sparkling Wit  
Can please my anxious Mind.

The Sun, which makes all Nature gay,  
Torments my weary Eyes;  
And in dark Shades I spend the Day,  
Where Eccho sleeping lies.

The sparkling Stars which gaily shine,  
And glitt'ring deck the Night,  
Are all such cruel Foes of mine  
I sicken at their Sight.

## SONG XIX. *Not this blooming, &c.*

**N**OT this blooming *April* Season  
Can relieve my aching Heart;  
Sight of all the Force of Reason,  
Still I act a frantick Part:

As the Canker eats the Roses,  
And the springing Green destroys,  
So Despair my Rest opposes,  
And consumes my rising Joys.

Every Valley, Field and Mountain,  
Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove,  
Warbling Bird and sparkling Fountain,  
Minds me of my luckless Love:  
When the Cowslip I discover,  
Springing o'er the Primrose fair,  
Thee (I sigh) my gentle Lover!  
Would have cropp'd to deck my Hair.

If I sadly sit reflecting  
By some bloomy Hawthorn Tree;  
All my Sorrows recollecting,  
Love, I cry, resembles thee:  
He all flow'ry can appear,  
To conceal his poison'd Dart,  
But the Wretch, that trusts him near,  
Grasps a Thorn and wounds the Heart.

SONG



SONG XX. *Greenwood Tree.* 2

**W**HEN Dolly wise, the Grave disdain,  
 The pleasing Passion Love,  
 All Sense out-grown of Joys and Pain,  
 By thoughtless Spleen they move:  
 Ill Nature sits in Judgment's Place,  
 When Love like mine they blame;  
 Who can the glowing Heart but praise?  
 When Merit makes the Flame.  
 Like them, but sway'd by Reason's Rule,  
 Amaz'd, I view the Weak,  
 Who Learning love in Folly's School,  
 Mistake the Bliss they seek:  
 Too oft, alas! the Face that's fair,  
 With feign'd good Humour gay,  
 Conceals the Soul that's insincere,  
 And clouds the promis'd Day.  
 To her my Heart its Homage owes,  
 On true Desert intent,  
 Whose Sense of Nature's Blessing goes  
 No farther than Content:  
 Such Beauty Time itself shall spare,  
 Or what that Loss supplies;  
 Virtue shall make her Reason's Care,  
 And charm the Lover's Eyes.  
 Her Face imperfect Conquest made,  
 And could but greatly charm,  
 Her Mind the subtle Fire convey'd,  
 With which my Soul is warm:  
 Then guiltless, let me hope the Flame  
 May reach at last so far,  
 To catch the Cause from whence it came,  
 And bless a faithful Pair.

20 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG XXI. *I am a jolly Toper.*

**O**F all our fond Diversions,  
A Hunter is the best,  
In spite of Wars and Party Jars,  
That Sport has stood the Test.  
*And a hunting we will go, &c.*

Of Nimrod, and of Esau,  
What gallant Feats they tell?  
On Foot they follow'd hunting,  
They lov'd the Sport so well.  
*And a hunting we will go, &c.*

O had'st thou, brave *Aqeon*,  
But minded more thy Game,  
Thou ne'er had'st paid so dearly,  
For peeping at—*That same*.  
*And a hunting we will go, &c.*

Herself *Diana* Goddess,  
The Pride of female Race,  
Preferr'd to am'rous fooling  
The Pleasures of the Chace.  
*And a hunting we will go, &c.*

*Orion*, foolish Hunter,  
Lur'd by a Petticoat,  
In the mid Chace he loiter'd,  
And so his Fate he got.  
*And a hunting we will go, &c.*

But after this Disaster,  
He's made a heav'nly Sign,  
That he at least may view the Sport  
He can no longer join.  
*And a hunting we will go, &c.*

And hence it is we Hunters  
Ne'er break our Leg or Arm;  
For this our fellow Sportsman  
Protects us all from Harm. *And, &c.*

Had

Had *Dido* not lov'd hunting,  
The am'rous *Trojan* brave  
Her Highness ne'er had solac'd,  
In *Juno's* friendly Cave. *And, &c.*

*Euripides*, had hunting  
Been lov'd but like thy Books,  
The Hounds had not devour'd thee,  
They know a Sportsman's Looks. *And, &c.*

If Friend, you're call'd a hunting,  
Throw all your Books aside,  
(Tis \* *Horace* thus advises)  
And mount your Horse and ride. *And, &c.*

Brisk Action cures the Vapours  
Th' Effect of lazy Sloth;  
And Musick makes us chearful,  
So hunting's good for both. *And, &c.*

The Sport of Hunting renders  
Our Days so sweet and long,  
It makes us better relish  
Our Glasses and a Song. *And, &c.*

Our Laws prohibit hunting,  
To the Plebeian Race,  
Nor is it meet the Vulgar  
Should Royal Sports debase. *And, &c.*

The *British* Kings are Hunters,  
And frequent in the Chace,  
They fear no more than we do,  
A Weather-beaten Face. *And, &c.*

Then fill a sparkling Bumper,  
I'll take it off with glee,  
To all our Brother Hunters,  
In Course his Majesty. *And a hunting, &c.*

\* *Aeneid* IV, Verse 174, &c.

22 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG XXII. *On a Bank of Flowers, &c.*

**W**HEN a Lover's Sighs his Mistress gain,  
 What Joys his Soul possess?  
 The Mem'ry, of his former Pain  
 Augments his Happiness,  
 T' enjoy the Fair then strait he flies,  
 No Danger can the Youth surprize,  
*With a fal, la, la, la, la, &c.*  
 Till in her Arms he dies.

SONG XXIII. *When Chloë's Picture &c.*

**W**HEN Chloë's Picture was to Cbhe shown,  
 Adorn'd with Charms and Beauty not her own,  
 Where Hogarth, pitying Nature, kindly made  
 Such Lips, such Eyes, as Chloë never had.  
 Ye Gods, she cries, in Ecstasy of Heart,  
 How near can Nature be express'd by Art!  
 Well it is wond'rous like! — Nay, let me die,  
 The very pouting Lip — the killing Eye.  
 Blunt and severe as Manly in the Play,  
 Downright replies — like, Madam, do you say?  
 The Picture beats this Likeness, it is true,  
 The Canvas painted is, and so are you.

SONG XXIV. *Of all the Girls that are so smart.*

**M**Others, thro' to much Pride or Love,  
 Ne'er fail of Inclination,  
 To breed their Children far above  
 The Level of their Station.  
 The Farmer to the Dancing-School  
 Must send his awkward Daughter,  
 To spend what he should give the Fool,  
 To match her well hereafter.

When the Wench by am'rous Sighs  
 Declares she's ripe and ready,  
 In Minuet and in Boree lies  
 The Fortune of my Lady.  
 Thus bred, the wanton clumsy Lass  
 A working Life despises,  
 And rather chusing to be base,  
 She falls before she rises.

When if the Hoyden had been bred,  
 To th' Ladle and the Needle,  
 She would not then have been misled,  
 To ogle, kifs, and wheedle.  
 Wherefore those Parents act awry,  
 And in the main deceive 'em,  
 Who breed their Children proudly high,  
 Yet little have to give 'em.

SONG XXV. *Come chear up your Hearts.*

**C**OME, chear up your Hearts,  
 And call for your Quarts,  
 And let there no Liquor be lacking,  
 We have Money in Store,  
 And intend for to roar,  
 Until we have sent it all packing:  
 Then Drawer make haste,  
 And let no Time waste,  
 But give ev'ry Man his Due;  
 To avoid all Trouble  
 Go fill the Pot double.  
*Since he that made one made two,  
 Since he that made one made two.*

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,  
 And call for your Wine.  
 'Tis that makes a Man to speak truly;  
 What Sot can refrain,  
 Or daily complain,  
 That he, in his Drink, is unruly?  
 Then



24 [THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Then drink and be civil  
 Intending no Evil,  
 If that you'll be ruled by me;  
 For Claret and Sack  
 We never will lack,  
*Since he that made two made three,*  
*Since he, &c.*

The old Curmudgeon  
 Sits all the Day drudging  
 At home, with brown Bread and small Beer,  
 With scraping damn'd Pelf,  
 He starveth himself,  
 Scarce eats a good Meal in a Year:  
 But we'll not do so  
 Howe'er the World go,  
 Since that we have Money in Store;  
 For Claret and Sack  
 We never will lack,  
*Since he that made three made four,*  
*Since he, &c.*

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,  
 And call for your Wine;  
 D'ye think I'll leave you i' th' Lurch?  
 My Reck'ning I'll pay  
 E're I go away,  
 Or hang me as high as *Paul's Church*,  
 Tho' some Men will say,  
 This is not the Way  
 For us in this World to thrive;  
 'Tis no Matter for that  
 Let us have t'other Quart,  
*Since he that made four made five,*  
*Since he, &c.*

A Pox of old *Charon*,  
 His Brains are all barren,  
 His Liquor (like Coffee is dry;  
 But we are for Wine  
 'Tis Drink more divine,  
 Without it we perish and die;

The

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 25

Then troll it about,  
 Until 'tis all out  
 We'll affront him in spite of his *Styx*;  
 If he grudges his Ferry  
 We'll drink and be merry,  
*Since he, that made Five, made Six.*  
*Since he, &c.*

But now the Time's come,  
 That we all must go home,  
 Our Liquor's all gone, that's for certain  
 Which makes me repine  
 That a God so Divine  
 Won't give us one Cup at our parting.  
 But since all is paid  
 Let's not be dismay'd,  
 But fly to great *Bacchus* in Heaven;  
 And chide him because  
 He made no better Laws,  
*Since he, that made Six, made Seven.*  
*Since he, &c.*

## SONG XXVI. *My Goddeſs Celia, heavend Fair.*

**W**HEN *Sylvia* strikes the trembling Strings  
 She charms with Melody divine;  
 But if a melting Air she ſings,  
 In Concert, all the Muses join.  
 The youthful, wanton little Loves  
 Around the beauteous Charmer fly;  
 And ev'ry Way the Virgin moves,  
 She makes us love, and bids us die.  
 The Graces preſs about the Fair,  
 Where Youth and blooming Glories reign;  
 And, while her Voice employs the Ear,  
 Her Eyes provoke an am'rous Pain.

26 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

How shall I mitigate my Woes ?

O ! where enjoy the wish'd Redress ?

A Stranger to all soft Repose

Where Charms and Musick both oppress.

With her in Symphony we go ;

We soar, when shrill she rises high :

And to soft Cadence sinking low

Intent the Faculties apply.

*Italian* Songs are wont to please,

Tho' senseless Words join Harmony :

But ev'ry one to this agrees,

Both Sense and Musick meet in thee.

SONG XXVII. *Chloe when I view thee smiling.*

**C**HLOE, when I view thee smiling  
Joys celestial round me move,  
Pleasing Visions Care beguiling,  
Guard my State and crown my Love.

To behold thee gayly shining,  
Is a Pleasure past designing,  
Ev'ry Feature charms my Sight ;  
But, O Heav'ns ! when I'm caressing  
Thrilling Raptures never ceasing,  
Fill my Soul with soft Delight :

Oh ! thou lovely dearest Creature !  
Sweet Enslaver of my Heart ;  
Beauteous Master-piece of Nature,  
Cause of all my Joy and Smart !

In thy Arms enfolded lay me,  
To dissolving Bliss convey me,  
Softly sooth my Soul to rest ;  
Gently, kindly, oh my Treasure !  
Bless me, let me die with Pleasure,  
On thy panting snowy Breast.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 27

## SONG XXVIII. *Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze.*

SEE! in the limpid floating Glafs,  
 How bright *Aurelia* does appear!  
 So Lilies, in a Crystal Cafe,  
 Receive a Glofs, and look more fair.  
 She like the Orient Morning shows,  
 When lifting o'er the Waves her Head;  
 Or *Venus*, when the Goddess rose,  
 And first forfook her wat'ry Bed.  
 Take heed, ah! lovely Maid, take heed,  
 Lest in the Mirroure thou wou'dst spy  
 Thy blooming Charms, and for them bleed,  
*Narcissus* like, and for them dye.  
 For who, unmov'd, can view that Breast!  
 That Shape! that Face! those matchless Charms!  
 I find my Soul with Love possess'd,  
 And raging Fire my Bosom warms.  
 Oh! that she was by me entwin'd,  
 Where now the wat'ry Circles run;  
 Till we, like *Sal'macis*, join'd,  
 Our Bodies blended both in one.  
 Plunge in the Fount, ye old and weak,  
 'Twill kindle Life, and Youth restore;  
 And, like the *Stygian* Current, make  
 Your Limbs as vig'rous as before.

## SONG XXIX. *Help me each harmonious Grove.*

HELP me, each harmonious Grove,  
 Gently whisper, all ye Trees,  
 Tune each warbling Throat to love,  
 And cool each Mead with softest Breeze;  
 Breathe sweet Odours; ev'ry Flow'r,  
 All your various Paintings show;  
 Pleasing Verdure grace each Bow'r,  
 Around let ev'ry Blessing flow.

28 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Glide, ye limpid Brooks, along ;  
*Phœbus*, glance thy mildest Ray,  
 Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,  
 And tell what *Colin* dare not say.  
*Celia* comes ! whose charming Air  
 Fires with Love the rural Swains ;  
 Tell, ah ! tell the blooming Fair,  
 That *Colin* dies if she disdains.

SONG XXX. *Now the hungry Lions roar.*

NOW the hungry Lions roar,  
 Howling Wolves behold the Moon ;  
 Now the heavy Ploughmen snore,  
 After daily Labour's done.  
*Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, softly round :*  
*Ever sacred be this Ground.*

Now the Brands of Fire do glow,  
 Whilst the Screech-owl, screeching loud,  
 Puts the Wretch that lies in Woe,  
 In Remembrance of a Shroud.  
*Trip it, &c.*

Now it is the Time of Night,  
 That the Graves are gaping wide,  
 Ev'ry one lets forth his Spright,  
 In the Church-way Paths to glide.  
*Trip it, &c.*

And we Fairies that do run,  
 By the triple Hecat's Team,  
 From the Presence of the Sun,  
 Following Darkness like a Dream.  
*Trip it, &c.*

Tho' we frolick, let no Mouse,  
 Or boading Bird, or Beast of Prey  
 Disturb the Quiet of this House,  
 But downy Sleep bring on the Day.  
*Trip it, &c.*

Weaving



# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 29

Weaving Spiders come not here,  
 Spotted Snakes do no Offence;  
 Beetles black, approach not here;  
 Worm, and Snail, be far from hence.  
*Trip it, &c.*

By the dead and drowsy Fire,  
 Ev'ry Elf and fairy Spright,  
 Hop, as little Bird from Brier,  
 Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.  
*Trip it, &c.*

Now join all your warbling Notes,  
 In Chorus of sweet Harmony,  
 Strain aloud your fairy Throats,  
 Sing and dance it trippingly.  
*Trip it, &c.*

Hand in Hand, with fairy Grace  
 We will sing, and bless this Place,  
 May Plenty, Pastime, and sweet Peace,  
 Daily in this House increase.  
*Trip it, trip it, trip it, softly round;*  
*Ever sacred sacred be this Ground.*

## SONG XXXI. *There liv'd long ago in a Country Place.*

**W**HEN I visit proud *Celia* just come from my  
 (Glas,  
 She tells me I'm fluster'd, and look like an As;  
 When I mean of my Passion to put her in Mind,  
 She bids me leave Drinking, or she'll never be kind.  
 That she's charmingly handsome I very well know,  
 And so is my Bottle, each Brimmer so too;  
 And to leave my Soul's Joy; Oh! 'tis Nonsense to ask,  
 Let her go to the Devil, bring t'other full Flask.  
 Had she tax'd me with Gaming, and bade me forbear,  
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear.

30 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Had she found out my *Cheer*, up three Pair of Stairs,  
I had baulk'd her and gone to St. James's to Prayers.

Had she bade me read *Homilies* three Times a Day,  
She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say;  
But at Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red,  
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be said.

SONG XXXII. *As Archers and Fiddlers who,*  
    *&c.*

**A**S Archers and Fiddlers, who cunningly know  
The Way to procure themselves Merit,  
Will always provide 'em two Strings to their Bow,  
And follow their Business with Spirit.

So likewise the provident Damsel should do,  
Who'd make the best use of her Beauty,  
If the Mark she would hit, or her Lesson pass thro',  
Two Lovers must still be on Duty.

Thus arm'd against Chance, and secure of Supply,  
So far our Revenge we may carry:  
One Spark for our Sport we may jilt and set by,  
And t'other poor Soul we may marry.

SONG XXXIII. *Come let us prepare.*

**H**ERE are the best Horses  
That ever ran Courses,  
Here is the best Pad for your Wife, Sir,  
Who rides one a Day  
If Luck's in his Way,  
May ride in a Coach all his Life, Sir.

The Sportsman esteems  
The Horse more than Geins,  
That leaps o'er a pitiful Gate, Sir;  
But here is the Hack,  
If you sit but his Back,  
Will leap you into an Estate, Sir.

SONG

SONG XXXIV. *Oh what Pleasures will  
abound.*

**O**H what Pleasures will abound  
When I've got ten thousand Pound?  
O how courted I shall be!  
Oh what Lords will kneel to me!  
Who'll dispute my  
Wit and Beauty  
When my golden Charms are found?  
O what Flattery  
In the Lottery,  
When I've got ten thousand Pound!

SONG XXXV. *When first I saw those Lips,  
those Eyes.*

**I**F from the Lustre of the Sun,  
To catch your fleeting Shade you run,  
In vain is all your Haste, Sir;  
But if your Feet reverse the Race,  
The Fugitive will urge the Race,  
And follow you as fast, Sir.  
Thus, if at any Time, as now,  
Some scornful *Chloe* you pursue,  
In Hopes to overtake her;  
Be sure you ne'er too eager be,  
But look upon't—as cold as she,  
And seemingly forsake her.

So I and *Laura*, t'other Day,  
Were courting round a Cock of Hay,  
While I could ne'er o'er get her;  
But when I found I ran in vain,  
Quite tir'd, I turned back again,  
And flying from her met her.

SONG XXXVI. *On, on, my dear Brethren.*

**H**ere's to thee, my *Damon*, let's drink and be merry,  
And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of Sherry;  
Commit e'ry Care to the Guardians above,  
And we'll live like Immortals in Pleasure and Love.

Here's *Phillis's* Health, lo! the Liquor flows higher.  
'Tis *Phillis's* Name that awakens the Fire:

Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence shine,  
And Fancy be brisk, as the sparkling Wine.

Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye Swains,  
Go pluck the sweet Roses, the Pride of the Plains;  
Pluck only such Roses are worthy the Fair,  
And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care:

While to yon cool Poplar's kind Shade we retire,  
To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire;  
In languishing Blissés, we'll live, and we'll die,  
She'll melt in the Flames, that I catch at her Eye.

SONG XXXVII. *Auld lang Syne.*

**T**HE Morn was fair, the Sky serene,  
The Face of Nature smil'd,  
Soft Dews impearl'd the tufted Plain,  
And Daisy-painted Wild:

The Hills were gilded by the Sun,  
Sweet breath'd the vernal Air,  
Her early Hymn the Lark begun  
To sooth the Shepherd's Care.

When *Mira* fair and *Colin* gay,  
Both fam'd for faithful Love,  
Delighted with the rising Day,  
Together sought the Grove:

And near a smooth translucent Stream,  
That silent stole along,  
'Thus *Colin* to his matchless Dame  
Address'd the tender Song.

Hark!



# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 33

Hark! *Mira*, how from yonder Tree  
The feather'd Warblers sing,  
They tune their artless Notes for thee,  
For thee, more sweet than Spring :  
How choice a Fragrance thro' the Air  
Those Spring-born Blossoms shed,  
How seems that V'let proud to rear  
Its purple-tinctur'd Head.

Ah! *Mira*, had the tuneful Race  
Thy Heart-bewitching Tongue,  
Who would not fondly haunt the Place,  
Enamour'd while they sung ?  
Ye Flow'rs, on *Mira's* Bosom press'd,  
Ne'er held ye Place so fair,  
Tho' oft ye breathe on *Venus's* Breast  
And scent the Graeces Hair.

Shall I to Gems compare thine Eyes,  
Thy Skin to Virgin Snows,  
Thy balmy Breath, to Gales that rise  
From ev'ry new-blown Rose ?  
Ah, Nymph! so far thy Charms out-shine  
The fairest Forms we see,  
We only guess at Things divine  
By what appears in thee.

'Twas thus enamour'd *Colin* sung  
His Love-excited Lays,  
The Grove with tender Echoes rung,  
Refounding *Mira's* Praise:  
And thus cries Love, who sported near  
And wav'd his filken Wings,  
What Wonder, since the Nymph's so fair,  
So fond the Shepherd sings.



SONG XXXVIII. *God of Sleep for whom I languish.*

**G**OD of Sleep, for whom I languish,  
God of pleasing Dreams and Peace,  
Gently sooth a Lover's Anguish,  
Help to make his Tortures cease.

Spread thy sacred Pinions o'er me,  
Lull the busy Soul to rest,  
Then bring her I love before me,  
She that's painted in my Breast.

If kind as fair, my Bliss I'll keep,  
And, great as *Jove*, the World forsake;  
Let me, thus blest'd, for ever sleep,  
And lie, and dream and never wake;

But shou'd the Fair, divinely bright,  
Reject my Vows, and scorn my Flame,  
Fly, fly, kind Sleep, restore the Light,  
Let *Strepson* know 'twas all a Dream.

SONG XXXIX. *Had I the World at my Command.*

**W**H Y, *Lycidas*, shou'd Man be vain,  
If bounteous Heav'n hath made him great,  
Why look with insolent Disdain,  
On those undeck'd with Wealth and State!

Can splendid Robes, or Beds of Down,  
Or costly Gems to deck the Hair,  
Can all the Glories of a Crown  
Give Health, or smoothe the Brow of Care?

The scepter'd Prince, the burden'd Slave,  
The Humble and the Haughty die,  
The Poor, the Rich, the Base, the Brave,  
In Dust without Distinction lie.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 35.

Go, search the Tombs where Monarchs rest,  
Who once the richest Glories wore,  
Fled is that Grandeur they possess'd,  
And all their Greatness is no more.

So glides the Meteor thro' the Sky,  
And sweeps along a gilded Train,  
But when its short-liv'd Beauties die,  
Dissolves to common Air again.

## SONG XL. *I never saw a Face till now.*

**I** Never saw a Face till now,  
That could my Passion move :  
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a Vow,  
But durst not think of Love.

'Till Beauty, charming every Sense,  
An easy Conquest made ;  
And shew'd the Vainness of Defence,  
While *Phillis* does invade.

But oh ! her colder Heart denies  
The Thoughts her Looks inspire ;  
And while in Ice that frozen lies,  
Her Eyes dart only Fire.

Betwixt Extremes I am undone,  
Like Plants too Northward set ;  
Burnt by too violent a Sun,  
Or chill'd for Want of Heat.

## SONG XLI. *Had I the World at my Command.*

**P**ursuing Beauty, Men descry  
The distant Shore, and long to prove,  
(Still richer in Variety)  
The Treasures of the Land of Love.

# 36 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

We Women, like weak *Indians*, stand  
Inviting, from our golden Coast,  
The wand'ring Rovers to our Land:  
But she, who trades with 'em, is lost.

With humble Vows they first begin,  
Stealing, unseen, into the Heart;  
But by Possession settled in,  
They quickly act another Part.

For Beads and Baubles we resign,  
In Ignorance, our shining Store;  
Discover Nature's richest Mine,  
And yet the Tyrant will have more,

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,  
How he can court or you be won;  
For Love is but Discovery,  
When that is made, the Pleasure's done.

## SONG XLII. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

**A** Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,  
What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the State.  
Let the Rabble run mad with Suspicions and Fears,  
Let them scuffle, and jar, 'till they go by the Ears:  
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,  
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle in State.

What Coxcombs were those, who would barter their Ease,  
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Mass?  
At old *Tyburn* they never had needed to swing,  
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink and their King;  
A Friend, and a Bottle is all my Design;  
He 'as no Room for Treason, that's top-full of Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws;  
Let them sit or prorogue, as his Majesty please:  
Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine  
At my Lodging, when dead, so alive I have Wine:  
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear  
To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

SONG

SONG XLIII. *My Goddess Celia, heavenly Fair.*

**I**T is not that I love you less  
Than when before your Feet I lay :  
But to prevent the sad Encrease,  
Of hopeless Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas!) for every Thing,  
Which I have known belong to you,  
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,  
And makes my old Wounds bleed anew.

Who, in the Spring from the new Sun,  
Already has a Fever got,  
Too late begins those Shafts to shun,  
Which *Phæbus* through his Veins has shot.

Too late he would the Pain assuage,  
And to thick Shadows does retire ;  
About with him he bears the Rage,  
And in his tainted Blood the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must  
Your banish'd Servant trouble you ;  
For if I break, you may mistrust  
The Vow I made to love you too.

SONG XLIV. *Bessy Bell.*

**W**HEN a Lady like me condescends to agree  
To let such a Jackanapes taste her,  
With what Zeal and Care should he worship the Fair,  
Who gives him——what's Meat for his Master.

His Actions should still  
Attend on her Will,  
Hear, Sirrah, and take it for warning,  
To her he should be  
Each Night on his Knee,  
And so should be on each Morning.

SONG

38 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG XLV. *As Fiddlers and Archers, &c.*

**T**HE Lads that would know how to manage a Man,  
Let her listen and learn it from me,  
His Courage to quell, or his Heart to trapan,  
As the Time and Occasion agree.

The Girl that has Beauty, tho' small be her Wit,  
May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau,  
The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,  
By the Use of that pretty Word, No.

When powder'd Toupees around are in Chat,  
Each striving his Passion to show,  
With kiss me, and love me my Dear, and all that,  
Let her Answer to all be, O no.

When a Dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue asleep,  
A Present, a Treat, or a Ball,  
She still must refuse, if her Empire she keep,  
And No be her Answer to all.

But when Mr. *Dapperwit* offers his Hand,  
Her Partner in Wedlock to go;  
A Horse, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land,  
She's an Idiot if then she says No.

But if she's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,  
Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man,  
When press'd to his Bosom, and clasp'd in his Arms,  
Then let her say No, if she can.

SONG XLVI. *My Goddess Celia heavenly Fair.*

**F**OR haughty *Phillis*, *Thyrsis* pines,  
In his pale Cheek the Roses fade;  
The gayly chearful Sports resigns,  
And seeks the sweetly soothing Shade.



## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 39

Now by the Stream supine he lies,  
Or o'er the Mead does frantic stray,  
Or to the rocky Mountain hies,  
As Love directs the various Way.

To Groves, to Streams, to Wilds alone,  
The Fire that thrills his Veins reveals,  
Nor to the Rock pours fourth his Moan,  
Since babbling Echo ne'er conceals.

At length the Nymph for *Thyrsis* burns,  
And cools his swift consuming Flame,  
Pleas'd *Thyrsis* smiles, sad *Phillis* mourns,  
And rising Blushes speak her Shame.

To mute Abodes, the perjur'd Youth  
No more repeats a Passion feign'd;  
The Village rings with the sad Truth,  
For *Thyrsis* boasts a Conquest gain'd.

If only to the Field or Stream,  
When the kind Maid his Passion eas'd,  
Had *Thyrsis* told the golden Dream,  
Then *Phillis* had not been displeas'd.

### SONG XLVII. *O London is a fine Town.*

**I**N ancient Days I've heard, with Horns  
The Wife her Spouse could fright;  
Which now the Hero bravely scorns,  
So common is the Sight.

To City, Country, Camp, or Court,  
Or wheresoe'er he go,  
No horned Brother dares make Sport,  
They're Cuckolds all arow.

### SONG XLVIII. *A very pretty Fancy, &c.*

**A** Very pretty Fancy, a brave gallante Show:  
A very pretty Fancy, a brave gallante Show:  
E juste come from *France*, a very pretty Fancy,  
E juste come from *France*, toute nouvelle. De

# 40 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

De first ting be de true Picture of de great magnificent  
Citty of Londre,  
Dat fill every Part of de World wid Surprize, Pleasure,  
and Wonder,  
Here de cunning *French*, de wise *Italien*, and de *Spaniard*  
runne,  
And vere can dey go else, morbleau, to get quarter of de  
Money.

And for de Diversions, dat make a de Pleasure for dis  
great Town,  
Dey be so many, so fine, so pleasant, so cheap as never  
was known ;  
Here be de *Hay-Market*, vere de *Italien* Opera do sweetly  
sound,  
Dat cost a de brave Gentry no more as two hundred tousand  
Pound.

Here be de famous Comediens of de World, de troupe  
*Italien*,  
Dat make a de poor *English* weep, because they vil troupe  
home agen ;  
De toder Place be Mademoiselle *Violante*, shew a tousand  
Trick,  
She jump upon de Rope ten Storie and never break her  
Neck.

Here be de wise Managers shew all de Vifdom of deir Brain,  
Dat make a de fine ting of *Wagner* and *Abericock* in *Drury-  
Lane*,  
See how dey tourn about, for deir own Diverfion, in de  
Flying Chair,  
So prodigious Entertainment vil never be dis tousand  
Year.

## SONG XLIX. *Charming Chloë, look with Pity.*

**C** Harming *Chloë*, look with Pity  
On your faithful Love-sick Swain ;  
Hear, oh hear his doleful Ditty,  
And relieve his mighty Pain : Find

Find you Musick in his sighing,  
Can you see him in Distress,  
Wishing, trembling, panting, dying,  
Yet afford no kind Redress?

*Strepbon*, mov'd by lawful Passion,  
For no Favours rudely sues:  
All his Flame is out of Fashion,  
Ancient Honour for him woo's.

Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition,  
But if that is doom'd too great,  
Pity, pity his Condition,  
Say at least you do not hate.

Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,  
Practis'd in the Art of Guile,  
Slight so true and kind a Lover,  
*Chloe*, might not *Strepbon* smile?

Yes: well pleas'd at thy undoing,  
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid;

*Strepbon*, conscious of thy Ruin,  
Soon wou'd be a silent Shade.

SONG L. *Waft me some soft, some cooling  
Breeze.*

**A**mbition never be seduc'd,  
To soar on Fortune's painted Wing;  
Far humbler Motives, strong induc'd,  
To haunt, unvex'd, the Muses Spring.  
Some rural Cott, where Angel Peace,  
Mild o'er the Soul her Influence sheds;  
Where Pleasures flow with gay Increase,  
And sport at Ease on rosy Beds:  
Where *Sylvan* Scenes the Fancy raise,  
Exalt the Soul, improve the Lay;  
Where fanning *Zephyrs* sooth the Blaze,  
Of Summer's fiercely darting Day.  
The dimpled Stream, the winding Shade,  
The Lawn in chearing Verdure dress'd,  
Th' aspiring Hill, the tufted Glade,  
Soft Themes shou'd pleasing Thoughts suggest.

Then

# 42 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Then rais'd to Extasy, I'd hail  
 The sweetly-awful rural Pow'rs,  
 Invite, if artless Sounds prevail,  
 Gay Wood-Nymphs from their Jes'mine Bow'rs.  
 Rich in myself I'd frown on Gold,  
 And far the treach'rous Geugaw throw ;  
 With Pity's melting Eye behold  
 The idly-bustling Crowd below.  
 Ah me! in what romantic Seats,  
 Does my deluded Fancy stray :  
 Too transient, visionary Sweets,  
 That sudden gleam, then fade away.  
 Thus, sportive, to the Mind, in Sleep,  
 Cascades, Rocks, Coaches, Guineas rise ;  
 Break but the Charm, the glitt'ring Heap,  
 And all the wild Creation dies.

## SONG LI. *Mistaken Fair, lay Sherlock by.*

**M**istaken, Fair, lay *Sherlock* by,  
 His Doctrine is deceiving,  
 For whilst he teaches us to die,  
 He cheats us of our living.

To die's a Lesson we shall know  
 Too soon, without a Master,  
 Then let us only study now  
 How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless be bless'd,  
 With mutual Inclination ;  
 Share then my Ardour in your Breast,  
 And kindly meet my Passion.

But if thus bless'd I may not live,  
 And Pity you deny,  
 To me at least your *Sherlock* give,  
 'Tis I must learn to die.

SONG.



SONG. LII. *Young Corydon and Phillis.*

**Y**OUNG *Corydon and Phillis*

Sat in a lonely Grove,  
Contriving Crowns of Lillies,  
Repeating Toys of Love.

But as these two were playing,  
She ogled to the Swain,  
It sav'd her plainly saying,  
Let's kifs to end our Pain.

A hundred Times he kifs'd her,  
Laying her on the Green,  
But as he farther press'd her,  
A pretty Leg was seen.

So many Beauties viewing,  
His Ardour still increas'd,  
And greater Joy pursuing,  
He wander'd o'er her Breast.

At last her Effort trying,  
His Passion to withstand,  
Cry'd, but 'twas faintly crying,  
Pray take away your Hand.

Young *Corydon*, grown bolder,  
The Minutes would improve;  
This is the Time he told her,  
To shew you how I love.

The Nymph seem'd almost dying,  
Dissolv'd in am'rous Heat;  
She kifs'd and told him sighing,  
My Dear, your Love is great.

But *Phillis* did recover,  
Much sooner than the Swain;  
She blushing ask'd her Lover,  
Shall we not kifs again?

Thus



44 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,  
 'Till Nature at a Stand;  
 From talk they fell to sleeping,  
 Holding each other's Hand.

SONG LIII. *Bless'd as the immortal Gods is he.*

**L**OVE weary'd with his roving Flight,  
 Descending at th' Approach of Night,  
 Down to *Panthea's* Bosom fled,  
 And made that Seat of Joy his Bed.

Gently her heaving Bosom rose,  
 And seem'd to court him to repose,  
 Nest'ling he folds his Wings, to creep  
 Between her Breasts for sweeter Sleep.

Pleas'd and transported with the Joy,  
 She laugh'd at the deluded Boy,  
 And did a Stratagem prepare,  
 To keep the wanton Pris'ner there.

She took a various colour'd Braid,  
 Of Purple, Gold, and Scarlet made;  
 Now, Youngster, said the cruel Fair,  
 You shall *Panthea's* Fetters wear.

But when surpriz'd he waking found,  
 His shackled Limbs, and Pinions bound,  
 Sighing, he wept, and begg'd she'd please,  
 To give her Captive a Release.

Sly Youth, says she, wou'd you so soon  
 Quit your Apartments, and be gone  
 No, my dear Rover, first discharge  
 Your Quarters, e're you're set at large.

Then for a Bribe, said he, to go,  
 My Quiver take, and take my Bow;  
 Nor can I greater Triumphs boast,  
 Than that my Arms to you were lost.

And

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 45

And now those Shafts are his no more,  
His Bow and Ensigns of his Pow'r ;  
*Panthea* now commands Love's Darts,  
All Eyes she charms, and wounds all Hearts.

## SONG LIV. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

**S**AY, good Master *Bacchus*, astride on your But,  
Since our Champagne's all gone, and our Claret's  
(run out ;  
Which of all the brisk Wines in your Empire that grow,  
Will serve to delight your poor Drankards below ?  
Resolve us, grave Sir, and soon send it over,  
Lest we die, lest we die of the Sin of be'ng sober.

## SONG LV. *Come fill me a Glass.*

**C**OME, fill me a Glass, fill it high,  
A Bumper, a Bumper I'll have :  
He's a Fool that will flinch, I'll not bate 'an Inch,  
Tho' I drink myself into my Grave.

Here's a Health to all those jolly Souls,  
Who like me will never give o'er,  
Whom no Danger controuls, but will take off their Bowls,  
And merrily stickle for more.

Drown Reason and all such weak Foes,  
I scorn to obey her Command,  
Cou'd she ever suppose I'd be led by the Nose,  
And let my Glass idly stand ?

Reputation's a Bugbear to Fools,  
A Foe to the Joys of dear Drinking,  
Made use of by Tools, who'd set us new Rules,  
And bring us to politick Thinking.

Fill 'em all, I'll have six in my Hand,  
For I've triff'd an Age away :  
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting Sand  
Rolls on and cannot stay.

Come

46 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Come, my Lads, move the Glas, drink about,  
We'll drink the Universe dry;  
We'll set Foot to Foot, and drink it all out,  
If once we grow sober we die.

SONG LVI. *There liv'd long ago in a  
Country Place.*

THE am'rous Spark talks of Flames, Darts, and  
(Fires,  
Swears the Nymph is divine 'till with Love she ex-  
(pires;  
But ah! shou'd she believe, to the Flatt'ry blind,  
Too late when deceiv'd that she's mortal will find.  
So fervent's the Swain, his Devotion is paid  
To the Pow'r of the Goddes his Passion had made;  
But the Worship will cease when the Pleasure is o'er,  
Then Woman she proves, tho' an Angel before.

SONG LVII. *Christ Church Bells.*

HARK! the bonny *Christ-Church Bells* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.  
They sound so woundy great,  
So wond'rous sweet,  
And they troul so merrily merrily,  
Hark the first and second Bell,  
That every Day, at Four and Ten,  
Cries come to Pray'rs,  
And the Virger troops before the Dean,  
Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small Bell at Nine,  
To call the Beerers home,  
But the Dev'l a Man  
Will leave his Cann,  
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

SONG

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 47

SONG LVIII. *Gentle Zephyrs, silent Shades.*

**G**entle Zephyrs, silent Glades,  
Purling Streams and cooling Shades,  
Senses pleasing,  
Pains appeasing,  
Love each tender Breast invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,  
Here the warbling Chorists sing,  
Love inspiring,  
All desiring,  
To adorn the Infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,  
Free from Anguish, free from Pains,  
*Venus* smiling,  
Cares beguiling,  
Nymphs complying, glads the Plains.

Let not us, too charming Fair,  
Be the only hapless Pair ;  
Oh relieve me,  
Cease to grieve me,  
Ease your anxious Lover's Care!

Kindly here indulge my Love,  
This is, my Dear, no tell-tale Grove ;  
Nought revealing,  
But concealing,  
All in Love propitious prove.

In thy Air and charming Face,  
Dwells an irresistible Grace,  
Ever charming,  
Love alarming,  
To pursue the blissful Chace :

Let me touch this panting Breast,  
Here for ever let me rest,  
Bliss enjoying,  
Never cloying,  
Ever loving, ever blest.

SONG



SONG LIX. *I'll tell thee Dick, where I  
have been.*

**I**'LL tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,  
Where I the rarest Things have seen;  
Oh Things without compare!  
Such Sights again cannot be found  
In any Place on *English* Ground,  
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Charing Cross*, hard by the Way,  
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,  
There is a House with Stairs;  
And there did I see coming down  
Such Folks as are not in our Town,  
Vorty at least in Pairs.

Among the rest one pest'lent fine,  
(His Beard no bigger though than thine)  
Walk'd on before the rest:  
Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:  
The King (God blefs him) 'twould undo him,  
Should he go still so drest.

At Courfe a-Park, without all doubt,  
He should have first been taken out,  
By all the Maids i'th'Town:  
Though lusty *Roger* there had been,  
Or little *George* upon the Green,  
Or *Vincent* of the Crown.

But wot you what? The Youth was going,  
To make an end of all his Wooing;  
The Parson for him staid:  
Yet by his Leave (for all his Haste)  
He did not so much with all past  
(Perchance) as did the Maid.

The Maid — and thereby hangs the Tale, —  
For such a Maid no *Whisfen* Ale  
Could ever yet produce:



# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 49

No Grape that's kindly ripe could be  
So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Finger was so small, the Ring  
Would not stay on which they did bring,

It was too wide a Peck :  
And to say Truth (for out it must)  
It look'd like the great Collar (just)  
About our young Colt's Neck,

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,  
Like little Mice, stole in and out,

As if they fear'd the Light ;  
But oh ! she dances such a Way !  
No Sun, upon an *Easter Day*,  
Is half so fine a Sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,  
But she would not, she was so nice,

She would not do't in Sight :  
And then she looks as who should say,  
I will do what I list to Day ;  
And you shall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks so rare a White was on,  
No Daifie makes Comparifon,

(Who sees them is undone :)  
For Streaks of Red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a *Cath'rine Pear*,  
(The Side that's next the Sun.)

Her Lips were red ; and one was thin,  
Compar'd to that 'was next her Chin,

(Some Bee had stung it newly :)  
But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth so small when she does speak,  
Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,

That they might Passage get :

D

But

50 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

But she so handled still the Matter,  
They came as good as ears, or better,  
And are not spent a whit.

If Wishing should be any Sin,  
The Priest himself had guilty been,  
(She look'd that Day so purely :)  
And did the Youth so oft the Feast,  
At Night, as some did in Conceit,  
It would have spoil'd him surely.

Just in the Nick the Cook knock'd thrice,  
And all the Waiters, in a Trice,  
His Summons did obey;  
Each Serving-man, with Dish in Hand,  
March'd boldly up like our Train'd Band,  
Presented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,  
What Man of Knife, or Teeth, was able  
To stay to be intreated?  
And this the very Reason was,  
Before the Parson could say Grace,  
The Company was seated.

The Bus'ness of the Kitchen's great,  
For it is fit that Men should eat,  
Nor was it there deny'd  
Passion oh me! how I run on!  
There's that that would be thought upon,  
(I trow) besides the Bride.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse,  
Healts first go round, and then the Houle,  
The Bride's came thick and thick;  
And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,  
Perhaps he made it her's by Stealth.  
(And who could help it, Dick?)

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance,  
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:  
Then dance again and kiss:

Thus

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 32

Thus sev'ral Ways the Time did pass, as  
Till ev'ry Woman wish'd her Place,  
And ev'ry Man wish'd his.

By this Time all were stol'n aside,  
To counsel and undress the Bride;  
But that he must not know:  
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her Mind,  
And did not mean to stay behind,  
Above an Hour or so.

When in he came, (*Dick*) there she lay,  
Like new fall'n Snow melting away,  
(*'Twas Time, I trow, to part.*)  
Kisses were now the only Stay,  
Which soon she gave, as who would say,  
Good *B'ye*! with all my Heart.

But, just as Heav'n would have, to cross it,  
In came the Bride-maids with the Posset:  
The Bridegroom eat in spite;  
For had he left the Women to't,  
It would have cost two Hours to do't,  
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,  
All that they had not done they do:  
What that is, who can tell?  
But I believe it was no more  
Than thou and I have done before  
With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

### SONG LX. *Begging we will go.*

**H**OW well may Life be term'd a Play,  
The World be call'd a Stage,  
On which all, having cast their Parts,  
Turn Players of the Age.  
And a stroling they will go, &c.

## 52 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

On World, as on the Theatre,  
 'Tis hard for to excel,  
 Where there are Twenty that act ill,  
 There's scarce One can act well.

*Tho' a stroling, &c.*

Few their own Characters expose,  
 But follow common Rule,  
 Dull formal Blockheads great Men play,  
 And great Men play the Fool.  
*Thus a stroling, &c.*

Like Heroes, Politicians  
 In Pomp their Part rehearse,  
 But, should you look behind the Scenes,  
 'Tis all but humble Farce.  
*Tho' a stroling, &c.*

Since then that we are Actors all,  
 On us your Censure spare,  
 And, in Indulgence to the Stage,  
 Support a Brother Play'r.  
*Or a stroling, &c.*

Hold, hold, the Audience I'll harangue,  
 E're that the Curtain fall,  
 This rhyming Sing-song Poet here  
 Perhaps has damn'd us all.  
*And a stroling, &c.*

Unless this small Attempt to please,  
 You with your Favour crown,  
 No feigned Play-house we shall let,  
 But e'en must let our own.  
*And a stroling, &c.*

### SONG LXI. *A Break of Day poor Celadon.*

**A**T Break of Day, poor Celadon  
 Hard by his Sheep-folds, walk'd alone;  
 His Arms a-cross, his Head bow'd down,  
 His oaten Pipe beside him thrown;

When



# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 53

When *Thirsis*, hidden in a Thicket by,  
Thus heard the discontented Shepherd cry,

What is it *Celaden* has done,  
That all his Happiness is gone!  
The Curtains of the Dark are drawn,  
And chearful Morn begins to dawn,  
Yet in my Breast 'tis ever dead of Night,  
That can admit no Beam of pleasant Light.

Yon pretty Lambs do leap and play,  
To welcome the new kindled Day,  
Your Shepherd harmless, as are you,  
Why is he not as frolick too!  
If such Disturbance th' Innocent attend,  
How differs he from them that dare offend?

Ye Gods! or let me die, or live,  
If I must die, why this Reprieve,  
If you would have me live, O why  
Is it with me as those that die!  
I faint I gasp, I pant, my Eyes are set,  
My Cheeks are pale, and I am living yet.

Ye Gods! I never did withhold  
The fattest Lamb of all my Fold,  
But on your Altars laid it down,  
And with a Garland did it crown.  
Is it in vain to make your Altars smoke?  
Is it all one to please and to provoke?

Time was that I could sit and smile,  
Or with a Dance the Time beguile;  
My Soul, like that smooth Lake, was still  
Bright as the Sun behind yon Hill;  
Like yonder stately Mountain clear and high,  
Swift, soft, and gay, as that same Butterfly.

But now within there's Civil War,  
In Arms my rebel Passions are,  
Their old Allegiance laid aside,  
The Traytors now in Triumph ride;



# 34 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

That many-headed Monster has thrown down  
Its lawful Monarch, Reason, from its Throne.

See, unrelenting *Sylvia*, see,  
All this, and more, is 'long of thee;  
For e're I saw that charming Face,  
Uninterrupted was my Peace;  
Thy glorious beamy Eyes have struck me blind,  
To my own Soul the Way I cannot find.

Yet is it not thy Fault, nor mine,  
Heav'n is too blame, that did not shine  
Upon us both with equal Rays,  
It made thine bright, mine gloomy Days.  
To *Sylvia* Beauty gave, and Riches Store,  
All *Celadon's* Offence is, he is poor.

Unlucky Stars poor Shepherds have,  
Whose Love is fickle Fortune's Slave:  
Those golden Days are out of Date,  
When every Turtle chose his Mate:  
*Cupid*, that mighty Prince, then uncontroul'd,  
Now like a little *Negro's* bought and sold.

## SONG LXII. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

THE Mountain of the *Delphian* God,  
You see, is wrapp'd in Sheets of Snow;  
The Trees, sustaining scarce their Load,  
Their hoary Heads dejected bow;  
And glew'd with Ice unto the Shore,  
The active Streams can roll no more.  
With rousing Fires the Cold destroy,  
And set about the flowing Bowl;  
Bleed e'ery Grape to give us Joy,  
To cherish and exalt the Soul.  
Hereafter to the Gods resign;  
Be theirs the Care, Enjoyment thine.

To

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 55

To them this Earth, their Foot-ball, leave,  
To kick and tumble as they please;  
From them the Storms Permission have,  
To box about the roaring Seas;  
Yet still subjected to their Will,  
If they but nod, are hush and still.

To-morrow and its Cares despise,  
The present Moment is thy own;  
Then snatch it quickly e're it flies,  
And score it up as clearly won;  
Nor scruple to indulge the Fire,  
Of youthful Love, and gay Desire.

Old Age will quickly pall the Taste,  
And blunt the Edge of sprightly Joys,  
With dozing Sadness fill the Breast,  
And give no Relish but for Toys.  
Youth is alone the Time can prove  
Delights of Exercise, or Love.

The gentle Talk, the soft Embrace,  
In some retir'd and dusky Shade;  
The feigning hidden Maid to trace,  
By her own treach'rous Laugh betray'd:  
Be these thy Care, thy Business still;  
Such Pleasures Youth alone can feel.

And when, with struggling in your Arms,  
The leering little roguish Thing  
Is rous'd, and flushing all with Charms,  
Secure her Hand, and snatch her Ring;  
Then all her Frowns are but a Blind,  
'Tis Pledge enough she will be kind.

## SONG LXIII. *Generous, gay, and gallant Nation.*

**G**enerous, gay, and gallant Nation,  
Bold in Arms, and bright in Arts;  
Land secure from all Invasion,  
All but Cupid's gentle Darts:

# 56 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

From your Charms, oh who would run !  
Who would leave you for the Sun !

Happy Soil! adieu, adieu :

Let old Charmers yield to new.

In Arms, in Arts, be still more shining,

All your Joys be still encreasing,

All your Tastes be still refining,

All your Jars for ever ceasing :

But let old Charmers yield to new,

Happy Soil! adieu, adieu.

## SONG LXIV. *What tho' I am a Country Lass.*

**W**HEN Gammar Gurton first I knew,  
Four Teeth in all she reckon'd :  
Comes a damn'd Cough and whips out two,  
And t'other two a second,

Courage, old Dame, and never fear,  
The third, whene'er it comes — a,  
Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,  
And I'll ensure your Gums --- a.

## SONG LXV. *Do not ask me, &c.*

**A** Woman's Ware, like China,  
Now cheap now dear is bought ;  
When whole tho' worth a Guinea,  
When broke's not worth a Groat.

A Woman at St. James's,  
With Hundreds, you obtain ;  
But stay till lost her Fame is,  
She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

SONG

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 57

## SONG LXVI. *Would you have a young Virgin, &c.*

**I**F the Heart of a Man is depress'd with Cares,  
The Mist is dispell'd when a Woman appears;  
Like the Notes of a Fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly,  
Raises the Spirits, and charms our Ears.  
Roses and Lilies her Cheeks disclose,  
But her ripe Lips are more sweet than those.  
Press her,  
Carefs her,  
With Bliss'es,  
Her Kiss'es,  
Dissolve us in Pleasure, and soft Repose.

## SONG LXVII. *You little blind Deceiver go!*

**T**O charming *Celia's* Arms I flew,  
And there all Night I feasted;  
No God such Transports ever knew,  
Nor Mortal ever tasted.  
Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,  
And pleas'd beyond expressing;  
How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,  
Reward so great a Blessing?  
The whole Creation's Wealth survey;  
Thro' both the *Indies* wander:  
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,  
And fighting Monarchs squander.  
The richest Spoils of Earth and Air;  
The rifled Ocean's Treasure;  
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far,  
To purchase so much Pleasure,  
She blushing cry'd --- my Life, my Dear,  
Since *Celia* thus you fancy,  
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,  
A Rundlet of right *Nancy*.



SONO LXVIII. *'Twas when the Seas were  
roaring.*

**H**OW cruel are the Traytors,  
Who lye and swear in jest,  
To cheat unguarded Creatures,  
Of Virtue, Fame, and Rest!  
Whoever steals a Shilling,  
Through Shame, the Guilt conceals;  
In Love the perjurd Villain,  
With Boasts, the Theft reveals.

SONO LXIX. *Lillibullero.*

**T**HE Modes of the Court so common are grown,  
That a true Friend can hardly be met;  
Friendship for Int'rest is but a Loan,  
Which they let out for what they can get.  
'Tis true you find  
Some Friends so kind,  
Who will give you good Counsel themselves to defend,  
In sorrowful Ditty,  
They promise, they pity,  
But shift you for Money, from Friend to Friend.

SONO LXX. *Of a noble Race was Shinken.*

**H**EAR all you Friends to Knighthood,  
A Tale will raise your Wonder;  
How Caitiff vile,  
By basest Wile,  
An hardy Knight did plunder.  
How from this *British* Worthy,  
This Knave, a Pox light on hur!  
Did once purloin  
The only Sign,  
And Badge he had of Honour.



# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 59

Oh! had you seen our Hero!  
No Knight could e'er look bigger;

Unless his Size

My Song belyes,  
Than *M—n* of *Tredegar*.

A Ribbon grac'd his Shoulder.

A Star shone on his Breast, Sir,

With smart Toupee,

*Fort bien poudré,*

And Cockade on his Crest, Sir.

This Ribbon held a Bauble,

Which his kind Stars decreed him;

With which he'd play,

Both Night and Day,

'Twould do you good to see him.

Tho' I a Bauble call it,

It must not thus be slighted;

'Twas one of the Toys,

*Bob* gave his Boys,

When first the Chits were knighted.

Hur was the Flow'r of Knighthood,

You ne'er saw such a gay Thing;

But *English* Rogue,

Confound the Dog,

Was rob hur of hur Play-thing.

Rouze up, ye brave Knights Errant,

Ne'er give this Caitif Quarter,

Ye Nights of the Toast,

Or Knights of the Post,

Or Thistle, Bath, or Garter.

Learn hence ye courtly Lordlings,

Who hear this fatal Story;

On how slight Strings

Depend thole Things,

Whereon ye hang your Glory.

60 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG LXXI. *O Bessy Bell.*

**A** Curse attends that Woman's Love,  
Who always would be pleasing,  
The Pertness of the billing Dove,  
Like tickling, is but teasing.  
What then in Love can Woman do?  
If we grow fond they shun us,  
And when we fly them, they pursue,  
But leave us when they've won us.

SONG LXXII. *Believe my Sighs, my Tears,  
my Dear.*

**P**ITY my Fate, ye tender Youths,  
Whose Breasts have felt the Dart,  
Since when you hear my moving Tale,  
In Grief you'll bear a Part:  
For three long Years I close address'd  
A Maid as fair as Light;  
Who wou'd have thought her heavenly Charms  
Bore Ruin in the Sight?  
How oft have I, in chilling Frost,  
Lain prostrate at her Door;  
O! had my Heart been cold as her,  
I shou'd not now deplore:  
Yet once her Heart was warm as mine,  
And uninclin'd to range;  
Ah, no! a Heart, that's once inflam'd,  
Can never, never change.  
How fondly have I gaz'd upon  
The House that held my Dear;  
Ey'd oft her Window, bless'd the Room,  
And wish'd myself but there:  
Ah, me! what does it now avail,  
That once she held me dear,  
Ye Swains of treach'rous Maids beware,  
Nor heed the trickling Tear.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 61

## SONG LXXIII. *You twice ten hundred Deities.*

**Y**OU twice ten hundred Deities,  
To whom we daily sacrifice,  
Ye Pow'rs, that dwell with Fates below,  
And see what Men are doom'd to do:  
Where Elements in Discord dwell,  
Thou God of Sleep arise and tell,  
Tell, great *Zempoalla*, what strange Fate  
Must on her dismal Vision wait.

By the croaking of the Toad,  
In their Caves that make abode,  
Earthy Dun that pants for Breath,  
With her swell'd Sides full of Death.  
By the crested Adder's Pride,  
That along the Cliff does glide.  
By thy Visage fierce and black,  
By the Death's Head on thy Back,  
By the twisted Serpents plac'd,  
For a Girdle round thy Waist,  
By the Hearts of Gold that deck  
Thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck:  
From thy sleeping Mansion rise,  
And open thy unwilling Eyes,  
While bubbling Springs their Musick keep,  
That use to lull thee in thy Sleep.

## SONG LXXIV. *Black-ey'd Susan.*

**T**O silent Groves, where weeping Yew  
With sadly mournful Cyprels join'd,  
Poor *Damon* from the Plain withdrew,  
To sooth, with Complaints, his Love-sick Mind,  
Pale Willow into mystick Wreathes he wove,  
And thus lamented his forsaken Love.

How

62 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

How lately *Cælia*, artful Maid,  
With Arms entwined did we walk  
Beneath the close unpierced Shade,  
Beguiling Time with am'rous Talk:  
But that, alas! is past — and I must prove  
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

But think not, *Cælia*, I will bear,  
With dull Submission, all the Smart,  
No — I'll at once drive out Despair,  
And thy lov'd Image, from my Heart;  
All Arts, all Charms I'll practise to remove  
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

*Bacchus*, with greenest Ivy crown'd,  
Hither repair with all thy Train,  
And chace the jovial Goblet round,  
For *Cælia* triumphs in my Pain;  
With generous Wine assist me to remove  
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

Con'd Reason be so drown'd in Wine,  
As never to revive again,  
How happy were this Heart of mine,  
Reliev'd at once of all its Pain:  
But Reason still with Love returns, to prove  
The Torments lasting of forsaken Love.

Bring me the Girl whose generous Soul  
Kindles at the sparkling Bowl,  
Whose sparkling Eye, with wanton Fire,  
Shoots thro' my Blood a fierce Desire;  
For ev'ry Art I'll practise to remove  
The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

And what is all this transient Flame?  
'Tis but a Blaze and seen no more,  
A Blaze that lights us to our Shame,  
And robs us of a gay fourscore;  
Reason again with Love returns, to prove  
The Torment lasting of forsaken Love.

Hark,



Hark, how the jolly Huntsman's Cries,  
 In concert with the op'ning Hounds,  
 Rend the wide Concave of the Skies,  
 And tire dull Echo with their Sounds:  
 Thou, *Phæbe*, Goddess of the Chase, remove  
 The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

Ah me, the sprightly-bounding Doe,  
 The Chase, and ev'ry thing I view,  
 Still to my Mind recalls my Woe,  
 So *Cælia* flies, so I pursue.  
 So rooted here, no Arts can e'er remove  
 The Pangs attending on forsaken Love.

Then back, poor *Damon*, to thy Grove,  
 Since nought prevails to ease thy Pain,  
 Let Constancy thy Flame improve,  
 And Patience answer her Disdain:  
 So Gratitude may *Cælia's* Passion move  
 To Pity, and reward thy constant Love.

SONG LXXV. See from the silent Grove,  
 &c.

SEE! from the silent Grove *Alexis* flies,  
 And seeks with ev'ry pleasing Art,  
 To ease the Pain which lovely Eyes  
 Created in his Heart:  
 To shining Theatres he now repairs,  
 To learn *Gamilla's* moving Airs,  
 Where thus to Musick's Power the Swain address'd  
 his Prayers.

" Charming Sounds that sweetly languish!  
 " Musick, O compose my Anguish!  
 " Ev'ry Passion yields to thee,  
 " *Phæbus*, quickly then relieve me;  
 " *Cupid* shall no more deceive me,  
 " I'll to sprightlier Joys be free.

*Apollon*



# 364 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

*Apollo* heard the foolish Swain,  
He knew when *Daphne* once he lov'd,  
How weak t'assuage an am'rous Pain,  
His own harmonious Art had prov'd,  
And all his healing Herbs how vain:  
Then thus he strikes the pleasing Strings,  
Preluding to his Voice and sings.

" Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee,

" Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee,

" Musick is the Voice of Love;

" If the tender Maid believe thee,

" Soft relenting, kind consenting,

" Will alone thy Pain remove.

## SONG LXXVI. *Fair Chloë my Breast so alarms.*

**F**AIR *Chloë* my Breast so alarms,  
From her Pow'r no Refuge I find,  
If another I take to my Arms,  
Yet my *Chloë* is then in my Mind.  
Unblest'd with the Joy still a Pleasure I want,  
Which none but my *Chloë*, my *Chloë* can grant.  
Let *Chloë* but smile I grow gay,  
And I feel my Heart spring with Delight,  
On *Chloë* I could gaze all the Day,  
And *Chloë* I wish for all Night.  
Oh! did *Chloë* know how I love,  
And the Pleasure of loving again,  
My Passion her Favour would move,  
And in Prudence she'd pity my Pain:  
Good Nature and Int'rest shou'd both make her kind,  
For the Joy she might give, and the Joy she might find.

SONG LXXVII. *Little Syren of the Stage.*

**L**ittle Syren of the Stage,  
Charmer of an idle Age,  
Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre,  
Wanton Gale of fond Desire,  
Bane of every manly Art,  
Sweet Enfeeblor of the Heart;  
O too pleasing in thy Strain,  
Hence to southern Climes again,  
Tuneful Mischief, vocal Spell,  
To this Island bid farewell,  
Leave us as we ought to be,  
Leave the Britons rough and free.

SONG LXXVIII. *As down in a Meadow.*

**F**ROM beneath a cool Shade, by the Side of a  
(Stream,  
Thus writes thy *Theander*, and thou art his Theme,  
Thy Beauties inspiring, my Dearest, I'll shew,  
There's nothing in Nature so bounteous as you.  
Tho' Distance divides us, thy Beauties I see,  
Those Beauties so lov'd and admir'd by me!  
Now, now I behold thee, sweet, smiling, and pretty,  
O Gods, you've made nothing so fair as my *Kitty*.

Come, lovely Idea, come fill my fond Arms,  
And whilst I thus gaze on thy num'rous Charms,  
The beautiful Objects, which round me do lie,  
Grow sick at thy Presence with Envy and die.  
Now *Flora* the Meadows and Groves does adorn,  
With Flow'rs and Blossoms on every Thorn;  
But look on my *Kitty*! there sweetly does blow  
A Spring of more Beauties than *Flora* can shew.

See, see how that Rose adorns the gay Bush,  
And, proud of its Colour, would vie with his Blush;  
Vain Boaster! thy Beauties shall quickly decay,  
She blushes — and see how it withers away.

Observe.

# 66 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Observe that fair Lily, the Pride of the Vale,  
In Whiteness unrival'd, now droops and looks pale;  
It sickens and changes its beautiful Hue,  
And bows down its Head in Submission to you.

As I gaze on the River that smoothly glides by,  
Thus even and sweet is her Temper I cry,  
Thus clear is her Mind thus calm and serene,  
And Virtues like Gems at the Bottom are seen;  
But in vain I compare her, here's nothing so bright,  
And Night now approaches and hinders my Sight;  
To Bed I must hasten, and there all her Charms,  
In softer Ideas, I'll bring to my Arms.

## SONG LXXIX. *Tho' late I was a Cobler's Wife.*

**O**F old we read of Nymphs that stray'd,  
Parnassus' Heights upon-a,  
And Bards of Fame that sipp'd the Stream,  
Of heav'nly Helicon-a;  
But now alas! 'tis come to pass,  
Such Beings are all flown-a,  
Both Muse and Bard without Regard,  
Have left us all alone-a.

## SONG LXXX. *I'll tell thee Dick where I have been.*

**T**O his poor Cell a Satyr led  
A Traveller with Cold half dead,  
And with great Kindness treated.  
A Fire Nose-high he made him strait,  
Shew'd him his Elbow-chair of State,  
And near the Chimney seated.

His tingling Hands the Stranger blows;  
At which the Satyr wond'ring rose,  
And bluntly ask'd the Reason.

Sir,

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 167

Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no Harm,  
I only do't my Hands to warm,  
In this cold frosty Season.

The Satyr gave him from the Pot  
A Mess of Porridge piping hot :

The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel,  
What's that for, Friend? the Satyr cry'd;  
To cool my Broth, his Guest reply'd,  
And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

How, quoth the Host then, is it so,  
And can you Contradictions blow,  
Turn out and leave my Cottage.  
This honest Mansion ne'er shall hold  
Such Rascals as blow hot and cold;  
The De'il must find you Pottage.

SONG LXXXI. *Blest as th' immortal Gods  
is he.*

**G**entle Gales, that fan the May,  
Quiv'ring on the bloomy Spray;  
No more the Woods with Whispers fill,  
All be silent, all be still.  
Then rise at once, and murm'ring blow,  
Hollow, dismal, deep, and low;  
Turn Companions of my Groans,  
And fill the Mountains with our Moans.

SONG LXXXII. *Stay, Shepherd, stay.*

**W**HEN *Molly* smiles beneath her Cow,  
I feel my Heart I can't tell how;  
When *Molly* is on *Sunday* drest,  
On *Sundays* I can take no Rest.  
What can I do on Working-days?  
I leave my Work on her to gaze:  
What shall I say? At Sermons I  
Forget the Text when *Molly's* by.

Good



68 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Good Master Curate, teach me how  
To mind your Preaching and my Plough;  
And if for this you'll raise a Spell,  
A good fat Goose shall thank you well.

SONG LXXXIII. *Here's a Whim-wham new,*  
&c.

**H**ERE's a Whim-wham new come over,  
And who will prick at my Lottery-Book,  
'Tis Spic and Span new to *Dover*,  
From *France*, where it lately took:  
'Twill ease you of all your Troubles, ho!  
By a Chymical new Chimerical Way;  
But, first of all down with the Bubbles, ho!  
For this is the fairest Play.  
Come *Jenny*, the Chambermaid, trudge it,  
Come *Tinker*, and pawn thy Budget,  
And *Gillian* no longer amble on foot.

For Lords shall look like Asses;  
For see ye how Stock advances up to't,  
And Footmen ride in their Places;  
Then, Chymney-sweep, sell thy Soot:  
Jump off thy Board, bungling Botcher,  
And leave the Plough, trusty *Roger*,  
And *Teague*, with thy Grimacree sneash it away;  
Trip, *Cicely*, trudge it with *Mary*,  
And gued muckle *Sawney* Lad donno stay;  
And *Dorothy* slight thy Dairy,  
For we are as blith as *May*.

Come hither each pretty Fellow,  
And Country 'Squire, thou Booby nob Head;  
Here's *Harlequin* *Punchionello*,  
So nimble, archly tread;  
Here's *Myn Heer van Gundy Gutt Guzzle* too,  
To raise or fall, as Knav'ries meet;  
Mafs *John* come help us to puzzle too:  
And throw thy Cloak o'er the Cheat;

Thy



Thy Canting will safely fold us;  
 When Air it too hot to hold us;  
 Then prithee now *Colley* refuse me no more.  
 Nor vamp up a queer Revival,  
 For Water, Sir, never will turn into Gold,  
 And a Fool should have no Rival,  
 Till *Cl—y's* great Stock be sold.  
 Let every Trick be a clean one,  
 Fat Sorrow is better than a lean one.  
 Then frisk it about and jerk it away,  
 For here's no Sign of Sorrow:  
 Unless Mr. *Knight* should darken the Day,  
 'Twill be at twelve hundred To-morrow,  
 And we understand the Lay.

SONG LXXXIV. *With early Horn.*

WITH early Horn,  
 Salute the Morn  
 'That gilds this charming Place:  
 With chearful Cries,  
 Bid Eccho rise,  
 And join the jovial Chace,  
 And join, &c.  
 The vocal Hills around,  
 The waving Woods,  
 The chrystal Floods,  
 All, all return their 'livening Sounds.  
 The vocal, &c.

SONG LXXXV. *When the bright God of Day.*

YOUR Friendship I court,  
 For a friendly Support;  
 My Guts are grown wond'rous limber:  
 My Belly complains  
 Of the Want of my Brains,  
 Which us'd to supply it with Timber.

70 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

May I swing like a Dog,  
If I have a Hog,  
A Smelt, a George, or a Teaster:  
But here am I pent,  
To keep a sad *Lent*,  
Without any Hopes of an *Easter*.

I've sent to my Betters  
Many circular Letters,  
Of this my dismal Condition!  
But you, Sir, I'm sure,  
My Distemper will cure,  
Or a Halter must be the Physician.

'Tis the first Time that I  
E'er at Rhiming did try;  
In which, if I had any Skill,  
In a more elegant Way,  
As I ought, I would say,  
Your obliged Servant, *Ra. Argile*.

P. S. I hope you'll excuse  
My unpolite Muse;  
Did *Bacchus* my Fancy inspire,  
Address you I would,  
In Verses as good  
As any of *Pope*, or of *Prior*.

SONG LXXXVI. 'Twas on a River's  
verdant Side, &c.

WHEN charming *Sylvia* first I saw,  
The Nymph was nicely coy,  
Her rigid Virtue forc'd an Awe,  
And Awe procur'd me Joy.

Delighted with her lovely Look,  
My Heart receiv'd the Snare,  
A Warmth I from her Coldness took,  
And long'd to clasp the Fair.

ML

With

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 71

With soft Persuasions I pursu'd,  
 With Words I made her yield,  
 The Victor was at length subdu'd,  
 Nor could maintain the Field.

All melted in the burning Bliss,  
 We both dissolving lay,  
 Exchang'd our Souls in ev'ry Kiss,  
 And spent in Love the Day.

Thus *Sylvia* did indulge my Mind,  
 And fill'd my fond Desire,  
 Her frozen Coldness she resign'd,  
 And what was Ice is Fire.

## SONG LXXXVII. *Dear Colin prevent my warm Blushes.*

**D**EAR *Colin*, prevent my warm Blushes,  
 Since how can I speak without Pain,  
 My Eyes have oft told you my Wishes,  
 Oh can't you their Meaning explain:  
 My Passion would lose by Expression,  
 And you too might cruelly blame;  
 Then don't you expect a Confession  
 Of what is too tender to name:

Since yours is the Province of Speaking,  
 Why should you expect it from me?  
 Our Wishes should be in our keeping,  
 Till you tell us what they should be:  
 Then quickly why don't you discover,  
 Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine?  
 I need not tell over and over,  
 What I in my Bosom confine.

SONG LXXXVIII. *Dear Colin, prevent my  
warm Blushes.*

**D**EAR Madam, when Ladies are willing;  
A Man needs must look like a Fool,  
For me, I would not give a Shilling,  
For one that can love out of Rule;  
At least you shou'd wait for our Offers,  
Nor snatch like old Maids in Despair,  
If you've liv'd to these Years without Proffers,  
Your Sighs are now lost in the Air.

You should leave us to guess at your Meaning,  
And not speak the Matter too plain;  
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,  
And yours to affect a Disdain:  
That you're in a terrible taking,  
By all your fond Oglings I see:  
The Fruit that will fall without shaking,  
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

SONG LXXXIX. *Come to my Arms, &c.*

**C**OME to my Arms, my Treasure,  
Thou Spring of all my Joy,  
Without thy Aid all Pleasure  
Must languish fade and die.  
In vain is all Resistance,  
When arm'd with thy Assistance,  
What fair One can deny?  
Then fill around the Glasses,  
And thus we'll drink and chant,  
May all the dear kind Lasses  
Have all they wish or want.

*Da Capo.*

SONG



# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 73

## SONG XC. *Tom and Will were Shepherd Swains.*

**T**OM and *Will* were Shepherd Swains,  
That liv'd and lov'd together,  
When fair *Pastora* cross'd their Plains,  
Alas, why came she thither?  
For tho' they fed two sev'ral Flocks,  
They felt but one Desire;  
*Pastora's* Eyes and Amber Locks,  
Set both their Hearts on Fire.

*Tom* came of a genteel Race,  
By Father and by Mother;  
*Will* was noble, but alas,  
He was a younger Brother.  
*Tom* was forlorn, *Will* was sad,  
No Huntsman nor no Fowler;  
*Tom* was held the properer Lad,  
But *Will* the better Bowler.

*Tom* was young, but something bold,  
It seem'd no Imperfection;  
*Will* was grey, but yet not old,  
And browner of Complexion:  
The touching Flames their Breasts did bear,  
They could no longer smother,  
For tho' they knew they Rivals were,  
They still lov'd one another.

*Tom* would drink her Health, and swear,  
His very Ghost should haunt her,  
*Will* would take her by the Ear,  
And with his Voice inchant her;  
*Tom* always kept within her Sight,  
And ne'er forgot his Duty,  
But *Will* was witty, and could write  
Sweet Sonnets on her Beauty.



*Pastora* was a lovely Lass,  
 And of a gentle Nature,  
 Divinely good and fair she was,  
 And kind to ev'ry Creature;  
 Of Favours she was provident,  
 But yet not over-sparing;  
 She gave no loose Encouragement,  
 Yet kept Men from despairing.

Which of these two she lov'd most,  
 Or whether she lov'd either,  
 'Tis thought they'll find it to their Cost,  
 That she indeed lov'd neither:  
 So charming and so sweet was she,  
 So pleasing of Behaviour,  
 That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he,  
 Was chiefest in her Favour.

Thus did she handle *Tom* and *Will*,  
 Who both did doat upon her,  
 For graciously she us'd them still,  
 Yet still preserv'd her Honour.  
 She dealt her Favours equally,  
 They both were well contented,  
 And kept them still from Jealousy,  
 Not easily prevented.

Till tattling Fame had made Report,  
 Of fair *Pastora's* Beauty,  
*Pastora's* sent for to the Court,  
 There to perform her Duty.  
 Unto the Court *Pastora's* gone,  
 There were no Court without her,  
 The Queen amongst her Train had none,  
 Was half so fair about her.

*Tom* hang'd his Dog, and cast away  
 His Shepherd's Hook and Wallet,  
*Will* broke his Pipe, and curs'd the Day,  
 That e'er he made a Ballad.

Their

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 75

Their Nine-pins and their Bowls they break,  
 Their Sports were turn'd to Tears;  
 'Tis Time for me an End to make,  
 Let them go shake their Ears.

## SONG XCI. *Mortals, wisely learn to measure.*

**M**ortals, wisely learn to measure  
 Life by the Extent of Joy,  
 Life's a short and fleeting Pleasure:

Then be gay,  
 Whilst you may,  
 And your Hours with Mirth employ.

Never let a Mistress pain thee,  
 Tho' she meet you with a Frown,  
 Fly to Wine, 'twill soon unchain thee;  
 Cheer thy Heart,  
 And all Smart,  
 In a sweet Oblivion drown.

If Love's fiercer Flame should seize thee,  
 To some gentle Maid repair.

She'll with soft Endearments ease thee,  
 On her Breast,  
 Sink to Rest,

Eas'd of Love and free from Care.

Friendship, Wine, and Love united,  
 From all Ills defend the Mind,

By them guarded and delighted,  
 Happy State,  
 Smile at Fate,

And give Sorrow to the Wind.

## SONG XCII. *Chloe found Amyntas lying.*

**C**HLOE found *Amyntas* lying  
 All in Tears upon the Plain,  
 Sighing to himself and crying,  
 Wretched I to love in vain!

## 76 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Ever scorning and denying  
 To reward your faithful Swain :  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying ;  
 Kifs me once and ease my Pain !

Sighing to himself, and crying,  
 Wretched I to love in vain !  
 Ever scorning and denying,  
 To reward your faithful Swain :  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying ;  
 Kifs me once, and ease my Pain.

Ever scorning and denying  
 To reward your faithful Swain,  
*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain :  
 Kifs me, Dear, before my dying ;  
 Kifs me once, and ease my Pain.

*Chloe*, laughing at his crying,  
 Told him, that he lov'd in vain,  
 But repenting and complying,  
 When he kifs'd, she kifs'd again ;  
 Kifs'd him up before his dying,  
 Kifs'd him up, and eas'd his Pain.

### SONG XCIII. *Cold and raw.*

**C**OLD and raw the North did blow,  
 Bleak in the Morning early,  
 All the Trees were hid with Snow,  
 Cover'd with Winter yearly :  
 As I was riding o'er the Slough,  
 I met with a Farmer's Daughter,  
 Rosy Cheeks and bonny Brow,  
 Good Faith my Mouth did water.

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,  
 Meaning to shew my Breeding,  
 She return'd a graceful Brow,  
 Her Visage far exceeding :

I ask'd

I ask'd her where she was going so soon,  
 And long'd to hold a Parley,  
 She told me to the next Market-town,  
 On purpose to sell her Barley.

In this Purse, sweet Soul, said I,  
 Twenty Pounds lies fairly,  
 Seek no further one to buy,  
 For I'll take all thy Barley :  
 Twenty Pound more shall purchase Delight,  
 Thy Person I love so dearly :  
 If thou wilt lig with me all Night,  
 And gang home in the Morning early.

If forty Pounds would buy the Globe,  
 This Thing I would not do, Sir,  
 Or were my Friends as poor as *Job*,  
 I'd never raise 'em so, Sir,  
 For shou'd you prove one Night my Friend,  
 We's get a young Kid together,  
 And you'd be gone e're nine Month's End,  
 Then where should I find the Father.

Pray what would then my Parents say,  
 If I should be so silly,  
 To give my Maidenhead away,  
 And lose my true Love *Billy* ?  
 Oh, this would bring me to Disgrace,  
 And therefore I say you nay, Sir,  
 And if that you would me embrace,  
 First marry, and then you may, Sir.

I told her I had wedded been  
 Fourteen Years and longer,  
 Else I'd chuse her for my Queen,  
 And tie the Knot still stronger ;  
 She bid me then no farther come,  
 But manage my Wedlock fairly,  
 And keep my Purse for poor Spouse at home,  
 For some other should buy her Barley.



78 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Then as swift as any Roe,  
 She rode away and left me,  
 After her I could not go,  
 Of Joy she quite bereft me  
 Thus I myself did disappoint,  
 For she did leave me fairly,  
 My Word knock'd all things out of Joint,  
 I lost both Maid and Barley.

Riding down a narrow Lane,  
 Some two or three Hours after,  
 There I chanc'd to meet again  
 This Farmer's bonny Daughter :  
 Although it was both raw and cold,  
 I stay'd to hold a Parley,  
 And shew'd once more my Purse of Gold,  
 When as she had sold her Barley.

Love, said I, pray do not frown,  
 But let us change Embraces,  
 I'll buy thee a fine filken Gown,  
 With Ribbons, Gloves, and Laces ;  
 A Ring and Bodkin, Muff and Fan,  
 No Lady shall have neater ;  
 For, as I am an honest Man,  
 I ne'er saw a sweeter Creature.

Then I took her by the Hand,  
 And said, my dearest Jewel,  
 Why should'st thou thus disputing stand,  
 I prithee be not cruel.  
 She found my Mind was fully bent,  
 To please my fond Desire,  
 Therefore she seemed to consent,  
 But I wish I had ne'er come nigh her.

Sir, said she, what shall I do,  
 If I commit this Evil,  
 And yield myself in Lovewith you ;  
 I hope you will prove civil ?

You



## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 79

You talk of Ribbons, Gloves, and Rings,

And likewise Gold and Treasure:

Oh, let me first enjoy those Things,

And then you shall have your Pleasure.

Sure thy Will shall be obey'd,

Said I, my own dear Honey,

Then into her Lap I quickly laid

Full forty Pounds in Money;

We'll to the Market Town this day,

And straightway end this Quarrel;

And deck thee like a Lady gay,

In flourish'ing rich Apparel.

All my Gold and Silver there,

To her I did deliver:

On the Road we did repair,

Out-coming to a River,

Whose Waters are both deep and wide,

Such Rivers I ne'er see many;

She leap'd her Mare on th'other Side,

And left me not one Penny.

Then my Heart was sunk full low,

With Grief and Care surrounded,

After her I could not go,

For fear of being drowned:

She turn'd about, and said, behold

I'm not for your Devotion;

But, Sir, I thank you for your Gold,

'Twill serve t'enlarge my Portion.

I began to stamp and stare,

To see what she had acted;

With my Hands I tore my Hair,

Like one that was distracted.

Give me my Money then I cry'd,

Good Faith, I did but lend it;

But she full fast away did ride,

And vow'd she did not intend it.

SONG XCIV. *Down in the North Country.*

**D**OWN in the North Country,  
 As ancient Reports do tell,  
 There lies a famous Country Town,  
 Some call it merry *Wakefield*;  
 And in this Country Town,  
 A Farmer there did dwell,  
 Whose Daughter would to Market go,  
 Her Treasure for to sell.

As she was travelling along,  
 Over Hills and Mountains high,  
 It was her Chance to lose her Way,  
 Where a Shepherd she did spy;  
 O! Shepherd, O! Shepherd, quoth she,  
 Many Days to you God send,  
 I am a Maid and shall be undone,  
 Unless you stand my Friend.

O'er Hills and Mountains high,  
 E'er since the break of Day,  
 I have been travelling many a Mile,  
 And cannot find my Way.  
 Come sit thee down by me,  
 The Shepherd reply'd with a Smile,  
 And I'll shew thee a nearer Way,  
 Than this by a full long Mile.

The Shepherd sat him down,  
 The fair Maid she drew nigh,  
 He pull'd out his Bag-pipes wond'rous sweet,  
 And play'd melodiously.  
 He play'd her such a Tune,  
 That he made this fair Maid sing,  
 O! the Musick of thy Bag-pipes sweet  
 Makes all my Nerves to ring.

O! Shepherd,

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 81

O! Shepherd, O! Shepherd quoth she,  
 If the Time would but permit it;  
 I pray now play it over again,  
 For fear I should forget it.  
 He play'd it over once again,  
 As he had done before,  
 And gave this fair Maid much Delight,  
 It pleas'd her more and more.

My dearest Swain, quoth she,  
 A thousand Times adieu;  
 And, if ever I chance to lose my Way,  
 To find it, I'll come to you.

### SONG XCV. *Busy, curious, thirsty Fly.*

**B**usy, curious, thirsty Fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I;  
 Freely welcome to my Cup,  
 Could'st thou sip and sip it up:  
 Make the most of Life you may,  
 Life is short, and wears away.  
*Life is short, &c.*

Both alike are mine and thine,  
 Hasten quick to their Decline;  
 'Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,  
 Tho' repeated to threescore;  
 Threescore Summers, when they're gone;  
 Will appear as short as one.  
*Will appear, &c.*

### SONG XCVI. *As I sat at my Spinning-wheel.*

**A**S I sat at my Spinning-wheel,  
 A bonny Lad there pass'd by;  
 I ken'd him round, and lik'd him weel.  
 Gued faith he had a bonny Eye:  
 My Heart new panting 'gan to feel,  
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

82 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Most graciously he did appear,  
As he my Presence did draw near,  
And round about my slender Waist,  
He clasp'd his Arms, and me embrac'd :  
To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,  
As I sat at my Spinning-wheel.

My Milk-white Hand he did extol,  
And prais'd my Fingers long and small ;  
And said, there was no Lady fair,  
That ever could with me compare.

Those pleasing Words my Heart did feel ;  
But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,  
Yet he would never be deny'd ;  
But did declare his Love the more,  
Until my Heart was wounded sore,  
That I my Love could scarce conceal ;  
But yet I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

As for my Yarn, my Rock and Reel,  
And after that my Spinning-wheel,  
He bid me leave them all with Speed,  
And gang with him to yonder Mead.

My panting Heart strange Flames did feel ;  
Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.  
He stopp'd and gaz'd, and blithly said,  
Now speed thee well, my bonny Maid ;  
But if thou'dst to the Hay-cock go,  
I'll learn thee better Words, I trow.  
Gued Faith I lik'd him passing weel ;  
But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

He lovely veil'd his Bonnet oft,  
And sweetly kiss'd my Lips so soft ;  
Yet still, between each Honey Kiss,  
He urg'd me, gang to further Bliss ;  
Till I resistless Fire did feel,  
Then let alone my Spinning-wheel.  
Among the pleasing Cocks of Hay,  
Then with my bonny Lad I lay ;

What



# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 83

What Damsel ever could deny  
A Youth with such a charming Eye?  
The Pleasure I cannot reveal,  
It far surpass'd the Spinning-wheel.

## SONG XCVII. *'Twas when the Seas were roaring.*

**B**eneath a Cypress lying,  
Young *Damon* told his Pain,  
While hollow Rocks replying,  
Prolong'd the mournful Strain:  
The falling Rills combining,  
In Murmurs sweetly flow,  
And Winds in Consort joining,  
Compos'd melodious Woe.

O *Cupid*! dear Deceiver,  
Thou Cause of all my Care!  
O tell me, must I leave her,  
For ever lose my Fair?  
Ah! say, what Habitation  
Conceals her from my Eyes?  
I'd range the whole Creation,  
To find the lovely Prize.

In all the Works of Nature,  
Her Equal none can view,  
No Spices e'er were sweeter,  
No Turtle Dove so true:  
The Smile, which Morn discloses,  
Her Eyes indulgent shed;  
The Blush of op'ning Roses  
Adorns her Cheeks with Red.

But thou, the Guardian cruel,  
With whom was lodg'd my Store,  
Hast far remov'd my Jewel,  
To bless my Sight no more:



84 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Yet when the Fates convey me  
To *Pluto's* gloomy Shade,  
When Rage and Anguish slay me,  
My Ghost shall serve the Maid.

Shall, when she sleeps befriend her,  
And all her Slumbers guide,  
Shall, when she wakes, attend her,  
And hover near her Side.

Thus, all alone, lamenting,  
The Lover press'd the Plain,  
While Winds, their Murmurs venting,  
With Tribute paid the Swain.

When straight his Ears alarming,  
A Nymph was heard to say,  
(No Musick sweetly charming  
Such Notes could e'er convey :)  
Cease, cease, no more afflict thee,  
But give thy Mind Content,  
I'll to the Fair direct thee ;  
He bow'd, obey'd, and went.

SONG XCVIII. *As Damon watch'd his  
harmless Sheep.*

**A**S *Damon* watch'd his harmless Sheep,  
Within a silent Shade,  
Lock'd within the Bands of downy Sleep,  
He saw his Charmer laid ;  
And thus he hail'd the beauteous Maid..

A I R.

Close not those charming Eyes,  
My Life, my only Dear !  
'Tis Night till they arise,  
'Tis Day when they appear.

Charm'd

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 85

Charm'd with the tuneful Accents of his Voice,  
 The lovely Virgin rear'd her Head;  
 For *Damon's* Song makes Sorrow's self rejoice,  
 So sweet! 'twould e'en recall the Dead.  
 Nor was the Nymph coquet or coy,  
 Too well she knew the artless Boy.  
 With Fervour not to be exprest,  
 She clasp'd him to her snowy Breast;  
 Who thus sang forth his Joy.

A I R.

While in her Arms my Charmer holds me,  
 I think the Queen of Love infolds me;  
 Less lovely *Venus* is than she,  
*Adonis* far less bless'd than me.

SONG XCIX. *One Night when all the Village slept.*

ONE Night when all the Village slept,  
*Marcellus* fought Despair,  
 The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept,  
 To tell the Woods' his Care:  
 Be gone, said he, fond Thoughts be gone,  
 Eyes give your Sorrows o'er,  
 Why should you waste your Tears for one,  
 That thinks on you no more.

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Pow'rs,  
 That dwell within the Grove,  
 Can tell how many tender Hours  
 We here have past in Love:  
 Ye Stars above, my cruel Foes,  
 Can tell how she has sworn,  
 A thousand Times, that like to those  
 Her Flames should ever burn.

I thought the Rocks could sooner move,  
 Than she her Faith betray,  
 I was transported so with Love,  
 My Senses fled away:

When

## 86 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

When Hand in Hand we us'd to walk,  
No Joy was like to this,  
She told me, that I had her Heart,  
And seal'd it with a Kiss.

But faithless she will ever be,  
I to my Sorrow find,  
Or else, perhaps, prove so to me,  
And to some other kind.

But sure the God of Love will show'r  
Down Vengeance in the End,  
And punish, by his mighty Pow'r,  
Those that his Laws offend.

How happy should I count myself,  
For to receive one Smile  
From her that stole my Heart away,  
And did me so beguile;  
My drooping Spirits would revive,  
And I should be at Ease,  
And promise to myself good Days,  
My Fancy for to please.

But since she's gone, O let me have  
My Wish, and quickly die,  
In this cold Bank, I'll make my Grave,  
And there forgotten lie.  
Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,  
And kindly there complain;  
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,  
And never wak'd again.

*Arminda* coming thro' the Grove,  
To ease him of his Grief,  
And finding that her wronged Love  
Was dead past all Relief,  
Unto the Gods she did complain,  
With Senses all amaz'd,  
And sobbed out these Words in vain,  
As on his Grave she gaz'd.

Oh !

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 87

Oh! why, ye only Pow'rs above,

Would you so cruel be,

For to deprive me of my Love,

E're I his Face could see?

Unhappy I, whose deep Disdain

Makes me thus sadly cross'd;

For when I thought to love again,

I found that I was lost.

O let me strive, with all my Art,

Thy Breath for to reprove,

That thou may'st know my Love-sick Heart:

Doth for my Shepherd grieve:

With open Eyes, behold my Woe,

That am with Sorrow slain,

Since that I prov'd thy deadly Foe,

To kill thee with Disdain.

But oh! alas, I know grim Death,

He will not bribed be,

For to restore his latest Breath,

To see my Misery.

No Sorrow e'er was like to mine;

Come help me now to mourn,

That I, in Tears of wa'try Brine,

May to a Deluge turn.

You Birds that warble in the Woods,

And Beasts so fierce and fell,

Bear witness of my dying Words,

And weep my Fun'ral Knell:

Since he is to *Elysium* gone,

Who was to me so kind,

No longer I can live alone,

Nor stay one Hour behind.

I come, dear Love, I come, she cry'd,

Make thy *Arminda* Room,

Since that for Love *Marcellus* dy'd,

Unto the Shades I come.

Then:



## 88 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Then fetching of a dying Groan,  
Her tender Heart it broke,  
And falling on her Lover's Grave,  
She never after spoke.

### SONG C. *By Moon-light on the Green.*

**B**Y Moon-light on the Green,  
Our bonny Lasses cooing,  
One dancing there I've seen,  
Who seem'd alone worth wooing ;  
Her Skin like driv'n Snow,  
Her Hair brown as a Berry,  
Her Eyes black as a Sloe,  
Her Lips red as a Cherry.  
Oh how he trip'd it, skip'd it,  
Leap'd it, step'd it,  
Whisk'd it, frisk'd it,  
Whirl'd it, twirl'd it ;  
Swimming, springing,  
Starting so quick,  
The Tune to nick ;  
With a Heave and a Toss,  
And a Jerk at parting.  
With a Heave and a Toss,  
And a Jerk at parting.

As she sat down, I bow'd,  
And veil'd my Bonnet to her ;  
Then took her from the Crowd,  
With Honey Words to woo her ;  
Sweet blithest Lads, quoth I,  
It is bleak Weather,  
I prithee let us try  
Another Dance together.  
*Oh bow she, &c.*

While



Whilst suing thus I stood,  
 Quoth she, Pray leave your fooling,  
 Some Dancing heats the Blood,  
 But yours, I fear, lacks cooling.  
 Still for a Dance I pray'd,  
 And we at last had seven;  
 And whilst the Fiddle play'd,  
 She thought herself in Heav'n.  
*Oh how she, &c.*

At last, she, with a Smile,  
 To dance again desir'd me;  
 Quoth I, pray stay a while,  
 For now, good Faith, ye've tir'd me:  
 With that she look'd upon me,  
 And sigh'd with muckle Sorrow,  
 Then gang your ways quoth she,  
 But dance again To-morrow.  
*O how she, &c.*

SONG CI. *Down the Burn, Davie.*

**W**HEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,  
 And Broom bloom'd, fair to see,  
 When *Mary* was compleat fifteen,  
 And Love laugh'd in her Ee,  
 Blith *Davie's* Blinks her Heart did move,  
 To speak her Mind thus free,  
 Gang down the Burn, *Davie* Love,  
 And I shall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each Lad surpass,  
 That dwelt on this Burn-side,  
 And *Mary* was the bonniest Lass,  
 Just meet to be a Bride;  
 Her Cheeks were rosy red and white,  
 Her Een was bonny blue;  
 Her Locks were like *Aurora* bright,  
 Her Lips like dropping Dew.

90 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

As down the Burn they took their Way,  
 What tender Tales they said,  
 His Cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
 And with her Bosom play'd :  
 Till baith, at length, impatient grown,  
 To be mair fully blest,  
 In yonder Vale they ligg'd them down;  
 Love only saw the rest.  
 What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,  
 And naething, sure, unmeet;  
 For, gang'ng hame, I heard them say,  
 They lik'd a Walk sae sweet;  
 And that they often should return,  
 Sic Pleasure to renew;  
 Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the Burn,  
 And ay shall follow you.

SONG CII. O *Bessy Bell and Mary Gray*.

**H**OW sweetly smells the Summer green ?  
 Sweet Taste the Peach and Cherry ;  
 Painting and Order please our Ren,  
 And Claret makes us merry :  
 But finest Colours, Fruits, and Flow'rs,  
 And Wine tho' I be thirsty,  
 Lese a' their Charms, and weaker Powers,  
 Compar'd to those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park,  
 No nat'ral Beauty wanting,  
 How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,  
 And Birds in Concert chanting ;  
 But if my *Christy* tunes her Voice,  
 I'm rapp'd in Admiration,  
 My Thoughts with Extacies rejoice,  
 And drap the hale Creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly Glance,  
 I take the happy Omen,  
 And aften mint to make advance,  
 Hoping she'll prove a Woman :

But,

But, dubious of my ain Desert,  
 My Sentiments I smother,  
 With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,  
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie*, by a Burn,  
 His *Christy* did o'erhear him,  
 She doughtna let her Lover mourn,  
 But, e'er he wist, drew near him.  
 She spake her Favour with a Look,  
 Which left nae room to doubt her,  
 He wisely this white Minute took,  
 And flang his Arms about her.

My *Christy*! ——— witness bonny Stream,  
 Sic Joy frae Tears arising,  
 I wish this may na be a Dream;  
 O Love the maist surprising!  
 Time was too precious now for Tawk,  
 This Point of a' his Wishes,  
 He wadna with set Speeches bauk,  
 But waird it a' on Kisses.

### SONG CIII. *On, on my Brethren.*

**I** Said to my Heart, between sleeping and waking,  
 Thou wild Thing, that always art leaping or aching,  
 What black, brown, or fair, in what Clime or Nation,  
 By Turns, has not taught thee a Pit-a-pat-ation?

Thus accus'd the wild Thing gave this sober Reply:  
 See the Heart without Motion, tho' *Celia* pass'd by!  
 Not the Beauty she has, nor the Wit that she borrows,  
 Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any Sorrows.

When our *Sappho* appears, she whose Wit's so refin'd,  
 I am forc'd to applaud, with the rest of Mankind:  
 Whatever she says is with Spirit and Fire;  
 Ev'ry Word I attend, but I only admire.

*Prudentia*

92 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

*Prudentia* as vainly would put in her Claim,  
Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' Man is her Aim :  
'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her Eyes,  
Those Stars of this World are too good for the Skies.

But *Chloe*, so lively, so easy, so fair,  
Her Wit so genteel, without Art, without Care,  
When she comes in my Way, the Motion, the Pain,  
The Leapings, the Achings, return all again.

O wonderful Creature ! a Woman of Reason !  
Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of Season :  
When so easy to guess who this Angel shou'd be,  
Wou'd one think Mrs. *H* — *d* ne'er dream'd it was she ?

SONG CIV. *If I live to be old, &c.*

**I**F I live to be old, for I find I go down,  
Let this be my Fate ; in a Country Town,  
May I have a warm House, with a Stone at the Gate,  
And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.

C H O R U S.

*May I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,  
And grow wiser and better, as my Strength wears away,  
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.*

May my little House stand on the Side of a Hill,  
With an easy Descent to a Mead and a Mill ;  
'That, when I've a Mind, I may hear my Boy read,  
In the Mill, if it rains, if 'tis dry, in the Mead.  
*May I govern, &c.*

Near a fine shady Grove, and a murm'ring Brook,  
With the Ocean at distance, whereon I may look,  
With a spacious Plain, without Hedge or Style,  
And an easy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.  
*May I govern, &c.*

With



With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more  
Of the best Wits that reign'd in the Ages before ;  
With roast Mutton, rather than Ven'son or Veal,  
And clean, tho' coarse, Linen at every Meal.  
*May I govern, &c.*

With a Pudding on *Sundays*, with stout humming Liquor,  
And Remnants of *Latin* to puzzle the Vicar ;  
With a hidden Reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,  
To drink the King's Health as oft as I dine.  
*May I govern, &c.*

May my Wine be Vermillion, may my Malt Drink be pale,  
In neither extream, or too mild or too stale ;  
In Lieu of Deserts, unwholsome and dear,  
Let *Lodi* or *Parmesan* bring up the Rear.  
*May I govern, &c.*

Nor Tory, nor Whig, Observator nor Trimmer,  
May I be, nor against the Laws Torrent a Swimmer ;  
May I mind what I speak, what I write, and hear read ;  
But with Matters of State ne'er trouble my Head.  
*May I govern, &c.*

Let the Gods, who dispose of ev'ry King's Crown,  
Whomsoever they please, set up and pull down ;  
I'll pay the whole Shilling impos'd on my Head,  
Tho' I go without Claret that Night to my Bed.  
*May I govern, &c.*

I'll bleed without grumbling, tho' that Tax should appear  
As oft as the New-Moons or Weeks in a Year ;  
For why should I let a seditious Word fall,  
Since my Lands in *Utopia* pay nothing at all.  
*May I govern, &c.*

Tho' I care not for Riches, may I not be so poor,  
That the Rich, without Shame, may enter my Door ;  
May they court my Converse, may they take much Delight,  
By old Stories they hear in a Winter's long Night.  
*May I govern, &c.*

My



My small Stock of Wit may I not misapply,  
 To flatter ill Men, be they never so high;  
 Nor mispend the few Moments I steal from the Grave,  
 In fawning and cringing, like a Dog or a Slave.  
*May I govern, &c.*

May none whom I love to so great Riches rise,  
 As to slight their Acquaintance, and their old Friends  
 despise;  
 So low or so high may none of them be,  
 As to move either Pity or Envy in me.  
*May I govern, &c.*

A Friendship I wish, but alas! 'tis in vain,  
 So firm, that no Change of Times, Envy, or Gain,  
 Or Flatt'ry, or Woman, should have Power to unty:  
 Jove's Store-house is empty, and can't it supply.  
*May I govern, &c.*

But if Friends prove unfaithful, and Fortune a Whore,  
 Still may I be virtuous altho' I am poor;  
 My Life then, as useless, may I freely resign,  
 When no longer I relish true Wit and good Wine.  
*May I govern, &c.*

To out-live my Senses may it not be my Fate,  
 But rather let Death come before 'tis too late,  
 To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all;  
 And, while there's some Sap in it, may my Tree fall.  
*May I govern, &c.*

I hope I shall have no Occasion to send  
 For Priests or Physicians, till I'm so near mine End,  
 That I have eat all my Bread, and drank my last Glass,  
 Let them come then, and set their Seals to my Pass.  
*May I govern, &c.*

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last Day,  
 And when I'm dead, may the better Sort say,  
 In the Morning, when sober, in the Evening, when mel-  
 He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow. (low,  
*May I govern, &c.*

Without

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 95

Without any Noise, when I've pass'd o'er the Stage,  
And put off my Vest in a chearful old Age,  
And decently acted what Part Fortune gave,  
May a few honest Fellows see me laid in my Grave.  
*May I govern, &c.*

I care not whether under a Turf, or a Stone,  
With any Inscription upon it, or none,  
If a thousand Years hence, Here lies *W. P.*  
Shall be read on my Tomb; what is it to me?  
*May I govern, &c.*

## C H O R U S.

*May I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,  
And grow wiser and better, as my Strength wears away,  
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.*

## SONG CV. *Irish Howl.*

**R**emember, *Damon*, you did tell,  
In Chastity you lov'd me well;  
But now, alas! I am undone,  
And here am left to make my Moan.

Ho, ho, rah, in Amburah,

Ho, and ho, derry,

Hi, and hi, derry,

Ho—— derry, derry, derry, derry, Amburah.

To doleful Shades I will remove,  
Since I'm despis'd by him I love,  
Where poor forsaken Nymphs are seen,  
In lonely Walks of Willow green.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue,  
Such soft persuasive Language hung,  
That when his Words had Silence broke,  
You wou'd have thought an Angel spoke.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

96 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

'Too happy Nymph, whoe'er she be,  
That now enjoys my charming He;  
For, oh! I fear it to my Cost,  
Sh'as found the Heart that I have lost.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

Beneath the fairest Flow'r on Earth,  
A Snake may hide, or take its Birth;  
So his false Breast conceal it did,  
His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

'Tis false, who says we happy are,  
Since Men delight our Hearts t'ensnare:  
In Man no Woman can be blest,  
Their Vows are Wind, their Love's a Jest.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,  
Send me my *Damon*, or Relief;  
Return that wild delicious Boy,  
Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

But, whilst I'm begging of this Bliss,  
Methinks I hear you answer this;  
Whom *Damon* has enjoy'd, he flies,  
Who sees him, loves, who loves him, dies.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

There's not a Bird that haunts this Grove,  
But is a Witness of my Love;  
Eccho repeats my plaintive Moans,  
The Waters imitate my Groans;  
The Trees their bending Boughs recline,  
And droop their Heads, as I do mine.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

SONG

SONG CVI. *Send back my long stray'd  
Eyes to me.*

**S**END back my long stray'd Eyes to me,  
Which, oh ! too long have dwelt on thee ;  
But if from you they've learn'd such Ill,  
To sweetly smile,  
And then beguile,  
Keep the Deceivers, keep them still.  
Send home my harmless Heart again,  
Which no unworthy Thought could stain ;  
But if it has been taught by thine,  
To forfeit both  
Its Word and Oath,  
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my Heart and Eyes,  
For I'll know all thy Falsities ;  
That I may one Day laugh, when thou  
Shalt grieve and mourn  
For one will scorn,  
And prove as false as thou art now.

SONG CVII. *O the Broom.*

**O** The Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,  
The Broom of Cowden-wood ;  
I wish I were with my dear Swain,  
Milking my Daddy's Ewes.  
How blith ilk Morn was I, to see  
The Swain come o'er the Hill ;  
He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me ;  
I met him with Good-will.  
He tun'd his Pipe and Reed so sweet,  
The Birds sat list'ning by ;  
E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his Melody.



## 8 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,  
While his Flock near me lay;  
He gather'd in my Sheep at Even,  
And cheer'd me a' the Day.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,  
Cou'd I but thankful be?  
He staw my Heart, cou'd I refuse  
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

While thus we spent our Time by Turns,  
Betwixt our Flocks and Play,

I envy'd not the fairest Dame,  
Tho' ne'er she rich and gay.

Hard Fate that I should banish'd be,  
Gang heavily and mourn.

Because I lov'd the kindest Swain  
That ever yet was born.

Adieu, ye *Country-brooks* adieu,

Farewel a' Pleasures there!

Ye Gods, restore to me my Swain,

Is a' I crave or care.

### SONG CVIII. *After the Pangs, &c.*

**A**fter the Pangs of a desp'rate Lover,  
When Day and Night I have sigh'd all in vain,  
Ah! what a Pleasure it is to discover,  
In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!  
Ah! what a Pleasure it is to discover,  
In her Eyes Pity, who causes my Pain!

When with Unkindness our Love at a Stand is,  
And both have punish'd ourselves with the Pain,  
Ah! what a Pleasure the Touch of her Hand is,  
Ah! what a Pleasure to press it again!  
Ah! what a Pleasure, &c.

When the Denial comes fainter and fainter,  
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,  
Ah! what a Trembling I feel, when I venture,  
Ah! what a Trembling does usher my Joy!  
Ah! what a Pleasure, &c.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 99

When, with a Sigh, she accords me the Blessing,  
 And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt Pleasure and Pain;  
 Ah! what a Joy 'tis, beyond all Expressing  
 Ah! what a Joy to hear, Shall we again  
*Ab! what a Joy, &c.*

## SONG CIX. *Lillibulero.*

**O**UR Shopkeepers Wives are so polish'd of late,  
 That each has her Card and her Visiting-day;  
 And whilst the tame Husband toils hard with his Fate,  
 She ruins his Credit and Pocket at Play;  
 Quadrille, Picquet,  
 Ombre, Bassiet,  
 Alternative charm and promote her Delight,  
 The Children are squalling,  
 And Creditors bawling,  
 That force the poor Bankrupt away in the Night.

## SONG CX. *Two Gods of great Honour, &c.*

**T**WO Gods of great Honour, *Bacchus* and *Apollo*,  
 The one fam'd in Musick the other in Wine,  
 In Heaven were raving, disputing, and braving,  
 Whose Theme was the noblest and Trade most divine;  
 Your Musick, says *Bacchus*, would stun us and rack us,  
 Did Claret not soften the Discord you make:  
 Songs are not inviting, nor Verses delighting,  
 Till Poets of my great Influence partake.

I'm young, plump, and jolly, free from Melancholy,  
 Who ever grew fat by the Sound of a String?  
 Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often contribute,  
 To purchase a Bottle before they do swing.  
 In Love I am noted, by Old and Young courted,  
 A Girl, when inspir'd by me, is soon won;  
 So great are the Motions of one of my Potions,  
 The Muses, tho' Maids, I could whore ev'ry one.

100 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

When Mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or indebted,  
 To me, as a Father, for Succour they cry;  
 In their sad Condition, I hear their Petition;  
 A Bottle revives the oppress'd Votary.  
 Then leave off your Tooting, your Fiddling, and Fluting,  
 Aside lay your Harp and bow down to the Flask;  
 My Joys they are riper than Songs from a Piper,  
 What Musick is sweeter than sounding a Cask?

Says *Phœbus*, this Fellow, is drunk sure, or mellow,  
 To prize Musick less than Wine and October,  
 Since those, who love Drinking, are void of all  
 Thinking,

And want so much Sense as to keep themselves sober.  
 Thus while they were wrangling, disputing, and jang-  
 ling,

Came buxom bright *Venus* to end the Dispute:  
 Says she, now to ease ye, *Mars* best of all pleas'd me,  
 When arm'd with a Bottle, and charm'd with a Flute.

Your Musick has charm'd me, your Wine has alarm'd  
 me,

When I have seem'd coy and hard to be won;  
 When both have been moving, I could not help loving,  
 And Wine has compleated what Musick begun.  
 The Gods, struck with Wonder, declar'd by *Jove's*  
 Thunder,

They'd mutually join in supplying Love's Flame;  
 So each, in their Function, mov'd on in Conjunction,  
 To melt with soft Pleasure the amorous Dame.

SONG CXI. *Who to gain a Woman's*  
*Favour.*

**W**oman, Nature's greatest Beauty,  
 Was alone design'd for Man;  
 It therefore is each Mortal's Duty,  
 To enjoy it whilst he can.

No more denying,  
Be complying,  
Joys are nigh you,  
Youth will fly you,  
For our Life is but a Span.  
For, &c.

Ask old Mortals past the Pleasure,  
If they would be young again,  
They'd give their golden Heaps of Treasure,  
But they must desire in vain.  
Always whining,  
Ever pining,  
Always-fighting  
Ever crying,  
Oh! that I were young again.  
Oh! &c.

Yield then quickly, Charmer, ease me,  
Whilst thy Beauty's in its Prime;  
The Joys I'm sure I know will please thee,  
And no more be call'd a Crime.  
Melting Blisses,  
Dying Kisses,  
Hearts inviting,  
Souls uniting,  
All excites the happy Time.  
All, &c.

SONG CXII. *London Ladies.*

FOR Gold and not Freedom those Generals fight,  
Who clip from their Veterans Pay, Sir,  
For Gold and not Freedom those Journalists write,  
Who rave about despotick Sway, Sir;  
Would Fate to their Wishes propitiously deign,  
And fill but their Coffers with Gold, Sir,  
The Pope then might fight and the Devil might reign,  
For Fighter and Writer are fold, Sir.



SONG CXIII. *To you, fair Ladies.*

**T**O all you Husbands, and you Wives,  
This *Punchinello* sings,

For Reformation of your Lives,

This good Advice he brings:

That if you would avoid all Ill,

You should leave off the dear *Quadrille*.

No Tyrant on the Earth his Slaves,

With greater Terror awes,

With Force more absolute behaves,

Nor gives severer Laws.

Unequal tho' his Taxes fall,

They're with a Smile receiv'd by all.

How many Beauties, rich in Charms,

Are subject to his Will?

The Bride, when in the Bridegroom's Arms,

Still thinks on dear *Quadrille*.

Her Spouse her Body may enroll,

*Quadrille* is Master of her Soul.

The *China* People (Sailors say)

When they have lost their Pence,

Their Family and selves will play,

Heav'n keep that Custom hence:

For Beauties of the first Degree

May so be Slaves to some *Marquée*.

SONG CXIV. *'Twas when the Seas were  
roaring.*

**C**OME from the Groves, each Goddess,

Tune up your sweet Hautboys,

And to the Voice of Musick,

Make an harmonious Noise:

Sing her for whom I languish,

The charming Song approve:

Sing on till *Jeux* grow jealous,

And envy me my Love.

*Flora*

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 103

*Flores*, thou charming Goddess,  
 In all thy Bloom appear,  
 Put on again fresh Garlands,  
 Begin once more the Year,  
 Join thyself to *Pomona*,  
 With Flow'rs adorn the Ground;  
 Let Spring remain for ever,  
 With Youth and Beauty crown'd.  
 Let little Birds, thro' Meadows,  
 All tune their warbling Throats,  
 While bubbling Water echoes  
 The Musick of their Notes.  
 Sing her for whom I languish,  
 The charming Song approve;  
 Sing on, till *Jove* grow jealous,  
 And envy me my Love.

## SONG CXV. *Apollo once finding fair Daphne.*

**A**pollo, once finding fair *Daphne* alone,  
 Discover'd his Love in a passionate Tone;  
 He told her, and bound it with many a Curse;  
 He was ready to take her for better or worse:  
 Then talk'd of the Smart,  
 And the Hole in his Heart  
 So large, one might drive thro' the Passage a Cart.  
 But the silly coy Maid, to the God's great Amazement,  
 Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Casement.

He following cry'd out, my Life, and my Dear,  
 Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear;  
 You think me, perhaps, some Scoundrel, or Whoreson;  
 Alas! I've no wicked Design on your Person,  
 I'm a God by my Trade,  
 Young, plump, and well made;  
 Then let me caress thee, and be not afraid.  
 But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind,  
 While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

104 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY

I'm the Chief of Physicians, and none of the College  
Must be mention'd with me, for Experience and Know-  
ledge;

Each Herb, Flow'r, and Plant, by its Name I can call,  
And do more than the best Seventh-Son of them all.

With my Powder and Pills,

I cure all the Ills

That sweep off such Numbers each Week in the Bills.

But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind,  
While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

Besides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,  
And top all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-Garden*;

I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of Wit;  
I set my own Sonnets, and sing to my Kit:

I'm at *Will's* all the Day,

And each Night at the Play,

And Verses I make fast as Hops, as they say.

When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her Speed,  
And flew like a Whore from a Constable freed.

Now, had our wise Lover (but Lovers are blind)  
In the Language of *Lombard-street*, told her his Mind;  
Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis Plenty of Money;  
Odsbubs, I must swinge thee, my Joy, and my Honey.

I sit next the Chair,

And shall shortly be Mayor,

Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare:

Tho' as wrinkled as *Prim*, as deform'd as the Devil,

The God had succeeded, the Nymph had been civil.

SONC CXVI. Gently touch the warbling Lyre.

**S**trephon, when you see me fly,

Why should that your Fear create?

Maids may be as often shy,

Out of Love, as out of Hate:

When from you I fly away,

'Tis because I fear to stay.

Did

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 205

Did I out of Hatred run,  
 Less would be my Pain and Care;  
 But the Youth I love, to shun!  
 Who could such a Trial bear?  
 Who, that such a Swain did see,  
 Who could love, and fly like me?  
 Cruel Duty bids me go;  
 Gentle Love commands my Stay;  
 Duty's still to Love a Foe;  
 Shall I This or That obey?  
 Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles;  
 That defends, and This beguiles.  
 Ever, by this crystal Stream,  
 I could sit and see thee sigh,  
 Ravish'd with this pleasing Dream.  
 Oh! 'tis worse than Death to fly  
 But the Danger is so great,  
 Fear gives Wings instead of Feet.  
 If you love me, *Strephon* leave me;  
 If you stay, I am undone:  
 Oh! you may with Ease deceive me;  
 Prithee charming Boy, be gone:  
 The Gods decree, that we must part;  
 They have my Vow, but you my Heart.

## SONG CXVII. *Sweet are the Charms of* *Love.*

**W**Hen gay *Philander* fell a Prize  
 To *Amoretti's* conqu'ring Eyes;  
 He took his Pipe, he sought the Plain,  
 Regardless of his growing Pain;  
 And resolutely bent to wrest  
 The bearded Arrow from his Breast.  
 Come, gentle Gales, the Shepherd cry'd,  
 Be *Cupid* and his Bow defy'd;  
 But as the Gales obsequious flew,  
 With flow'ry Scents, and spicy Dew,



## 366 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

He did, unknowingly, repeat,  
The Breath of *Amar* is sweet.

His Pipe again the Shepherd try'd,  
And warbling Nightingales reply'd:  
Their Sounds in rival Measures move,  
And meeting Echo's charm the Grove.  
His Thoughts, that rov'd, again repeat,  
The Voice of *Amar* is sweet.

Since ev'ry fair and lovely View,  
His Thoughts of *Amar* renew,  
From flow'ry Lawn, and shady Green,  
To Prospect gloomy, chang'd the Scene:  
Sad Change for him! for fighting these,  
He thought of Lovers in Despair.

Convinc'd, the sad *Philander* cries,  
Now, cruel God, assert thy Prize,  
For Love its fatal Empire gains:  
Yet grant, in Pity to my Pains,  
These Lines the Nymph may oft repeat,  
And own *Philander's* Lays are sweet.

### SONG CXVIII. *Twined Sides.*

Fond Echo, forbear thy light Strain,  
And heedfully hear a lost Maid:  
Go, tell the false Ear of the Swain,  
How deeply his Vows have betray'd:  
Go, tell him what Sorrows I bear:  
See yet if his Heart feel my Woe:  
'Tis now he must feel my Despair,  
Or Death will make Pity too slow.

### SONG CXIX. *Daphn's flood pensive, &c.*

Daphn's flood pensive in the Shade,  
With Arms a-cross, and Head reclin'd;  
Pale Looks accus'd the cruel Maid:  
And Sighs reliev'd his Love-sick Mind:

His

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 107

His tuneful Pipe all broken lay,  
Looks, Sighs, and Actions seem'd to say,  
My *Chloe* is unkind.

Why ring the Woods with warbling Throats?  
Ye Larks, ye Linnets, cease your Strains;  
I faintly hear, in your sweet Notes,  
My *Chloe's* Voice that wakes my Pains;  
Yet why should you your Song forbear?  
Your Mates delight your Song to hear;  
But *Chloe* mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,  
Dejected as the lonely Dove,  
Sweet Sounds broke gently through the Wood,  
I feel the Sound, my Heart-strings move.  
'Twas not the Nightingale that sung,  
No, 'tis my *Chloe's* sweeter Tongue;  
Hark, hark, what says my Love!

How foolish is the Nymph (she cries)  
Who trifles with her Lover's Pain!  
Nature still speaks in Woman's Eyes,  
Our artful Lips were made to feign.  
O *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*! 'twas my Pride,  
'Twas not my Heart thy Love deny'd;  
Come back, dear Youth, again.

As t'other Day my Hand he seiz'd,  
My Blood with thrilling Motion flew,  
Sudden I put on Looks displeas'd,  
And hasty from his Hold withdrew.  
'Twas Fear alone, thou simple Swain;  
Then hadst thou press'd my Hand again,  
My Heart had yielded too.

'Tis true, thy tuneful Reed I blam'd,  
That swell'd thy Lip and rosy Cheek;  
Think not thy Skill in Song desam'd;  
That Lip should other Pleasures seek:  
Much, much thy Musick I approve;  
Yet break thy Pipe, for more I love,  
Much more to hear thee speak.

108 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

My Heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,  
*Daphnis*, I fear, it's ever gone;  
 Last Night with *Delia's* Dog he play'd;  
 Love, by such Trifles, first comes on.  
 Now, now, dear Shepherd, come away,  
 My Tongue would now my Heart obey.  
 Ah! *Chloe*, thou art won.

The Youth stepp'd forth with hasty Pace,  
 And found where wishing *Chloe* lay;  
 Shame sudden lighted in her Face,  
 Confus'd, she knew not what to say.  
 At last, in broken Words, she cry'd,  
 To-morrow, you in vain had try'd;  
 But I am lost To-day.

SONG CXX. *Wanton Chloe, young and charming:*

SAY, lovely Dream, where couldst thou find  
 Shades to counterfeit that Face;  
 Colours of this glorious Kind  
 Come not from any mortal Place.  
 In Heaven itself, thou, sure, wert dress'd  
 With that Angel-like Disguise;  
 Thus deluded am I blest.  
 And see my Joy with closed Eyes.  
 But, ah! this Image is too kind,  
 To be other than a Dream;  
 Cruel *Sacharissa's* Mind  
 Never put on that sweet Extreme.  
 Fair Dream, if thou intend'st me Grace,  
 Change that heavenly Face of thine;  
 Faint despis'd Love in thy Face,  
 And make it to appear like mine.  
 Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,  
 With a pity-moving Shape,  
 Such as wander by the Brook  
 Of *Lethe*, or from Graves escape.

Then

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 2109

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,  
In whose Shape thou shinest so,  
Softly in her sleeping Ear  
With humble Words express my Woe.

Perhaps, from Greatness, State, or Pride,  
Thus surprized she may fall:  
Sleep does Disproportion hide,  
And Death resembling equals all.

## SONG CXXI. *The bonny gray-ey'd Morn.*

**T**IS Woman that seduces all Mankind;  
By her we first were taught the wheedling Arts:  
Her very Eyes can cheat; when most she's kind,  
She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.  
For her, like Wolves by Night, we roam for Prey,  
And practise ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms,  
For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,  
And Beauty must be fee'd into our Arms.

## SONG CXXII. *Tell me no more I am deceiv'd.*

**T**ELL me no more I am deceiv'd;  
That *Chloe's* false and common;  
By Heav'n, I all along believ'd  
She was a very Woman:  
As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd,  
She still was constant when possess'd,  
She cou'd do more for no Man;  
But, oh! her Thoughts on others ran;  
And that you think a hard thing:  
Perhaps she fancy'd you the Man;  
Why, what care I one Farthing.  
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,  
I'll take her Body, you her Mind;  
Who has the better Bargain?

SONG



# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

## SONG CXXIII. *What shall I do, to shew how much I love her.*

**V**igins are like the fair Flow'r in its Lustre,  
Which, in the Garden, enamels the Ground;  
Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluster,  
And gaudy Butterflies frolick around:  
But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,  
To *Covent-Garden* 'tis sent (as yet sweet.)  
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,  
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under Feet.

## SONG CXXIV. *Grim King of the Ghosts.*

**C**AN Love be controul'd by Advice?  
Will *Cupid* our Mothers obey?  
Tho' my Heart were as frozen as Ice,  
At his Flame 'twould have melted away.

When he kiss'd me, so closely he prest,  
'Twas so sweet I must have comply'd:  
So I thought it both safest and best  
To marry, for fear you should chide.

## SONG CXXV. *There was a jovial Beggar.*

**T**HE Stone, that all Things turns at Will,  
To Gold, the Chymist craves;  
But Gold, without the Chymist's Skill,  
Turns all Men into Knaves.  
*And a cheating they will go, &c.*

The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat,  
When on his Goods he lays  
Too high a Price — but, faith, he's bit,  
For a Courtier never pays.  
*And a cheating, &c.*

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

The Lawyer, with a Face demure,  
Hangs him who steals your Pelf;  
Because the good Man can endure  
No Robber but himself.

*And a cheating, &c.*

Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman,  
What Difference can there be?

Tho' this with Pistol, that with Pen,  
Both kill you for a Fee.

*And a cheating, &c.*

The Husband cheats his loving Wife,

And to a Mistress goes,

While she at home, to ease her Life,

Carouses with the Beaus.

*And a cheating, &c.*

The Tenant doth the Steward nick

(So low this Art we find)

The Steward doth his Lordship trick,

My Lord tricks all Mankind.

*And a cheating, &c.*

One Sect there are, to whose fair Lot

No cheating Arts do fall,

And those are Parsons call'd God wot,

And so I cheat you all.

*And a Cheating, &c.*

### SONG CXXVI. Chevy-Chase.

**G**OD prosper long from being broke,

The Luck of Eden-Hall,

A doleful Drinking-bout I sing,

There lately did befall.

To chase the Spleen with Cup and Cann,

Duke Philip took his Way,

Babes yet unborn shall never see

The like of such a Day.

The

## 112 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

The stout and ever thirsty Duke  
A Vow to God did make,  
His Pleasure within *Cumberland*,  
Three live-long Nights to take.

Sir *Musgrave* too, of *Martindale*,  
A true and worthy Knight,  
Eftsoon with him a Bargain made,  
In drinking to delight.

The Bumpers swiftly pass about,  
Six in hand went round;  
And with their calling for more Wine,  
They made the Hall resound.

Now when these merry Tidings reach'd  
The Earl of *Harold's* Ears,  
And am I (quoth he, with an Oath)  
Thus slighted by my Peers?

Saddle my Steed, bring forth my Boots,  
I'll be with them right quick,  
And Master Sheriff come you too;  
We'll know this scurvy Trick.

Lo, yonder doth earl *Harold* come,  
(Did one at Table say : )  
'Tis well, reply'd the mett'd Duke,  
How will he get away?

When thus the Earl began, Great Duke,  
I'll know how this did chance,  
Without inviting me, sure this  
You did not learn in *France*.

One of us two, for this Offence,  
Under the Board shall lie;  
I know thee well, a Duke thou art,  
So some Years hence shall I.

But trust me, *Wharton*, Pity 'twere,  
So much good Wine to spill,  
As these Companions here may drink,  
E're they have had their Fill.

Let

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 113

Let thou and I, in Bumpers fall,  
This grand Affair decide;  
Accurs'd be he, Duke *Wharton* said,  
By whom it is deny'd.

To *Andrews*, and to *Hotbam*, Fair,  
Many a Pint went round,  
And many a gallant Gentleman  
Lay sick upon the Ground.

When, at the last, the Duke espy'd,  
He had the Earl secure;  
He ply'd him with a full Pint Glas,  
Which lay'd him on the Floor.

Who never spoke more Words than these,  
After he downwards sunk,  
My worthy Friends, revenge my Fall,  
Duke *Wharton* sees me drunk.

Then, with a Groan, Duke *Philip* held  
The sick Man by the Joint,  
And said, Earl *Harold*, 'stead of thee,  
Would I had drank this Pint.

Alack! my very Heart doth bleed,  
And doth within me sink;  
For surely a more sober Earl  
Did never swallow Drink.

With that the Sheriff, in a Rage,  
To see the Earl so smit,  
Vow'd to revenge the dead drunk Peer  
Upon renown'd Sir *Kir*.

Then stepp'd a gallant Squire forth,  
Of Visage thin and pale,  
*Lloyd* was his Name, and of *Gang-hall*,  
Fast by the River *Tewale*.

Who said he would not have it told  
Where *Eden* River ran,  
That unconcern'd he should sit by;  
So, Sheriff, I'm your Man.

Now



# 114 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Now when these Tidings reach'd the Room,

Where the Duke lay in Bed,

How that the 'Squire suddenly

Upon the Floor was laid.

O heavy Tidings! (quoth the Duke)

Cumberland Witnels be,

I have not any Captain more,

Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to Earl Thanet came,

Within as short a Space,

How that the Under Sheriff too

Was fallen from his Place.

Now God be with him (said the Earl)

Sith 'twill no better be,

I trust I have within my Town,

As drunken Knights as he.

Of all the Number that were there,

Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield;

But with a Bumper in his Hand,

He stagger'd o'er the Field.

Thus did this dire Contention end,

And each Man of the Slain

Were quickly carried off to Bed,

Their Senses to regain.

God bless the King, the Dutchess fat,

And keep the Land in Peace,

And grant that Drunkenness henceforth

'Mong Noblemen may cease.

And likewise bless our Royal Prince,

The Nation's other Hope,

And give us Grace, for to defy

The Devil and the Pope.

SONG

SONG CXXVII. *Tweed Side.*

**W**Hat Torment, ye Powers, I sustain,  
How my Bosom is tortur'd with Care,  
In Pity relieve my soft Pain,  
Or give me more Courage to bear;  
Let me swim in an Ocean of Bliss,  
Or sink in a Torrent of Grief:  
An Heaven of Delight they possess,  
Who from Hell of Despair have Relief.

SONG CXXVIII. *Cotillon.*

**Y**outh's the Season made for Joys,  
Love is then our Duty;  
She alone, who that employs,  
Well deserves her Beauty.  
Let's be gay,  
While we may,  
Beauty's a Flower despis'd in Decay.  
*Youth's the Season, &c.*  
Let us drink and sport To-day,  
Ours is not To-morrow;  
Love with Youth flies swift away,  
Age is nought but Sorrow:  
Dance and sing,  
Time's on the Wing,  
Life never knows the Return of the Spring.  
*Let us drink, &c.*

SONG CXXIX. *Maidens, beware ye.*

**M**Aidens, beware ye,  
Love will ensnare ye,  
If you but look or lend an Ear.  
Words will detain ye,  
Sighs will trepan ye,  
Tears will draw you into the Share;  
Then, in Time, beware. Daily

Daily you'll find it,  
 If you'll but mind it,  
 How many Maids false Men betray :  
 Let this concern ye,  
 Let their Fall learn ye,  
 From the Danger to run away.  
 Run, run, run away.

Let Vittue guard ye,  
 Praise will reward ye,  
 And you will shine in brightest Fame,  
 When the poor Creature,  
 That yields her Charter,  
 Lives abandon'd, and dies with Shame,  
 To bear such a Name.

SONG CXXX. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

**C**upid, with *Ganymede* to play,  
 Had laid his Wings aside,  
 And, lest they should be stoln away,  
 Sat on his Darts astride.

For oft the God had, to his Cost,  
 (As *Prior* sweetly sings)  
 His Quiver, Bow, and Arrow lost,  
 But never lost his Wings.

*Miss Kitty*, Love's great Favourite,  
 Was there a Stander-by,  
 And hit upon a new Conceit,  
 Which she resolv'd to try.

She oft had heard her Lovers sigh,  
 And praise her Angel-Face,  
 And raise her Beauties to the Sky,  
 Where they deserv'd a Place.

She would not trust the flatt'ring Youth,  
 And gave a careless Ear;  
 Yet fain at H——n would know the Truth,  
 But how should she get there?

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 117

The Urchin's Wings would fit her Shape,  
And put it to a Trial;

Yet durst not ask the waggish Ape,  
She fear'd a pert Denial.

Young *Cupid*, without Thought or Care,  
Of no Design afraid,

Did not suspect the wily Fair,  
The seeming harmless Maid.

Whilst Joke and witty Repartee  
'Twixt him and *Gany* past,

She stole his Wings, and merrily  
To *P——r's* Gate did haste.

Arriving soon, and rapping hard,  
Like hasty *Seraphim*,

*P——r* did to his Post repair,  
To let the Angel in.

When Porter *P——r* op'd the Door,  
And saw her Face and Mien,

Of Bows and Scrapes he made some Score,  
Expecting she'd come in.

But, pointing to the Earth, the Fair  
Then, laughing, said aloud,

I'd rather be an Angel there,  
Than one amongst a Crowd.

## SONG CXXXI. *In these strong Dominions here.*

**I**N these strong Dominions here,  
Like a King I live and reign,

Have no foreign Foes to fear,  
Nor rich Subjects to complain.

These my Pris'ners are my Slaves,  
Who obey my Laws and Rules;

Wealthy Dealers think them Knaves,  
But, alas, they're honest Fools.

Here



## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Here I keep them close confin'd,  
Tax and Fee them as I please,  
Money only makes me kind,  
Bribery's my lawful Fee.  
I have artful sundry Ways,  
To torment the bold and stout,  
But the Wretch, that freely pays,  
May be as easy in as out.

Why should Mortals think us base,  
For extorting double Fees,  
Since each Jaylor buys his Place  
At what Price his Betters please.  
Were the purchase Money low,  
Wonders might perhaps be seen;  
And we Rogues may honest grow,  
As the Saints who put us in.  
Since like Monsters in the Sea,  
Great ones do the less devour;  
Why should not such Wolves as we  
Prey on those within our Power.  
What we do from others drain,  
Greater Bites new Ways have found,  
To extort from us again,  
So the sharpening World goes round.

### SONG CXXXII. *Which no body can deny.*

**Y**E People of Ireland, both Country and City,  
Come listen with Patience, and hear out my Ditty,  
At this time I'll chuse to be wiser than witty,

*Which no body can deny.*

The Half-pence are coining, the Nation's undoing,  
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and  
brewing;  
In short you must all go to Rack and to Ruin,

*Which, &c.*

Both

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 119

Both high Men, and low Men, and thick Men, and tall Men,

And rich Men, and poor Men, and Free-Men, and thrall Men,

Will suffer, and this Man, and that Man, and all Men,  
*Which, &c.*

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor Man, by his Pay,  
His Five-pence will prove but a Farthing a Day,  
For Meat or for Drink, or he must run away.

*Which, &c.*

When he pulls out his Two-pence, the Tapster says not,  
That ten times as much he must pay for his Shot,  
And thus the poor Soldier he must go to Pot.

*Which, &c.*

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,  
And Twenty-pence have for a Two-penny Loaf,  
Then Dog, Rogue, and Rascal, and to kick and cuff.

*Which, &c.*

Again, to the Market whenever he goes,  
The Butcher and Soldier must be mortal Foes,  
One cuts off an Ear, and the other a Nose.

*Which, &c.*

The Butcher is stout, and he values no Swagger,  
A Cleaver's a Match any time for a Dagger,  
And a blue Sleeve may give such a Cuff as may stagger.

*Which, &c.*

The Beggars themselves will be broke in a Trice,  
When thus their poor Farthings are sunk in their Price.

When nothing is left, they must live on their Lice.

*Which, &c.*

The 'Squire who's got him twelve thousand a Year,  
O Lord, what a Mountain his Rents would appear!  
Should he take 'em, he would not have House-room I fear.

*Which, &c.*

The

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Tho' at present he live in a very large House,  
There would not be Room in it left for a Mouse;  
But the Squire's too wife, he won't take a Souse,

*Which, &c.*

The Farmer who comes with his Rent in this Cash,  
For taking these Counters, and being so rash,  
Will be kick'd out of Doors, both himself and his  
Trash,

*Which, &c.*

For in all the Leases that ever we hold,  
We must pay our Rent in good Silver and Gold,  
And not in brass Tokens of such a base Mould,

*Which, &c.*

The wisest of Lawyers all swear they will warrant  
No Money but Silver and Gold can be current,  
And since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't,

*Which, &c.*

And I think, after all, it wou'd be very strange  
To give current Money for base, in Exchange,  
Like a fine Lady swapping her Moles for the Mange,

*Which, &c.*

But read the King's Patent, and there you will find,  
That no Man need take 'em, but who has a mind,  
For which we must say, his Majesty's kind,

*Which, &c.*

Now God bless the Draper who open'd our Eyes,  
I am sure, by his Book that the Writer is wise;  
He shews us the Cheat, from the End to the Rise,

*Which, &c.*

Nay farther he shews it a very hard Case  
That this Fellow, Wood, of a very bad Race,  
Should of all the fine Gentry of Ireland take Place,

*Which, &c.*

That

That he and his Half-pence should come to weigh  
down

Our Subjects so loyal and true to the Crown;  
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own.

*Which, &c.*

This Book, I do tell you, is writ for your Goods,  
And a very good Book against Mr. Wood's;  
If you stand together he's left in the Suds,

*Which, &c.*

Ye Shopmen, and Tradesmen, and Farmers go read it,  
For I think, in my Soul, at this time you will need it;  
Or, I gad, if you don't, there's an End of your Credit,

*Which, &c.*

SONG CXXXIII. *When Delia on the Plain  
appears.*

**W**HEN *Delia* on the Plain appears  
Aw'd by a thousand tender Fears,

I would approach, but dare not move,  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear  
No other Voice but her's can bear,

No other Wit but her's approve,  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

If she some other Swain commend,  
Tho' I was once his fondest Friend;

That Instant, Enemy I prove,  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all, that pleas'd before:

The clearest Spring, or shady Grove,  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

When arm'd with insolent Disdain,  
She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain;

I strove to hate, but vainly strove,  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.



SONG CXXXIV. *Oh! the Time that is past.*

O H! the Time that is past,  
 When she held me so fast,  
 And declar'd that her Honour no longer could last  
 No Light, but her languishing Eyes did appear,  
 To prevent all Excuses of Blushing and Fear.

How she sigh'd and unlac'd,  
 With such Trembling and Haste,  
 As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd!  
 My Lips the sweet Pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,  
 While my Hands were in search of hid Treasure employ'd.

With my Heart all on Fire  
 In the Flames of Desire,  
 When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require,  
 She cry'd, Oh! for Pity's sake change your ill Mind,  
 Pray, *Amyntas* be civil, or I'll be unkind!

All your Bliss you destroy,  
 Like a naked young Boy,  
 Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy:  
 Let's in, my dear *Chloris*, I'll save thee from Harm,  
 And make the cold Element pleasant and warm.

Dear *Amyntas*! she cries,  
 Then she cast down her Eyes,  
 And with Kisses confess'd what she faintly denies.  
 Too sure of my Conquest, I purpos'd to stay  
 'Till her freer Consent did more sweeten the Prey.

But too late I begun;  
 For her Passion was done;  
 Now *Amyntas*, she cry'd, I will never be won;  
 Thy Tears and thy Courtship no Pity can move,  
 Thou hast slighted the critical Minute of Love.

SONG CXXXV. *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*

**A**S K not the Cause, why sudden Spring  
 So long delays her Flow'rs to bear ?  
 Why warbling Birds forget to sing,  
 And Winter Storms invert the Year ?  
*Chloris* is gone, and Fate provides  
 To make it Spring where she resides.  
*Chloris* is gone, the cruel Fair ;  
 She casts not back a pitying Eye ;  
 But left her Lover in Despair,  
 To sigh, to languish, and to die :  
 Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure  
 To give the Wounds they will not cure !  
 Great God of Love, why hast thou made  
 A Face that can all Hearts command,  
 That all Religions can invade,  
 And change the Laws of every Land ?  
 Where thou had'st plac'd such Pow'r before,  
 Thou should'st have made her Mercy more.  
 When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,  
 Adoring Crowds before her fall ;  
 She can restore the Dead from Tombs,  
 And ev'ry Life but mine recall :  
 I only am by Love design'd  
 To be the Victim for Mankind.

SONG CXXXVI. *How hard is the Fate of  
 all Womankind.*

**H**OW hard is the Fate of all Womankind,  
 For ever subjected, for ever confin'd ;  
 Our Parents controul us, until we are Wives,  
 Our Husbands enslave us the rest of our Lives.

124 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,  
But secretly languish, compell'd to conceal;  
Deny'd e'ry Freedom of Life to enjoy,  
We're blam'd if we're kind, and condemn'd if we're coy.

SONG CXXXVII. *Believe my Sighs, my Tears,  
my Dear.*

**I** Grant, a thousand Oaths I swore,  
I none would love but you:  
But not to change would wrong me more,  
Than breaking them can do.  
Yet you thereby a Truth will learn,  
Of much more Worth than I;  
Which is, That Lovers, who do swear,  
Do also use to lye.

*Cbloris* does now possess that Heart  
Which to you did belong:  
But, tho' thereof she brags a while,  
She shall not do so long.  
She thinks, by being fair and kind,  
To hinder my Remove,  
And ne'er so much as dreams that Change,  
Above both those, I love.

Then grieve not any more, nor think  
My Change is a Disgrace:  
For tho' it robs you of one Slave,  
It leaves another Place:  
Which your bright Eyes will soon subdue,  
With him does them first see:  
For if they could not conquer more,  
They ne'er had conquer'd me.

SONG CXXXVIII. *Young Bacchus, when  
merry, bestriding, &c.*

**Y**oung *Bacchus*, when merry, bestriding his Tun,  
Proclaimed a neighbourly Feast;  
The first that appear'd was a Man of the Gown,  
A jolly parochial Priest; He

He fill'd up his Bowl, drank a Health to the Church,  
 Preferring it to the King,  
 Altho' he long since had left both in the Lurch,  
 Yet he canted like any thing,

The next was a talkative Blade (whom we call  
 A Doctor of the civil Law)

He guzzl'd and drank up the Devil and all,  
 As fast as the Drawer could draw;  
 But a Health to all Nobles he stiffly deny'd,  
 Tho' lustily he could swill,  
 Because, still the faster the Quality dy'd,  
 It brought the more Grist to his Mill.

The next a Physician to Ladies and Lords,  
 Who eases all Sicknes and Pain,  
 And conjures Distempers away with hard Words,  
 Which he knows is the Head of his Gain;  
 He stepp'd from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to the Brim,  
 And quaffing did freely agree,  
 That *Bacchus*, who gave us such Cordial to drink,  
 Was a better Physician than he.

The next was a Justice who never read Law,  
 With twenty Informers behind,  
 On Free-cost he tipp'd, and still bid them draw,  
 Till his Worship had drank himself blind;  
 Then reeling away, they rambl'd in quest  
 Of Drunkards and Jilts of the Town,  
 That they might be punish'd to frighten the rest,  
 Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,  
 By Tallymen chiefly employ'd,  
 Who lengthen'd his Bill with *co-by* and *marwdraw*,  
 And a thousand such *Items* beside;  
 The Healths that he drank were to *Westminster-Hall*,  
 And to all the grave Dons of the Gown;  
*Rependum in Petro, durentum in Paul*,  
 Such *Latin* sure never was known.



The last that appear'd was a Soldier in red,  
 With his Hair doubl'd under his Hat,  
 Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,  
 Tho' as hungry and poor as a Rat;  
 He swore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,  
 Or the Help of some impudent Punk,  
 That he would not depart, till he made the But sing,  
 And himself most confoundedly drunk.

SONG CXXXIX. *A Country Life is sweet.*

**F**REE from Confinement and Strife,  
 I'll plow thro' the Ocean of Strife,  
 To seek new Delights,  
 Where Beauty invites,  
 But ne'er be confin'd to a Wife.

The Man that is free,  
 Like a Vessel at Sea,  
 After Conquest and Plunder may roam;  
 But when either confin'd  
 By Wife or by Wind,  
 Tho' for Glory design'd,  
 No Advantage they find,  
 But rot in the Harbour at Home.

SONG CXL. *The Collier has a Daughter.*

**T**HE Collier has a Daughter,  
 And, oh! she's wond'rous bonny,  
 A Laird he was that sought her,  
 Baith rich in Land and Money.  
 The Tutors watch'd the Motion  
 Of this young honest Lover;  
 But Love is like the Ocean,  
 Who can its Depth discover?  
 He had the Art to please ye,  
 And was by a' respected;  
 His Airs sat round him easy,  
 Genteel, but unaffected.

The

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 127

The Collier's bonny Laffie,  
Fair as the new-blown Lilly,  
Ay sweet and never saucy,  
Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*,

He lov'd, beyond Expression,  
The Charms that were about her,  
And panted for Possession,  
His Life was dull without her.

After mature Resolving,  
Close to his Breast he held her,  
In fastest Flames dissolving,  
He tenderly thus tell'd her.

My bonny Collier's Daughter,  
Let nathing discompose ye,  
'Tis no your scanty Tocher.  
Shall ever gar me lose ye:  
For I have Gear in Plenty,  
And Love says, 'tis my Duty  
To wear what Heav'n has lent me,  
Upon your Wit and Beauty.

## SONG CXLI. *My Time, O ye Muses!*

**H**OW smoothly the Minutes, dear *Calagden*, flow,  
When calm and serene, no Passion we know!  
The Morning, the Ev'ning its Pleasure does bring,  
If we read, or we talk, if we pipe, or we sing:  
But when the Boy *Cupid* once twangeth his Bow,  
And pierceth our Hearts with his Arrows of Woe;  
We lose all Delight, and we forfeit all Ease,  
Nor Reading, nor Talking, nor Musick can please.

My Leisure in fanciful Musings I spent,  
And look'd, without Pain, on the Lasses of *Kent*:  
No Virgin, with Feature, with Voice, or with Air,  
No Virgin was able my Heart to ensnare,  
Ah! why did I, foolish, abandon those Plains,  
To join in the Revels of *Lemington* Swains!  
Where heedless young *Chloe*, unpractis'd in Arts,  
Entices to Love the most indolent Hearts.

128 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

My Books were my Charmers, my Thoughts my De-  
light,

In the Cool of the Morn, in the Stillness of Night:  
My Books and my Thoughts each other reliev'd,  
And the Minutes, soft gliding, were sweetly deceiv'd.  
No Passion disturb'd me, my Joys were my own:  
But now I am so alter'd as never was known!  
My Heart, from its Owner, is quite gone astray,  
And *Chloe* torments it by Night and by Day.

My Friend still was welcome, whenever he came,  
My Friend saw my Countenance always the same,  
O'er a Pot of *Bobea* we grew merry and wise,  
And laugh'd at the Torments fond Lovers devise:  
But wounded by *Chloe*, I live in the Spleen,  
My Friend, with Surprise, sees a Change in my Mien;  
I bid him be gone, for his Wit, and his Jest,  
But make him the more insupportable Guest.

How once ev'ry Object a Pleasure did yield!  
If I walk'd in the Garden, or travers'd the Field,  
On beautiful Landscips I feasted my Sight,  
When the Nighingale sung, I cou'd listen all Night.  
But now, as I rove thro' the Valley or Glade,  
The beautiful Landscips before my Eye fade:  
In the Nightingale's Note no Musick I find,  
For nothing but *Chloe* still runs in my mind.

If my Spirits, in Solitude, wanted Relief,  
With my Flute, by a Brook, I cou'd solace my Grief,  
Or sleep to the lullaby Noise of the Stream,  
And awake to new Life from a rapturous Dream.  
But now all Endeavours in vain I apply,  
Since for *Chloe* I languish, for *Chloe* I die;  
To no purpose I try on my Flute ev'ry Strain,  
And the Brook o'er the Pebbles now murmurs in vain.

Beware, silly Shepherds, how Love you defy,  
Beware of the desp'rate Glance of her Eye;  
In Freedom I triumph'd, and flouted the Swains,  
Who sold themselves Captive, and forg'd their own  
Chains:

But

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 129

But since I beheld her, alas I'm undone;  
Since first I saw *Chloe*, my Freedom is gone.  
I have forg'd my own Chains, and I constantly cry,  
Was ever poor Shepherd so wretched as I?

How, *Celadon*, shall I my Passion reveal?  
Or must I for ever my Torment conceal?  
The Woe she creates, has she Pity to hear?  
Ah! no, she is cruel as charming, I fear.  
Assist me, by Reason, to ransom my Heart,  
Or teach me to gain her; oh! teach me the Art!  
Ye merciful Pow'rs, to you I complain,  
Give Love to the Nymph, or give Ease to the Swain.

## SONG CXLII. *When the bright God of Day,*

**M**Y Masters, give Ear,  
And a Story you'll hear,  
Of a fine Raree-Show and a Garter;  
Ne'er was seen such a Sight,  
Since *Tom Thumb* was a Knight,  
In the Days of our noble King *Arthur*.

When King *George* was abroad,  
'Twas a Season thought good,  
To shew us King *Robin* in Glory;  
With his Squires in a Row,  
And his Knights two by two,  
All as gallant as Sir *John Dory*.

E'en Baronets here  
Humble Squires did appear,  
And Members were proud of the Station;  
And who would not be still  
For the Civil-Lift Bill,  
To have a Place in a sham Coronation?  
They all walk'd, but their Prince  
Did with Riding dispense,  
And with Bathing, a troublesome Rite—a;  
For he knew 'twas in vain,  
They cou'd ne'er be wash'd clean,  
Any more than a Black-a-moor white—a.



# 130 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

In the Abby that Day,  
Men did all things but pray,  
There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble;  
Such Doings unclean  
In a Church ne'er were seen,  
Since the Days that Old *Paul's* was a Stable.

In the Isles, if you please,  
You your Bodies might ease  
By the Suffering, at least, of your Betters.  
O *Stanhope*! hadst thou  
Been alive but till now,  
To have seen a Jakes made of *St. Peter's*.

An odd Way they all took,  
Thro' a blind crooked Nook  
In the Church, for their Robes to be seen—a;  
But then Scaffolds had they,  
To direct them the Way,  
Where they seldom or never had been—a.

After this, they all took  
An odd Oath with a Book,  
In the Days of old Popery known—a;  
To be true all their Lives,  
To all Women, but Wives,  
To all Ladies, excepting their own—a.

Which Oath, if they broke,  
Then their Sovereign's Cook  
Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don—a;  
But 'twas much if he cou'd  
For his Eyes must be good,  
To discern that they had any on—a.

Then this being done,  
To their Dinner they run,  
With Stomachs so sharp, and so keen—a;  
Without Grace they fall to,  
As they used to do  
Never minding their Chaplain, the Dean—a.

To the closing of all,  
They at Night had a Ball,

Where

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 131

Where their Damsels were dress'd to receive 'em :  
 What farther was done,  
 Will be better unknown ;  
 For 'tis decent that here we should leave 'em.

### SONG CXLIII. *Happy's the Love which meets Return.*

**H**appy's the Love which meets Return,  
 When in soft Flames Souls equal burn ;  
 But Words are wanting to discover  
 The Torments of a hopeless Lover :  
 Ye Registers of Heav'n, relate  
 (If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate)  
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow  
*Mary Scot, the Flow'r of Tarrow.*

Ah no! her Form's too heav'nly fair,  
 Her Love the Gods above must share,  
 While Mortals, with Despair, explore her,  
 And, at a Distance due, adore her.  
 O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,  
 Revive and bless me with a Smile :  
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar—a  
 Sighing Swain the Banks of *Tarrow.*

Be hush'd, ye Fears, I'll not despair ;  
 My *Mary's* tender as she's fair ;  
 Then I'll go tell her all my Anguish,  
 She's too good to let me languish.  
 With Success crown'd, I'll not envy  
 The Folks who dwell above the Sky ;  
 When *Mary Scot* becomes my Marrow,  
 We'll make a Paradise on *Tarrow.*

### SONG CXLIV. *My Chloë, why d'ye slight me.*

**M**y *Chloë*, why d'ye slight me,  
 Since all you ask you have ?  
 No more with Frowns affright me,  
 Nor use me like a Slave. Good.

132 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Good-nature to discover,  
Use well your faithful Lover;  
I'll be no more a Rover,  
But constant to my Grave.

Could we but change Condition,  
My Griefs would all be flown;  
Poor I, the kind Physician,  
And you the Patient grown.

All own you're wond'rous pretty,  
Well-shap'd, and also witty;  
Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,  
Then make my Case your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,  
And form'd our Shape and Mind,  
Too surely would enslave us,  
Were they like you inclin'd:  
Then Goodness be your Duty,  
Or I must bid adieu t'ye;  
Let them, with all your Beauty,  
Be merciful and kind.

The Silver Swan, when dying,  
Has most melodious Lays,  
Like him, when Life is flying,  
In Songs I'll end my Days:  
But know, thou cruel Creature,  
My Soul shall mount the flecter,  
And I shall sing the sweeter,  
By warbling forth your Praise.

SONG CXLV. *As the Delian God.*

**A**S the *Delian* God  
To fam'd *Helicon*,  
From Heav'n's High Court, descended down,  
There the tuneful Muses playing he found  
A Sonata divinely rare;  
When *Thalia* touch'd the charming Flute,  
*Erato* struck the warbling Lute,  
And *Clio*'s Treble joining to't,  
Made the Harmony beyond compare. Then

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 133

Then *Euterpe's* full Bass  
 The sweet Concert did raise,  
 And with Pleasure Sense alarm'd;  
 Ev'ry Note was enjoy'd,  
 Ev'ry Hand was employ'd;  
 With Sounds of Joy the flow'ry Vallies rung;  
*Apollo* gaz'd, and silent was his Tongue;  
 But, when his dear *Calliope* sung,  
 Ah! then the God was charm'd.

SONG CXLVI. *I love thee, by Heavens,  
 I cannot say more.*

**I** Love thee, by Heavens, I cannot say more;  
 Then set not my Passion a cooling;  
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er,  
 For I'm but a Novice at Fooling.

What my Love wants in Words, it shall make up in  
 Deeds;

Then why should we waste Time in Snuff, Child?  
 A Performance, you wot well, a Promise exceeds,  
 And a Word to the Wife is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known,  
 But I hate all protesting and arguing;  
 Had a Goddess my Heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,  
 If she made many Words to a Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm  
 What'er my fond Eyes have been saying;  
 Prithee, be thou so too; seek for no better Term,  
 But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a Chancery Suit,  
 The Age of a Patriarch depending;  
 Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,  
 Give it, one way or other, an Ending.

Long Courtship's the Vice of a phlegmatick Fool,  
 Like the Grace of fanatical Sinners,  
 Where the Stomachs are lost, and the Victuals grow cool,  
 Before Men sit down to their Dinners.

SONG



SONG CXLVII. *Highland Laddie.*

**T**HE Lawland Maids gang trig and fine,  
But aft they're sour, and unco saucy,  
Sae proud, they ne'er can be kind,  
Like my good-humour'd Highland Lassie.

*O my bony, bony Highland Lassie,  
My lovely, smiling Highland Lassie,  
May never Care make thee less fair,  
But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.*

Than ony Lads on Borrowstoun,  
Who make their Cheeks with Patches motie,  
I'd tak my *Katie*, but a Gown,  
Barefooted, in her little *Cotie*.  
*O my bony, &c.*

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Bush,  
Whene'er I kifs and court my Dautie,  
Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,  
My flighteren Heart gangs pittie pattie.  
*O my bony, &c.*

O'er highest heathery Hill I'll stenn,  
With cockit Gun, and Ratches tenty,  
To drive the Deer out of their Den,  
To feast my Lads on Dishes dainty.  
*O my bony, &c.*

There's nane shall dare, by Deed or Word,  
'Gainst her to wag a Tongue or Finger,  
While I can wield my trusty Sword,  
Or frae my Side whisk out a Whinger.  
*O my bony, &c.*

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,  
And Berries ripe invite my Treasure,  
To range with me; let great Folk gloom,  
While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleasure.

*O my*

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 135

O my bony, bony Highland Lassie,  
My lovely, smiling Highland Lassie,  
May never Care make thee less fair,  
But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.

## SONG CXLVIII. *Can then a Look create a Thought.*

CAN then a Look create a Thought,  
Which Time can ne'er remove?  
Yes, foolish Heart, again thou'rt caught,  
Again thou bleed'st for Love.

She sees the Conquest of her Eyes,  
Nor heals the Wound she gave;  
She smiles, whene'er his Blushes rise;  
And, sighing, shuns her Slave.

Then, Swain, be bold, and still adore her,  
Still her flying Charms pursue;  
Love and Interest both implore her,  
Pleading Night and Day for you.

## SONG CXLIX. *With tuneful Pipe and merry Glee.*

WHEN *Jemmy* first began to love,  
He was the bonniest Swain  
That ever Flock on Mountain drove,  
Or danc'd upon the Plain:  
Then 'twas that I, wae's me, poor Heart!  
My Freedom threw away,  
And, finding Sweets in ev'ry Smart,  
I could not say him Nay.  
And ever, when he spoke of Love,  
He would his Eyes decline;  
His ev'ry Sigh all Hearts did move,  
Gude faith, and why not mine?

He'd

136 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

He'd press my Hand, and kiss it oft,  
His Silence spoke his Flame ;  
And while he treated me thus soft,  
I wish'd him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my Flocks with him,  
My *Jemmy* would invite me,  
Where he the gayest Songs would sing,  
To flatter and delight me:  
When *Jemmy* thus his Charms display'd,  
They were enough, I trow,  
To conquer any Princely Maid,  
As they did me, I vow.

But now I must for *Jemmy* mourn,  
Who to the Wars will go ;  
His Sheep-hook to a Sword must turn ;  
Alas ! what shall I do ?  
His Bag-pipe into warlike Sounds  
Converted soon will be ;  
Instead of Garlands, fearful Wounds ;  
What then becomes of me ?

SONG CL. *Here's a Whim-wham new come  
over.*

**M**Y Love is all Madness and Folly,  
Alone I lie,  
Toss, tumble, and cry,  
What a happy Creature is *Polly* !  
Was e'er such a Wretch as I !  
With Rage I redden like Scarlet,  
That my dear inconstant Varlet,  
Stark blind to my Charms,  
Is lost in the Arms  
Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot,  
Stark blind to my Charms,  
Is lost in the Arms  
Of that Jilt, that inveigling Harlot,  
This, this my Resentment alarms.

SONG

SONG CLI. *O the charming Month of May.*

**S**ilent Night yields no Repose,  
 Silent Night my Anguish knows;  
 And the gay Morning,  
 Now returning,  
 Only lights me to new Woes,  
 Only lights me to new Woes.  
 Silent Night yields no Repose,  
 Silent Night yields no Repose.  
 Long must I this Torture bear,  
 Long must I love and despair.  
 What Life denies us,  
 Death supplies us.  
 Friendly Death, come end my Care,  
 Friendly Death, come end my Care,  
 Long must I this Torture bear,  
 Long must I, &c.

SONG CLII. *Oh! what Pain it is to part.*

**O**H! what Pain it is to see;  
 Can I bear it, can I bear it?  
 Oh! what Pain it is to see;  
 Can Flesh and Blood e'er bear it?  
 When *Celia* does to me deny  
 A Kiss, which would give Extacy,  
 A Dog my happy Rival be,  
 Can Flesh and Blood e'er bear it?  
 Hopes in Complaisance I plac'd,  
 They deceive me, they deceive me,  
 Hopes in Complaisance I plac'd;  
 But all those Hopes deceive me.  
 I bow, I cringe, but spite, alas!  
 Of courtly Airs, and artful Face,  
 Tray fawns with such superior Grace,  
 That all those Hopes deceive me.

When



138 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

When I Skill in Musick show,  
 'Twill not please her, 'twill not please her,  
 When I Skill in Musick show,  
 Yet still it will not please her.  
 My Tune, tho' soft, my Voice, tho' low,  
 'Tis vain, my chiefest Notes must bow  
 To sweet enchanting *Bow-wow-wow*,  
 That Air alone will please her,

Grant, I cry'd, to cure my Woe,  
 Balmy Kisses, balmy Kisses,  
 Grant, I cry'd, to cure my Woe,  
 Some precious balmy Kisses.  
 In vain my Sighs to move her rose,  
 From me she flew, and cruel chose  
 T' apply her Lips to warm *Tray's* Nose,  
 And lavish there her Kisses.

Yet my Heart is fix'd to try,  
 If she'll love me, if she'll love me,  
 Yet my Heart is fix'd to try,  
 If she at length will love me:  
 For if thus kind, thus tender she  
 Can to so mean a Creature be,  
 How vastly, vastly more to me,  
 If once she'd change and love me.

SONG CLIII. *Come, let us prepare.*

Roger. **C**ome, Love, let us join,  
 Come, prithee be mine,  
 My only, my dear pretty Creature;  
 More my *Cicely* I prize,  
 Than I do both my Eyes,  
 And than Honey to me she is sweeter.  
*Cicely.* You think to persuade  
 A poor silly Maid,  
 Unskill'd in the Bus'ness of Wooing;  
 If you hold on your Jest,  
 I'll be gone, I protest,  
 For fear it should prove my Undoing.

Rog.

*Rog.* I'm in such a Fever,  
The like it was never;  
So dreadfully sore is my Smart,  
That *Cupid*, I weet,  
Were you but to see't,  
Has bor'd a great Hole in my Heart.

*Cic.* Yes, yes, the plain Case is,  
You know all your Paces,  
Whene'er you would compass your Pleasure;  
And if filly Wenches  
Believe your Pretences,  
They're left to repent at their Leisure.

*Rog.* In Pity forbear,  
To insult me, my Dear,  
O spare, while so sorely I languish!  
What Room, dear Unkind,  
For Deceit can you find  
In a Breast that is brim-full of Anguish?

*Cic.* Nay, nay, *Roger*, now  
You wrong me, I vow,  
I would not be reckon'd hard-hearted;  
But alas! I have known,  
For believing too soon,  
Poor Maids that have wofully smarted,

*Rog.* Pray do not suppose  
That I'm one of those  
Who can leave their Sweet-hearts in the Lurch:  
I mean, in good Sooth,  
To plight you my Troth,  
When the Banns have been ask'd in the Church.

*Cic.* But then should you soon,  
With the first Honey-moon,  
Should you forfeit the Troth you have plighted,  
Should you cool to your Spouse,  
Laugh at all your past Vows,  
And *Cicely*, poor *Cicely* be slighted!

*Rog.*

140 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY,

*Rog.* Come, Sweet, be not shy,  
On your true Love rely,  
Come, with hearty good Will let's agree;  
You may quit ev'ry Fear,  
When, without you, I swear  
All the World would be nothing to me.

*Cic.* Well, I can't but approve  
Of so honest a Love,  
Nor dread to be such a one's Wife.

*Rog.* And a Love, my dear *Cic.*  
That's as honest as this,  
Is as long and as lasting as Life.

SONG CLIV. *Lillibulero.*

THE Doctor is feed for a dang'rous Draught,  
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a score,  
Of all the best Drugs the Dispensaries taught,  
'Twere well could each cure one Disease and no more:  
But here's the Juice  
Of sov'reign Use,  
'Twill cure your Distempers, whatever they be,  
In Body or Spirit,  
Wherever you bear it;  
Take of this a large Dose, and it soon sets you free.  
By cunning Directors, if trick'd of your Pelf,  
Your Losses a Dose of good Claret can heal;  
Or if you have been a Director yourself,  
'Twill teach you no Loss of your Honour to feel,  
Stocks fall or rise,  
Tell Truth or Lies,  
Your Fame and your Fortune here Remedy find;  
If *Sylvia* be cruel,  
Take this Water-Gruel,  
'Twill soon cure the Fever that burns up your Mind.

SONG

SONG CLV. *Awake thou fairest Thing  
in Nature*

*He.* **A** Wake, thou fairest thing in Nature,  
How can you sleep when Day does break?  
How can you sleep, my charming Creature,  
When all the World you keep awake?

*She.* What Swain is this that sings so early  
Under my Window, by the Dawn?

*He.* 'Tis one, my Dear, that loves you dearly;  
Therefore in Pity ease my Pain.

*She.* Softly or else you'll wake my Mother,  
No Tales of Love she lets me hear;  
Go, tell your Passion to some other,  
Or whisper softly in my Ear.

*He.* How can you bid me love another,  
Or rob you of your beauteous Charms?  
'Tis time you were wean'd from your Mother,  
You're fitter for young Lover's Arms,

SONG CLVI. *There was a jovial Beggar.*

**T**HE dusky Night rides down the Sky,  
And ushers in the Morn,  
The Hounds all join in glorious Cry,  
The Huntsman winds his Horn.  
*And a hunting we will go.*

The Wife around her Husband throws  
Her Arms and begs his Stay;  
My Dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,  
You will not hunt to-day.  
*But a hunting, &c.*

A brushing Fox in yonder Wood  
Secure, to find we seek;  
For why, I carry'd sound and good  
A Cartload there last Week.  
*And a hunting, &c.*

Away



142 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Away he goes, he flies the Rout,  
 Their Steeds all spur and switch;  
 Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,  
 And some thrown in the Ditch.  
*But a hunting, &c.*

At length his Strength to Faintness worn,  
 Poor *Raynard* ceases Flight;  
 Then hungry homeward we return  
 To feast away the Night.  
*Then a drinking we will go, &c.*

SONG CLVII. *Black Joak.*

**T**HE more we see of human Kind,  
 The more Deceits and Tricks we find,  
 In every Land as well as *Spain*:  
 For would we ever hope to thrive,  
 Upon the Mountains we must live;  
 For nought but Rogues in Vales remain.  
 The Miser and the Man will trick,  
 The Mistress and the Maid will nick;  
     For Rich and Poor  
     Are Rogue and Whore,  
 There's not one honest Man in a Score,  
 Nor Woman true in Twenty-four.

SONG CLVIII. *Chloe proves false, &c.*

**C**hloe proves false, but still she is charming,  
 Nature like Beauty her Temper has made;  
 Subject to change,  
 O'er each Heart she will range;  
 Always alarming,  
 Ever disarming,  
     Never dismay'd.

Banish my Senses, or let her not slight me;  
 Love ne'er was made to inherit Disdain;  
 Love is a Bubble,  
 That gives Mankind Trouble;  
 Reflecting Extasy  
 Drops with the Simile  
 Airy and vain.

Sure *Venus* gave her that Face to deceive me,  
 And gave the Boy but one Arrow to fly:  
 Haste to thy Mother  
 And beg for another;  
*Chloe*, the Mark must be.  
 Make her to pity me,  
 E're that I die.

SONG CLIX. *Gold and raw.*

**A** Virgin once was walking along  
 In the sweet Month of *July*,  
 Blooming, beautiful, and young,  
 She met with a Swain unruly;  
 Within his Arms the Nymph he caught,  
 And swore he lov'd her truly;  
 The Maid remember'd, the Man forgot  
 What pass'd in the Month of *July*.

SONG CLX. *There liv'd long ago in a Coun-  
 try Place.*

**N**O more think me false, for the Flame never dies,  
 Which *Sylvia* has rais'd by such powerful Eyes;  
 Ah! view but thyself, thence measure my Love,  
 And think what a Passion such Beauty must move,  
 Tho' first it was Beauty which ravished my Sight,  
 Yet now I regard it as only the Light,  
 Which kindly betray'd the Charms of my Mind,  
 Where Sense and good Nature so strongly are join'd;  
 Then think me not false, for the Knot will e'er last,  
 Which my Fancy has ty'd, and my Reason made fast;

So

144 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

So fast, that tho' Time thy Eyes may disarm,  
Yet no Time shall my Faith or my Love ever harm.

The Passion I have can never grow less,  
Not tho' thy fair self should that Passion oppress;  
For while I thy Face or thy Mind have in view,  
Still, still I must love, and in loving be true.

SONG CLXI. *Tweed-Side.*

**O**H! think not the Maid whom you scorn  
With Riches delighted can be;  
Had I a great Princess been born,  
My *Billy* had dear been to me:  
In Grandeur and Wealth we find Woe,  
In Love there is nothing but Charms,  
On others your Treasures bestow,  
Give *Billy* alone to these Arms.

In Title and Wealth what is lost,  
In Tenderneſs oft is repaid;  
Too much a great Fortune may coſt,  
Well purchas'd may be the poor Maid;  
Let Gold's empty Show cheat the Great,  
We more real Pleaſure will prove,  
While they in their Palaces hate,  
We in our poor Cottage will love.

SONG CLXII. *Why will Florella, &c.*

**F**rom native Stalk the *Provence* Roſe,  
I pluck'd with green Attire;  
But oh! upon its Graces hung  
A Flaſh to Deſire.

A vile, deſtroying, preying Worm,  
Who ſhelter'd in the Leaf,  
Had robb'd me of the priſtine Joy,  
And prov'd the lucky Thief.

So beauteous Nymphs too oft are found  
The vileſt Men to truſt,  
While conſtant Lovers plead in vain,  
And die for being juſt.

SONG

SONG CLXIII. *A Tory, a Whig, and a moderate Man.*

**A** Tory, a Whig, and a moderate Man,  
 O'er a Tub of strong Ale  
 Met, in *Alesbury* Vale,  
 Where there liv'd a plump Lads they call'd *Buxom Nan*;  
 The Tory a *Londoner*, proud and high,  
 The Whig was a *Tradesman* plaguy fly,  
 The Trimmer a Farmer, but merry and dry:  
 And thus they their Suit began;  
 Pretty *Nancy*, we're come to put in our Claim,  
 Resolv'd upon *Wedlock's* pleasing Game;  
 Here's *Jacob* the Big,  
 And *William* the Whig,  
 And *Roger* the Grig,  
 Jolly Lads as e'er were buckl'd in Girdle fast;  
 Say which you will chuse,  
 To tie with a Noose;  
 For a Wife we must carry, what e'er comes on't;  
 Then think upon't,  
 You'll ne'er be sorry when you have don't,  
 Nor like us the worse for our wooing so blunt;  
 Then tell us who pleases best.  
 The Lads, who was not of the Motion shy,  
 The ripe Years of her Life  
 Being twenty and five,  
 To the Words of her Lover straight made Reply;  
 I find you believe me a Girl worth Gold,  
 And I know too you like my Copy-hold;  
 And since Fortune favours the Brisk and the Bold,  
 One of ye I mean to try.  
 But I am not for you, nor S——'s Cause,  
 Nor you with your H——y's Hums and Hawes;  
 Not *Jacob* the Big,  
 Nor *William* the Whig,  
 But *Roger* the Grig,  
 With his Mirth and Mildness, happily please me can:



146 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

'Tis him I will choofe  
For the conjugal Noefe,  
So that you, the Church Bully, may rave and rant,  
And you may cant,  
Till both are impeach'd in Parliament,  
'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does want;  
So I'm for the mod'rate Man.

SONG CLXIV. *Tobacco's but an Indian Weed.*

**T**obacco's but an *Indian Weed*,  
Grows green at Morn, cut down at Eve;  
It shews our Decay, we are but Clay.  
Think on this when you smoak Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so Lally-white,  
Wherein so many take delight,  
Is broke with a Touch, Man's Life is such,  
Think of this when you smoak Tobacco.

The Pipe, that is so foul within,  
Shews how Man's Soul is stain'd with Sin,  
It does require to be purg'd with Fire.  
Think of this when you take Tobacco.

The Ashes, that are left behind,  
Do serve to put us all in mind,  
That into Dust we must return.  
Think of this when you take Tobacco.

The Smoak, that does so high ascend,  
Shews that Man's Life must have an End;  
The Vapour's gone, Man's life is done.  
Think of this when you take Tobacco.

SONG CLXV. *Blowzabella.*

**B**lowzabella, my bouncing Doxy,  
Come let us trudge it to *Kirkham Fair*,  
There's stout Liquor enough to fox ye,  
And young Cullies to buy thy Ware.

*Sbi.*

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 147

*She.* Mind your Matters, ye Sot, without meddling  
How I manage the Sale of my Toys;  
Get by Piping, as I do by Pedling.  
You need ne'er want me for Supplies.

*He.* God-a-mercy, my Sweeting, I find thou think'st  
fitting

To hint by this Twitting, I owe thee a Crown.

*She.* Tho' for that I've been straying, a greater Debt's  
paying,

Your Rate of delaying will never compound.

*He.* I'll come home when my Pouch is full,

And soundly pay thee all old Arrears.

*She.* You'll forget it, your Pate's so dull,

As by drowzy Neglect appears.

*He.* May the Drone of my Bag never hum,

If I fail to remember my Blowze.

*She.* May my Buttocks be ev'ry one's Drum,

If I think thou wilt pay me a Soufe.

*He.* Squeakham, Squeakham, Bag-pipe will make 'em,

Whisking, Frisking, Money brings in.

*She.* Smoaking, Topping, Landady groping,

Whores and Scores, will spend it again.

*He.* By the best, as I guess, in the Town,

I swear thou shalt have ev'ry Groat.

*She.* By the worst that a Woman e'er found,

If I have it, 'twill signify nought.

*He.* If good Nature works no better,

Blowzabella, I'd have you to know,

Though you fancy my Stock is so low,

I've more Rhino than always I show,

For some good Reasons of State that I know.

*She.* Since your Cheating I always knew,

For my Ware I got something too,

I've more Sense than to tell to you.

*He.* Singly then let's employ our Wit,

I'll use my Pipes as my Gain does hit.

*She.* And if I a new Chapman get,

You'll be easy too.

*He.* Easy as any worn-out Shoe.

148 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

C H O R U S.

*Free and Frolick we'll couple gratis,  
Thus we'll show all the human Race,  
That the best of the Marriage State is  
Blowzabella's and Colin's Case.*

SONG CLXVI. *The Man, that is drunk, is  
void, &c.*

**T**HE Man, that is drunk, is void of all Care;  
He needs neither *Partbian* Quiver, nor Spear;  
The *Moor's* poison'd Dart he scorns for to wield,  
His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.

Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,  
Demolishes Windows, and breaks open Doors;  
He revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,  
And boldly defies both Proctor and Devil.

As late I rode out with my Skin full of Wine,  
Encumber'd neither with Care, nor with Coin,  
I boldly confronted a horrible Dun,  
Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No Monster cou'd put you to half so much Fear,  
Should he in *Apulia's* Forest appear;  
In *Africk's* Desert there never was seen  
A Monster so hated by Gods and by Men.

Come place me, ye Deities, under the Line,  
Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine;  
O'er hot-burning Sands I'll swelter and sweat,  
Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

Or place me where Sun-shine is ne'er to be found,  
Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound;  
Ev'n there I wou'd nought but my Bottle require,  
My Bottle shou'd warm me, and fill me with Fire?

My Tutor may job me, and lay me down Rules,  
Who minds 'em but damn'd philosophical Fools?  
For when I'm old, and can no more drink,  
'Tis Time enough then for to sit down and think.

'Twas

'Twas thus *Alexander* was tutor'd in vain,  
For he thought *Aristotle* an Ass for his Pain;  
His Sorrows he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,  
And when he was drunk, then the World was his own.

This World is a Tavern with Liquor well stor'd,  
And into't I came to be drunk as a Lord;  
My Life is the Reck'ning, which freely I pay,  
And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll stagger away.

SONG CLXVII. *Says Roger to Will.*

**S**Ays *Roger to Will*, both our Teams shall lie still,  
No Hay shall be carry'd to make the Mow;  
For what e'er betide, we must see the new Bride,  
And the Lads and the Lasses, and all the Show;  
Such fine Folk never were seen,  
For all the Country comes in:

To-day let's leave then our Hoy-gee-hoa.  
There's Flaxen, and Brown, and Slim and full grown,  
There's Tall for your Liking, and others Low;  
There's some that can skip, and there's others can trip,  
There's grey Eyes, and Hazel, and black as a Sloe,  
There's Looks so pleasing and kind,  
They're sure all, all of one Mind:  
Zooks! think no more then of Hoy-gee-hoa.

There's Widows and Maids, with their high-cocking-  
Heads,  
Tho' some are unskilful, yet others know;  
There's Batchelors brisk, who can caper and frisk,  
And the Art of fine footing can nimbly show:  
When Blood warms, Matches are made,  
Thus on on goes Love's jolly Trade:  
Then who'd be sweating at Hoy-gee-hoa?

SONG CLXVIII. *Phillis, the lovely, &c.*

**P**Hillis, the lovely, the charming, and fair,  
Pity your *Strephon*, that loves to Despair,



150 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Pity, dear Nymph, a poor languishing Swain,  
And doom not the Hopes of a Lover in vain.

*Cupid*, direct her, and make her inclin'd,  
Tell her, her *Strephon* will ever be kind,  
Tell her, he languishes, tell her, he dies,  
And waits the Physician that dwells in her Eyes.

Crowns are but Trifles to *Phillis's* Charms,  
*Cupid*, convey her secure to my Arms:  
Then may blest'd *Strephon* for ever remain  
The first in a Cottage, a happy young Swain.

SONG CLXIX. *Oh Love! if a God thou wilt be.*

*She.* **O**H Love! if a God thou wilt be,  
Do Justice in favour of me,  
For yonder approaching I see

A Man with a Beard,  
Who, as I have heard,  
Has often undone  
Poor Maids that have none,  
With fighting and toying,  
And crying and lying,  
And such kind of Foolery.

*He.* Fair Maid, by your Leave,  
My Heart does receive  
Strange Pleasure to meet you here;  
Pray tremble not so,  
Nor offer to go,

I'll do you no Harm I swear,  
I'll do you no Harm I swear.

*She.* My Mother is spinning at home,  
My Father works hard at his Loom,  
And we here a milking are come;

Their Dinner they want,  
Pray, Gentleman, don't  
Make more ado on't,  
Nor give us Affront;

We're

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 151

We're none of the Town  
Will lie down for a Crown;  
Then away, Sir, and give us Room.

*He.* By *Phæbus*, by *Jove*,  
By Honour, by Love,  
I'll do ye, dear Sweet, no Harm;  
Y're as fresh as a Rose,  
I want one of those;

Ah! how such a Wife would charm!  
Ah! how such a Wife would charm!

*She.* And can you then like the old Rule,  
Be conjugal, honest, and dull,  
And marry and look like a Fool;

For I must be plain,  
All Tricks are in vain,  
There's nothing can gain  
The Thing you'd obtain,

But moving and proving,  
By wedding, true loving;  
My Lesson I learn'd at School.

*He.* I'll do't by this Hand,  
I've Houses, I've Land,  
Estates too, in good Freehold;

My Dear, let us join,  
It all shall be thine,  
Besides a good Purse of Gold.

*She.* You make me to blush, now I vow,  
Oh Lord! shall I too baulk my Cow?

But since the late Oath you have sworn,

Your Soul shall not be  
In Danger for me,  
I'll rather agree,  
Of two to make three.

We'll wed, and we'll bed,  
There's no more to be said,  
And I'll ne'er go a milking more.

SONG CLXX. *Do not ask me, charming  
Pbillis.*

**F**Orbid me not to enquire,  
Why you meet me here alone?  
Can *Damon* have Desire  
That he's afraid to own,  
That he's, &c.

If not to behold the Beauty  
Of the Flow'rs that crown the Spring,  
Proceed, and do your Duty,  
But do not name the Thing,  
But do not, &c.

As the Sun displays the Roses,  
When the Beams play gently in,  
Your *Pbillis* ne'er opposes,  
Nor thinks true Love a Sin,  
Nor thinks, &c.

Then fear not my denying,  
Why should'st thou fearful be?  
Prevent more Torments flying,  
And thou shalt happy be,  
And thou, &c.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,  
Say no more of what you'd do,  
I'll be your loving *Pbillis*,  
And be belov'd by you,  
And be, &c.

Then why should I conceal it,  
Since my Eyes with yours do own,  
Yet let us not reveal it,  
But in Pleasures all alone,  
But in, &c.

SONG CLXXI. *A Beggar, a Beggar, &c.*

**A** Beggar, a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,  
There's none leads a Life more jocular than he;  
A Beggar

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 153

A Beggar I was, and a Beggar I am,  
A Beggar I'll be, from a Beggar I came;  
If as it begins our Trading do fall,  
We, in the Conclusion, shall Beggars be all.  
Tradefmen are unfortunate in their Affairs,  
And few Men are thriving but Courtiers and Play'rs.

A Craver my Father, a Maunder my Mother,  
A Filer my Sister, a Filcher my Brother;  
A Canter my Uncle, that car'd not for Pelf,  
A Lifter my Aunt, and a Beggar myself;  
In white wheaten Straw, when their Bellies were full,  
Then was I got between a Tinker and a Trull.  
And therefore a Beggar, a Beggar I'll be,  
For there's none leads a Life more jocund than he.

When Boys do come to us, and their Intent is  
To follow our Calling, we ne'er bind 'em Prentice;  
Soon as they come to't, we teach them to do't,  
And give them a Staff and a Wallet to boot;  
We teach them their Lingua, to crave and to cant,  
The Devil is in them if then they can want.  
And he or she, that a Beggar will be,  
Without any Indentures they shall be made free.

We beg for our Bread, yet sometimes it happens  
We feast it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons;  
For Churches Affairs, we are no Men-slayers,  
We have no Religion, yet live by our Prayers;  
But if when we beg, Men will not draw their Purfes,  
We charge, and give Fire, with a Volley of Curfes;  
The Devil confound your good Worship, we cry,  
And such a bold brazen-fac'd Beggar am I.

We do Things in Season, and have so much Reason;  
We raise no Rebellion, nor never talk Treason;  
We bill all our Mates at very low Rates,  
Whilst some keep their Quarters as high as the Gates;  
With *Shinkin ap Morgan*, with Blue-cap or *Teague*,  
We into no Covenant enter, nor League.  
And therefore a bonny bold Beggar I'll be,  
For none lives a Life more merry than he.



For such pretty Pledges, as Shirts from the Hedges,  
 We are not in fear to be drawn upon Sledges;  
 But sometimes the Whip doth make us to skip,  
 And then we from Tything to Tything do trip;  
 For when in a poor Bouzing-Kan we do bib it,  
 We stand more in dread of the Stocks than the Gibbet.  
 And therefore a merry mad Beggar I'll be,  
 For when it is Night, in the Barn tumbles he.

We throw down no Altar, nor never do falter,  
 So much as to change a Gold-chain for a Halter;  
 Tho' some Men do flout us, and others do doubt us,  
 We commonly bear forty Pieces about us;  
 But many good Fellows are fine, and look fiercer,  
 And owe for their Cloaths to the Taylor and Mercer:  
 And if from the Stocks I can keep out my Feet,  
 I fear not the Compter, King's Bench, nor the Fleet.

Sometimes I do frame myself to be lame,  
 And when a Coach comes, I hop to my Game;  
 We seldom miscarry, or never do marry,  
 By the Gown, Common-Prayer, or Cloak-Directory;  
 But *Simon* and *Susan*, like Birds of a Feather,  
 They kiss, and they laugh, and so lie down together:  
 Like Pigs in the Pea-straw, intangled they lie,  
 Till there they beget such a bold Rogue as I.

### SONG CLXXII. *Colin's Complaint.*

SAD *Philocles* sigh'd to the Wind,  
 The Wind it lamented his Moan,  
 Whilst *Echo* stood pining behind,  
 And gave him back every Groan.  
 Ye Winds I have the Grace to be mov'd,  
 Complaining, the fond Shepherd said;  
 The hard-hearted Nymph is reprov'd,  
 By the gentle Returns ye have made.  
 To *Echo* himself he address'd,  
 Compassion, says he, thou hast shown,  
 Which proves, that the Pains of thy Breast  
 Are almost as great as my own.

'Twill

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 155

'Twill yield me some little Relief,  
With you a Companion to stray,  
The Night shall be spent in my Grief,  
In Tales of your Sorrow the Day.

The languishing Theme of your Woe,  
The Shepherd *Narcissus* shall be;  
For *Phillis* I'll mourn where I go,  
Till grown a mere Shadow like thee.  
Come, pitying Maid, let's retire,  
To whisper our Complaints in a Cave:  
The pitiful Nymph said, Retire,  
Such Places are likest the Grave.

At last, on the Side of a Hill,  
A damp dusky Cavern they found;  
There *Philocles* sigh'd to his Fill,  
And *Echo* repeated the Sound;  
But yet the sad Nymph had an Art,  
Whereby she would flatter his Pains;  
Tho' speaking the Thoughts of her Heart,  
She seem'd but repeating the Swain's.

He seated himself on the Ground,  
His Hand it supported his Head;  
Despairing, he shew'd ev'ry Wound,  
The changing false *Phillis* had made;  
If once on his Rival he thought,  
Ye Gods! in a Rage he would cry,  
Oh blast all the Charms she has got,  
For whom I thus languishing die!

*Narcissus* was still *Echo's* Thought,  
Ye Gods! the sad Nymph would reply,  
Oh! blast all the Charms he has got,  
For whom I thus languishing die.  
Thus *Philocles* dy'd in Despair,  
While *Echo* augmented his Pain;  
When he dy'd, the sad Nymph did repair  
To another sad desp'rate Swain.

SONG CLXXIII. *Of all the Girls that are  
so smart.*

**O**F all the Lads in London Town,  
There's none I love like *Johnny*,  
He walks so stately on the Ground,  
I like him for my Honey;  
And none but him I e'er will wed,  
So long's my Name is *Sally*.  
*I still will dress me in my best,*  
*In spite of all our Alley.*

There's *Nan* and *Sue*, those wicked Jades,  
Who live in our Alley,  
They laugh, and flout, and loud they cry,  
Look there goes ragged *Sally*;  
But let them know, tho' they say so,  
That I have Store of Money,  
*And can an hundred Pounds bestow:*  
*On John, my dearest Honey.*

'Tis true, my Father deals in Nets,  
My Mother in long Laces;  
But what of that, if *Johnny's* pleas'd,  
'Twon't hinder our Embraces;  
For *Johnny* he does often swear,  
He dearly loves his *Sally*;  
*And for the Neighbours, I don't care,*  
*We will live in our Alley.*

There is one Day in every Week  
That *Johnny* does come to me,  
And then I own I am well pleas'd,  
When he does kiss and woo me:  
Then in the Fields we walk and talk,  
He calls me dearest *Sally*.  
*I love him, and I'll have him too,*  
*In spite of all our Alley.*

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 137

His Cheeks are of a crimson Red,  
 Black Eye-brows he does carry,  
 His Temper is so sweet and good,  
 For Johnny I will tarry.  
 Tho' all the Neighbours spite us fore,  
 'Cause Johnny loves his Sally;  
 But I love Johnny still the more,  
 And a Fig for all the Alley.

Old Women grumble, and the Maids  
 Are all in love with Johnny,  
 Their Guts to Fiddle-strings they fret,  
 Yet he'll not leave his Honey;  
 At Midsummer his Time is out,  
 Then hand in hand with Sally,  
 Unto the Parson he will go,  
 In spite of all our Alley.

## SONG CLXXIV. Farewel, thou false Philander.

**F**arewel, ungrateful Traytor,  
 Farewel, my perjur'd Swain;  
 Let never injur'd Creature  
 Believe a Man again.  
 The Pleasure of possessing;  
 Surpasses all expressing;  
 But 'tis too short a Blessing,  
 And Love too long a Pain.

'Tis easy to deceive us,  
 In Pity of your Pain;  
 But when we love, you leave us,  
 To rail at you in vain.  
 Before we have descry'd it,  
 There is no Bliss beside it;  
 But she, who once has try'd it,  
 Will never love again.



158 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

The Passion, you pretended,  
Was only to obtain;  
But now the Charm is ended,  
The Charmer you disdain.  
Your Love by ours we measure,  
Till we have lost our Treasure;  
But dying is a Pleasure,  
When living is a Pain.

SONG CLXXV. *Believe my Sighs, my Tears,  
my Dear.*

**M**Y Days have been so wond'rous free,  
The little Birds that fly,  
With careless Ease, from Tree to Tree,  
Were scarce so blest'd as I.  
Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear  
Of mine increas'd their Stream;  
Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er  
I lent a Sigh to them.

But now my former Days retire,  
And I'm by Beauty caught;  
The tender Chains of sweet Desire  
Are fix'd upon my Thoughts.  
An eager Hope, within my Breast,  
Does every Doubt controul,  
And charming *Nancy* stands confess'd  
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines,  
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove;  
Ye gentle Echoes, breezy Winds,  
Ye close Retreats of Love;  
With all of Nature, all of Art,  
Assist the dear Design;  
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,  
To make her ever mine.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 159

The very Thought of Change I hate,

As much as of Despair;

And hardly covet to be great,

Unless it be for her;

'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind

Is mix'd with soft Distress;

Yet while the Fair I love is kind,

I cannot wish it less.

## SONG CLXXVI. *In Kent, so fam'd of old.*

**I**N Kent, so fam'd of old,

Near by some pleasant Knold,

A Swain a Goddess told

An am'rous Story;

Saying, in these jarring Days,

When Kings contend for Bays,

Your Love my Soul does raise

Above its Glory.

My Life, my lovely Dear,

Whilst you are smiling here,

The Plants and Flow'rs appear

Most sweetly charming;

The Sun may cease to shine,

And all its Pow'rs resign,

Your Eyes dart Rays divine,

All Nature warming.

Then leaning on her Breast,

He clasp'd her lovely Waist,

With Words endearing prest,

No Thought of harming;

At which the blushing Maid

Thus, sighing, to him said,

My foolish Heart's betray'd

By Words so charming.

Near by there was a Grove,

A proper Place for Love,

To which this Couple move,

*Alike*

160 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Alike desiring;  
She fell into his Arms,  
And said, take all my Charms,  
Love beats his last Alarms,  
I'm just expiring,

SONG CLXXVII. *To you, fair Ladies, now  
at Land.*

**F**rom o'er the Park and Meadows fine,  
Just as the Sun does rise,  
To you who, till the Clock strikes Nine,  
Do ne'er unclofe your Eyes;  
Then over Snuff, and Tea, and News,  
Your Summer Hours contented lose.

'Tis sweet to taste the Morning Air,  
Where Fawns around one play,  
And Drops of Dew as Diamonds fair,  
Strew all the glitt'ring Way;  
To view the Hill, the Stream, the Trees,  
To hear the Birds, and feel the Breeze.

The crowded Street is your Delight,  
And rattling Coach to hear,  
The Watchman's solemn Watch, by Night,  
Is Musick to your Ear:  
You ask not when the Violet blows,  
Nor care you for the op'ning Rose.

Here I, secure from Strife and Care,  
Seek, when the Ev'ning's nigh,  
My little Room that's clean and square,  
And but one Story high;  
Where Envy cannot find a Place,  
Nor Malice shew her fallow Face.

Let fordid Minds, of Wealth possess'd,  
To Mammon Altars raise,  
Ambition be with Power bless'd,  
And Vanity with Praise;

But Fortune is a fickle Dame,  
And double-tongu'd, alas! is Fame.

Give me, hard Pen'ry to chase  
From haunting of my Door,  
And let a chearful Temper grace  
My small, but honest Store.  
To this do all my Wishes tend,  
The useful Book, the faithful Friend.

SONG CLXXVIII. *All you that must needs,*  
&c.

**A**LL you, that must needs take a Leap in the  
Dark,  
Pity the Fate of young *Lawson* and *Clark*:  
Cheated with Hope, by Mercy amus'd,  
Betray'd by the sinful Ways we have us'd;  
Cropp'd in our Prime of Strength and Youth;  
Who can but weep at so sad a Truth?

Once we thought 'twou'd never be Night;  
But now, alas! 'twill never be Light.  
Heav'nly Mercy shine on our Souls,  
Death draws near, hark, hark, *Sepulchres* tolls!  
Nature is stronger in Youth than Age,  
Grant us thy Spirit, Lord, Grief to assuage.

Courses of Evil delighted us,  
Sinful Pleasure, deceitful Bliss,  
We ne'er should have Cause so much to repent,  
Could we with our Callings have been content;  
The Snares of Wine and Women fair,  
First were the Cause we now despair.

You that now view our fatal End,  
Warn'd by our Case, your Carriage mend;  
Soon or late grim Death will come,  
Who'd not prepare for a certain Doom?  
Span long Life with lifeless Joys,  
What's in the World but Care and Noise?

Youth,



Youth, tho' blest'd by being so,  
 As vast thy Joy, so great thy Woe;  
 Ev'ry Sin, that gives Delight,  
 Will in the End thy Soul affright:  
 'Tis not thy Youth, thy Wealth, nor Strength,  
 Can add to Life one Moment's Length.

God, that is merciful as just,  
 Cleanse our Hearts, since die we must;  
 Sweet Temptations of worldly Joy  
 Make for our Grief, and our Peace destroy:  
 Think then, when Man his Race has run,  
 Death is the Prize which he has won.

Sure there are none so absurd and odd,  
 To think with the Fool there is no God;  
 What is't we fear, when Death we meet,  
 Were it not to account at the Judgment-Seat;  
 That Providence, we find each Hour,  
 Proves him a supernatural Pow'r:  
 In Mercy open thy bright Abode,  
 Receive our Souls, tremendous God.

SONG CLXXIX. *On, on, my dear Brethren.*

FULL of Dreams of bright Beauties, and fond to  
 explore  
 A new World of such Charms as I'd ne'er seen before;  
 I travell'd thro' *Italy, Germany, France,*  
 And I think my Curiosity led me a Dance.

On the Banks of the *Seine*, I was pleas'd to survey  
 Such Crouds of fair Nymphs, all merry and gay;  
 But then they were merry and gay to Extreams,  
 And no Nymphs could I find like the Nymphs of the  
*Thames.*

From the *Seine* to the *Loire*, from the *Loire* to the *Rhone*,  
 Still in Hopes of Success, I have eagerly flown;  
 And on each there was shewn me of Beauties great Store,  
 Which, if shewn on the *Thames*, had been Beauties no  
 more. The

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 163

The *Alps* next I cross'd, so tremendous and high,  
(For Beauty will lead us o'er wet, and o'er dry)  
To pursue my Enquiries, and see if perchance  
Fair *Italy* had what I found not in *France*.

Then I travers'd each Mountain, each River, each  
Plain,  
But my Labour, alas! was all Labour in vain:  
O *Tyber*! O *Po*! why so fam'd are your Streams,  
Since no Nymphs you can boast like the Nymphs of  
the *Thames*.

Not *Venice*, so proud of her Masks and her Fair,  
Can for Beauties, bright Beauties, with *London* compare;  
And, tho' Sea-born, Love's Goddess herself would agree,  
That our Nymphs on the *Thames* out-shine those at  
Sea.

But of *Italy's* Merit and Fame, to say true,  
And give (as 'tis fit) every Country its due,  
Each Nymph, like a *Siren*, with Musick inflames;  
But what's a slight Song to the Charms of the *Thames*?

As for *Germany*, there I was struck with Surprise,  
What the Belles want in Brightness, they make up  
in Size;  
And if Beauties they were to be measur'd like Wine,  
For a Quart on the *Thames*, you've a Tun on the *Rhine*.

And thus having finish'd my whimsical Round,  
Convinc'd that I sought what could no where be found,  
I of roving repent, and accuse my vain Dreams,  
That kept me so long from the Nymphs of the *Thames*.

Now, ye Youths of *Great Britain*, on wand'ring so  
keen,  
To feed your fond Fancies with Beauties unseen;  
Believe what I say, you'll be baulk'd in your Aims,  
If you seek more such Nymphs, as the Nymphs on  
the *Thames*.

But if you should argue my Voyage too small,  
And say my Experience proves nothing at all;

Go

164 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Go enquire of the Sun, and he'll tell you his Beams  
Ne'er shone on such Nymphs as the Nymphs on the  
*Thames.*

SONG CLXXX. *Let Burgundy flow.*

**L**ET *Burgundy* flow,  
Let the Glafs run o'er, let the Glafs run o'er, Boys,  
To cure all our Woe,  
Let the Glafs run o'er the Brim;  
Though *Anna* is gone,  
Think of it no more, think of it no more, Boys,  
Great *George* now comes on,  
Toaft away your Bumpers to him:  
Tho' the Feuds are fo big  
'Twixt the Tory and Whig,  
That the Mifchiefs purfuing prov'd almoft our Ruin,  
Like a Prophet I know,  
They will be no more fo,  
We've a King will unite now both High Church and  
Low.

And now your Hand's in,  
Fill it up again, fill it up again there,  
To all thefe brave Men,  
Who their Hate to *Lorrain* bear ftrong,  
Who, frantick with Pride,  
Boldly durft lately defend the Pretender;  
And if I'm not wide,  
Will be fure to pay for't e're long,  
Nor a Glafs let's have  
To the *Catilines* brave,  
Who held out with a Glory, not equal'd in Story:  
For not *Cæfar* in *Gaul*,  
Nor the great *Hannibal*,  
E'er equal'd their Chief with a Number fo fmall.

SONG

SONG CLXXXI. *As down in a Meadow one  
Morning I past.*

**Y**oung *Anna* and *Philip*, a kind loving Pair,  
 Brisk, airy, and pleasant, and affable were:  
 Young *Anna* was brighter than *Sol's* piercing Ray,  
 And sweeter her Breath, than the Breezes in *May*;  
 And *Philip* was jolly, proportion'd each Limb,  
 He liv'd but in her, she liv'd but in him.  
 But alas! as no Pleasure is permanent here,  
 She brought forth a Son, and was snatch'd from her  
 Dear.

Poor *Philip* bewail'd his sad wretched State,  
 The Loss of his Nymph, and now curses his Fate;  
 The Boy from the World he determines to take,  
 And live like two Hermits, for poor *Anna's* sake:  
 All Women seem'd odious, since *Anna* was dead,  
 And the World but a Forest, or dismal wild Glade,  
 Where Rapine, and Perj'ry, and Int'rest reign'd,  
 And Honour and Justice were greatly disdain'd.

He goes to a Wood, where no human Track  
 Could be seen on the Ground, with the Boy on his Back.  
 And there he hides from him a hundred odd Things,  
 As Luxury, Pride, Self-love, Pomp of Kings,  
 Of Passions, and Darts, and *Cupid*, and Fires,  
 Nor mention'd a Woman, nor ought of Desires:  
 To the Growth of his Years, apt Rules did enroll,  
 Which always were tending to the Good of his Soul.

The Youth being now at least five Years old,  
 Father *Philip* to him the Birds and Beasts told;  
 The Names of the Plants, the Fruits, and the Flow'r's,  
 Their Uses and Virtues, their Beauties and Pow'r's;  
 And amidst these Discourses which Boys pleasant call,  
 He mingled the Threats of Chimeras, and all  
 That of Death and the Devil, Damnation and Hell,  
 Which are the first Lessons to Children we tell.

But now ten Years pass'd, his Conduct he moulds  
 And of an Hereafter the Riddle unfolds;

Yet



Yet nought of fair Women he ever brought in,  
 As if such fine Creatures there ne'er had been.  
 The Stars he describ'd, the Moon and the Sun,  
 And how in their Orbs they gradually run;  
 He mention'd the Author of Earth, Sea, and Air;  
 But nothing of Woman would *Philip* declare.

But at length well stricken in Years being grown,  
 And scarce able to trudge to the neighb'ring Town,  
 Well knowing that Nature must one Day decline,  
 And submit to all-conqu'ring Death's meagre Shrine;  
 But how soon it might be his Fate, did not know;  
 Alas! what shou'd his poor tender Son do?  
 For Wolves have no Pity, nor feel pious Qualms,  
 And Lions, and Tygers ne'er knew to give Alms.

Therefore *Philip* thought it wou'd be the best Way,  
 His Son to the Village to carry one Day;  
 That when he departed this sad hated Life,  
 So full of all Ills, since the Loss of his Wife,  
 That the Youth for himself might be able to shift,  
 And on the World's Mercy not be run a-drift;  
 For poor is the Mortal who trusts on the same,  
 He must live without Comfort, and die without Fame.

But ere he wou'd venture on this hated Strain,  
 The Youth first his twentieth Year did attain;  
 That come, to the Town the Boy led by his Sire,  
 Thro' Boggs, and thro' Lanes of Dirt, and of Mire:  
 He stares all around, and not one thing he knew,  
 But alas! is amaz'd such Wonders to view;  
 Enquires what's that, what's t'other, and this,  
 And the Father strait tells him whatever it is.

But *Phillis* approaching in a purple gay Vest,  
 He ask'd pray what's that, Sir, so charmingly drest?  
 'Tis a Goose, reply'd *Philip*, pray, Son, hold your Peace,  
 Her Skin's more like Down of Swans, than like Geese;  
 'Tis a delicate Fowl! (full of Joy, cries the Youth)  
 Let us carry one home, our Sorrows to sooth;  
 I warrant it sings well! — a Brood let us raise  
 In the Wood where we live, they may all of them graze.

SONG

SONG CLXXXII. *De'l take the War.*

**D**E'L take the War, that hurry'd *Willy* from me,  
 Who to love me just had sworn;  
 They made him Captain sure to undo me,  
 Woe's me! he'll ne'er return.  
 A thousand Loons abroad will fight him,  
 He from thousands ne'er will run;  
 Day and Night I did invite him,  
 To stay at home from Sword and Gun.

I us'd alluring Graces,  
 With muckle kind Embraces,  
 Now fighting, then crying, Tears dropping fall;  
 And had he my soft Arms  
 Prefer'd to War's Alarms:  
 By Love grown mad, without the Man of God,  
 I fear in my Fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd, to make me look provoking,  
 Snares that they told me wou'd catch the Men,  
 And on my Head a huge Commode sat poking,  
 Which made me shew as tall again;  
 For a new Gown too, I paid muckle Money,  
 Which with golden Flow'rs did shine;  
 My Love well might think me gay and bonny,  
 No *Scotch* Lass was e'er so fine.

My Petticoat I spotted,  
 Fringe too with Thread I knotted,  
 Lace-shoes, and Silk-Hose, Garter full over Knees;  
 But oh! the fatal Thought,  
 To *Willy* these are nought;  
 Who rode to Towns, and rifled with Dragoons,  
 When he, silly Loon, might have plunder'd me.

SONO CLXXXIII. *A trifling Song you shall bear.*

**T**HE *Cupids* had left all the Lawns,  
 The Shepherds fell out about *Pan*;  
 The Noise had affrighted the Fawns,  
 And all the kind Wood-Doves were gone.  
 The Reeds had forgot their sweet Strains,  
 Nor murmur'd so soft as before;  
 Disputes had distracted the Swains,  
 And Love was regarded no more.  
 Poor *Damon* might talk to the Wind,  
 His Passion for *Nisa* the Fair,  
 And think, and think on till he pin'd,  
 And sigh till he vanish to Air.  
 The Shepherds sad Comforters prove,  
 Talk not but of *Pan* and the Times,  
 Inhumanly banter his Love,  
 And call it all Whining and Rhimes.  
 To shun all their Jeers, and their Strife,  
 He flies to a neighb'ring Cave,  
 To lament the hard Fate of his Life,  
 And hopes 'twill be shortly his Grave.  
 Against the damp Rock he reclin'd,  
 Like a languishing Lover, his Head:  
 "My Soul, now unload thy whole Mind,  
 "Here none can upbraid thee, he said."  
 He thought it a kind of Relief,  
 Whilst here he lamented alone;  
 Kind Echoes repeated his Grief,  
 In Plaints full as soft as his own.  
 "O! all ye soft Pow'rs above,  
 "And must I be silent and die?  
 "Did *Nisa* but know how I love,  
 "The Charmer could never deny.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 169

- " Young *Colin* had Skill to complain,  
 " And mingle such Art with his Woe;  
 " The Nymphs were all touch'd with his Pain,  
 " And Tears from the Nereids flow.  
 " But *Damon*, a plain-hearted Swain,  
 " On mere simple Truth must rely;  
 " But what can mere Truth hope to gain,  
 " In a Lover so artless as I?  
 " What Oceans of Love through me roll?  
 " Oh! 'tis not in Words to impart;  
 " The Billows that hang on my Soul,  
 " The Sorrow that chokes up my Heart.  
 " Why, Fates, was I destin'd to bear  
 " A Sorrow I cannot reveal?  
 " Or kill me, or help to declare  
 " To *Nisa* the Passion I feel.  
 " Young *Colin* stood list'ning near,  
 " And thus he surprizes the Youth;  
 " If *Nisa* is human she'll hear:  
 " Ah! *Damon*, no Language like Truth.  
 " Go tell her your own artless Ways;  
 " Great Passions ne'er can be express'd;  
 " Simplicity still wins the Day;  
 " She knows how to guess at the rest.  
 " True Love, in a Soul that's sincere,  
 " Is better than Language or Art;  
 " Fine Similies tickle the Ear;  
 " But Nature will soften the Heart.  
 " 'Tis done, — I have writ to my Fair,  
 " But tremble to wait the Reply:  
 " Ah *Nisa*! true Lovers are rare;  
 " May *Damon* be happy, or die."

VOL. II.

I

SONG



SONG CLXXXIV. *Of noble Race was Shinken.*

**O**F noble Race was *Shinken*,  
 The Line of *Owen Tudor*;  
 But hur Renown is fled and gone,  
 Since cruel Love pursu'd hur.

Fair *Winnie's* Eyes bright shining,  
 And Lilly Breasts alluring,  
 Poor *Shinken's* Heart, with fatal Dart,  
 Have wounded, past all curing.

Hur was the pretti'st Fellow  
 At Foot-ball, or at Cricket;  
 At Hunting Chase, or nimble Race,  
 Cotsplut, how hur cou'd kick it.

But now all Joys are flying,  
 All pale and wan hur Cheeks too;  
 Hur Heart so akes, hur quite forsakes,  
 Hur Herrings and hur Leeks too.

No more must dear *Metbeglin*  
 Be top'd at good *Mongomery*;  
 And if Love sore smart one Week more,  
 Adieu Cream-Cheese and Flumery.

SONG CLXXXV. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

**W**Henever, *Chloe*, I begin  
 Your Heart, like mine, to move,  
 You tell me of the crying Sin  
 Of unchaste lawless Love.

How can that Passion be a Sin,  
 Which gave to *Chloe* Birth?  
 How can those Joys but be divine,  
 Which make a Heav'n on Earth.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY! 171

To wed, Mankind the Priests trepann'd,  
By some sly Fallacy,  
And disobey'd God's great Command,  
Increase and multiply.

You say that Love's a Crime, content,  
Yet this allow you must,  
More Joy's in Heav'n when one repent,  
Than over Ninety Just.

Sin then, dear Girl, for Heav'n's sake,  
Repent, and be forgiv'n;  
Bless me, then by Repentance make  
A Holiday in Heav'n.

## SONG CLXXXVI. *In the Fields, in Frost and Snow.*

**I**N the Fields, in Frost and Snow,  
Watching late and early,  
There I kept my Father's Cows,  
There I milk 'em yearly:  
Booing here, booing there,  
Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo.  
*We defy all Care and Strife,*  
*In a charming Country Life.*

Then at home, amongst the Fowls,  
Watching late and early,  
There I tend my Father's Owls,  
There I feed them yearly:  
Whooping here, whooping there,  
Here a Whoo, there a Whoo, every where a Whoo.  
*We defy all Care, &c.*

When the Summer Fleeces heap,  
Watching late and early,  
Then I shear my Father's Sheep,  
Then I keep them yearly:  
Baeing here, baeing there,  
Here a Bae, there a Bae, every where a Bae.  
*We defy all Care, &c.*

# 272 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

In the Morning, e're 'twas Light,

In the Morning early,

There I met with my Delight,

Once he lov'd me dearly;

Wooing here, wooing there,

Here a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woo,

*Ob! bow free from Care, &c.*

E're the Light came from above,

In the Morning early,

There I met with my true Love,

There I met him early:

Wooing here, wooing there,

Here a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woo.

*Ob! bow free from Care, &c.*

In the Morn, at Six o'Clock,

In the Morning early,

There I fed our Turkey-cock,

There I fed him yearly, cou, cou, goble, goble, goble:

Couing here, couing there,

Here a Cou, there a Cou, every where a Cou,

*Ob! bow free from Care, &c.*

In the Morning, near the Fens,

In the Morning early,

There I feed my Father's Hens,

There I feed them yearly:

Cackle here, cackle there,

Here a Cack, there a Cack, every where a Cack.

*Ob! bow free from Care, &c.*

In the Morning with good Speed,

In the Morning early,

I my Father's Ducks do feed,

In the Morning early:

Quacking here, quacking there,

Here a Quack, there a Quack, every where a Quack.

*Ob! bow free from Care, &c.*

In the Morning fair and fine,

In the Morning early,

There I feed my Father's Swine,

There I feed them yearly:

*Grunting*

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 173

Grunting here, grunting there,  
Here a Grunt, there a Grunt, every where a Grunt.  
*Oh! how free from Care and Strife,  
Is a pleasant Country Life.*

## SONG CLXXXVII. *Folly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*

**L**ove's a Dream of mighty Treasure,  
Which in Fancy we possess;  
In the Folly lies the Pleasure,  
Wisdom always makes it less.  
When we think, by Passion heated,  
We a Goddess have in Chase,  
Like *Ixion* we are cheated,  
And a gaudy Cloud embrace.  
Happy only is the Lover,  
Whom his Mistress well deceives;  
Seeking nothing to discover,  
He contented lives at Ease.  
But the Wretch, that would be knowing  
What the Fair-one would disguise,  
Labours for his own undoing,  
Changing happy to be wise.

## SONG CLXXXVIII. *Tweed-Side.*

**Y**E Nymphs who frequent those sweet Plains,  
Where *Thames*' gentle Current doth glide,  
Who, whilom, have heard my glad Strains,  
Nor grateful Attention deny'd.  
With Pity, ye Fair, O reflect  
On the cruel Reverse of my Fate;  
See Constancy paid with Neglect,  
And Fondness rewarded with Hate.



174 "THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

How joyous and gay was each Hour!  
 How wing'd with soft Pleasure they fled!  
 E're Shipwreck'd on *Humber's* dull Shore,  
 By Love my poor Heart was betray'd,  
 For there the Deceiver doth dwell,  
 Whose Charms have so long been my Theme;  
 In Beauty the Maid doth excell,  
 But is fickle and wild as the Stream.

If, averse to my Courtship at first,  
 She had check'd my fond infant Desire,  
 Her Coldness had left me less curst,  
 And perhaps had extinguish'd my Fire:  
 But a thousand false Arts she employ'd,  
 (Ingenious and wanton in Ill)  
 The Passion she nurs'd, she destroy'd,  
 And only created to kill.  
 Yet, tho' she delights in my Smart,  
 Tho' she robs me of all I hold dear,  
 Revenge is below a great Heart,  
 I wish her a Lot less severe:  
 May the Swain, she shall crown with Success,  
 By his Kindness deserve to be priz'd;  
 'Twould double, methinks, my Distress,  
 At last to see her too despis'd.

SONG CLXXXIX. *The Twitcher.*

A Damsel, I'm told,  
 Of delicate Mold,  
 Whose Father was dead, to enrich her  
 Of all her fine Things,  
 Lace, Ribbons, and Rings,  
 Priz'd nothing so much as her Twitcher, poor Girl,  
 Priz'd nothing, &c.  
 The Youths all round,  
 With Courtship profound,  
 Try'd every Art to bewitch her,  
 But she was so chaste,  
 She'd not be embrac'd  
 By any thing else but her Twitcher, poor Girl,  
 By any thing, &c.

Each

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 175

Each offer'd his Pelf,  
In Exchange for herself,  
If to him the Parson might stich her;  
But still she reply'd,  
She'd never be ty'd  
To any thing else but her Twitcher, poor Girl,  
To any thing, &c.

But *Cupid* grown wild,  
To see himself foil'd,  
Resolv'd to find Ways to bewitch her,  
And humble her Pride,  
Whatever betide,  
He scorn'd to give way to the Twitcher, poor Girl,  
He scorn'd, &c.

Brisk *Strepson* the young,  
Whose am'rous Tongue  
Was baited with Words to bewitch her,  
The God did prepare,  
To combat the Fair,  
And try'd to out-rival her Twitcher, poor Girl,  
And try'd, &c.

Young *Strepson* drew nigh her,  
And flush'd with Desire,  
Try'd Kisses and Oaths to bewitch her;  
He prattl'd and toy'd,  
But still she reply'd,  
Pish, let go the Hold of my Twitcher, poor Girl,  
Pish, let go, &c.

But this cunning Spark  
So well took his Mark,  
He found out the Way to o'er-reach her;  
He gave her a Trip,  
Which happen'd to slip  
The mystical Knot of her Twitcher, poor Girl,  
The mystical Knot, &c.

And thus having ended  
The Thing he intended,

176 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Who knows what he did to bewitch her,  
 She cry'd, No, no, no;  
 But yet I can't go:  
 Now do what you will with my Twitcher, dear Boy,  
 Now do, &c.

SONG CXc. *O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.*

*Peggy.* **M**Y Jockey blith, for what thou'st done,  
 There is nae Help nor Mending;  
 For thou hast jogg'd me out of Time,  
 For a' thy fair Pretending:  
 My Mother sees a Change on me,  
 For my Complexion dashes;  
 And this, alas! has been with thee  
 Sae late among the Rashes.

*Jockey.* My *Peggy*, what I've said, I'll do,  
 To free thee frae her Scouling;  
 Come then, and let us buckle too,  
 Nae longer let's be fooling;  
 For her Content, I'll instant wed,  
 Since thy Complexion dashes,  
 And then we'll try a Feather Bed,  
 'Tis safer than the Rashes.

*Peggy.* Then *Jockey*, since thy Love's sae true,  
 Let Mither scoul, I'm easy;  
 Sae lang's I live, I ne'er shall rue  
 For what I've done to please thee;  
 And there's my Hand, I'll ne'er complain,  
 O! well's me on the Rashes;  
 When e'er thou likest, I'll do't again,  
 And a Peg for a' their Clashes.

SONG CXCI. *Let us revel and roar.*

**L**ET us revel and roar, let us revel and roar,  
 The whole World is our Store,  
 And the Gods they will add to our Pleasure;  
 While

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 177

While we wallow all Night,  
In an unknown Delight,  
Till *Aurora* discovers our Treasure,  
Thus we're free from all Care, thus we're free from  
all Care,  
From Taxes and War,  
And we know not the Name of dull Sorrow;  
Evr'y Purse is our Prey,  
Which we spend in one Day,  
And we never take Thought for the Morrow.  
Let us never repine, let us never repine.  
Brisk Women and Wine  
Make the Brims of our Lives to flow over;  
We'll leave the How and the What  
To the politick Sot,  
And the Whine to the Fool of a Lover.

## SONG CXCH. *Of all the World's Enjoy-*

**O**F all the World's Enjoyments  
That ever val'd were,  
There's none of our Employments  
With Fishing can compare;  
Some preach, some write,  
Some swear, some fight,  
All golden Lucre courting;  
But Fishing still  
Bears off the Bell,  
For Profit, or for Sporting,  
Then who a jolly Fisherman, a Fisherman would be,  
His Throat must wet,  
Just like his Net,  
To keep out Gold at Sea.  
The Country Squire loves running  
A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds;  
Another fancies Gunning  
For Wild-ducks in his Grounds:



# 178 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

This hunts, that fowls,  
This hawks, *Dick* bowls,  
No greater Pleasure wishing:  
But *Tom*, that tells  
What Sport excells,  
Gives all the Sport to Fishing.  
*Then who, &c.*

A good *Westphalia* Gammon  
Is counted dainty Fare,  
But what is that to Salmon  
Just taken from the Ware?  
Wheat ears and Quails,  
Cocks, Snipes, and Rayls,  
Are priz'd while Season's lasting;  
But all must stoop,  
To *Craw-fish* Soop,  
Or I've no Skill in tasting.  
*Then who, &c.*

*Kenn* Hunters always take too  
Their Prey with too much Pains;  
Nay, often break a Neck too,  
A Penance for no Brains:  
They run, they leap,  
Now high, now deep;  
Whilst he that Fishing chooses,  
With Ease may do't,  
Nay more to boot,  
May entertain the Muses.  
*Then who, &c.*

And tho' some envious Wranglers,  
To jeer us will make bold,  
And laugh at patient Anglers,  
Who stand so long i' th' Cold;  
They wait on Miss,  
We wait on this,  
And think it easy Labour;  
And if you'd know  
Fish Profits too,  
Consult our *Holland* Neighbour.  
*Then who, &c.*

SONG CXCIH. *Come, let us drink, &c.*

**C**ome, let us drink, and drown all Sorrow,  
For perhaps we may not, for perhaps we may  
not,

For perhaps we may not meet here To-morrow.

He that goes to Bed, goes to Bed, goes to Bed sober,

Falls as the Leaves do, falls as the Leaves do,

Falls as the Leaves do in *October*.

This will cure the Head-ach, the Cough, and the  
Phitick,

This is to all Men, this is to all Men,

This is to all Men the best of Phyfick.

SONG CXCIV. *Happy is a Country Life.*

**H**appy is a Country Life,  
Bless'd with Content, good Health, and Ease,

Free from Faction, Noise, and Strife,

We only plot ourselves to please;

Peace of Mind our Day's Delight,

And Love our welcome Dreams at Night.

Hail green Fields, and shady Woods!

Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure!

Nature's uncorrupted Goods,

Where Virtue only dwells secure:

Free from Vice, and free from Care,

Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

SONG CXCV. *A Dean and a Prebendary.*

**A** Dean and a Prebendary

Had once a new Vagary,

And were at doubtful Strife, Sir,

Who led the better Life, Sir,

180 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

And was the better Man.  
The Dean he said, That truly,  
Since *Bluff* was so unruly,  
He'd prove it to his Face, Sir,  
That he had the more Grace, Sir,  
And so the Fight began.

When *Preb* reply'd like Thunder,  
And roar'd out, 'Twas no Wonder,  
For Gods the Dean had three, Sir,  
And more by two than he, Sir,  
Since he had got but one.

Now, while these two were raging,  
And in Dispute engaging,  
The Master of the Charter,  
Said both had got a Tartar,

For Gods that there were none.  
For all the Books of *Moses*,

Were nothing but Supposes;  
And he deserv'd Rebuke, Sir,  
Who wrote the *Pentateuch*, Sir,  
'Twas nothing but a Sham;

And as for Father *Adam*,  
With Mistress *Eve* his Madam,  
And what the Serpent spoke, Sir,  
Was nothing but a Joke, Sir,

And well invented Flam.

Thus in this Battle Royal,  
As none would take Denial,  
The Dame for which they strove, Sir,  
Could neither of them love, Sir,

For all had giv'n Offence;  
She therefore, slyly waiting,

Left all three Fools a prating,  
And being in a Fright, Sir,  
Religion took her Flight, Sir,  
And ne'er was heard of since.

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY 161

SONG CXCVI. *Happy Hours, &c.*

**H**appy Hours all Hours excelling;  
 When retir'd from Crowds and Noise;  
 Happy is that silent Dwelling,  
 Fill'd with self-possessing Joys;  
 Happy is that contented Creature,  
 Who with fewest Things is pleas'd,  
 And consults the Voice of Nature,  
 When of roving Fancy's eas'd.  
 Every Passion wisely moving,  
 Just as Reason turns the Scale,  
 Ev'ry State of Life improving,  
 That no anxious Thought prevail;  
 Happy Man who thus possesses  
 Life with some Companion dear,  
 Joy imparted still increases,  
 Grievs when told soon disappear.

SONG CXCVII. *To hug yourself in perfect Ease.*

**T**o hug yourself in perfect Ease,  
 What wou'd you wish for more than these?  
 A healthy, clean paternal Seat,  
 Well shaded from the Summer's Heat.  
 A little Parlour Stove to hold  
 A constant Fire from Winter's Cold;  
 Where you may sit, and think, and sing,  
 Far off from court, God save the King.  
 Safe from the Harpies of the Law,  
 From Party Rage, and great Man's Paw?  
 Have choice few Friends of your own Taste,  
 A Wife agreeable and chaste.  
 An open but yet cautious Mind,  
 Where guilty Cares no Entrance find;

Not



# 182 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Nor Miser's Fears, nor Envy's Spite,  
To break the Sabbath of the Night.

Plain Equipage, and temp'rate Meals,  
Few Taylor's, and no Doctor's Bills;  
Content to take, as Heav'n shall please,  
A longer or a shorter Lease.

## SONG CXCVIII. *State and Ambition, &c.*

**S**Tate and Ambition, all Joy to great *Cæsar*,  
*Sawney* shall ne'er be my Colly my Cow;  
All Hail to the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,  
And call upon *Dobbin*, with Hi, je, ho:  
Remember, ye Whigs, what was formerly done;  
And *Jenny* come tye my bonny Cravat;  
If I live to grow old, for I find I grow down,  
For I cannot come ev'ry Day to woo.

*Jove* in his Throne was a Fumbler, *Tom Farthing*,  
And *Jockey* and *Jenny* together did lie;  
Oh! Mother *Roger*: Boys, fill us a Bumper,  
For why will ye die, my poor *Celia*, ah why!  
Hark! how thund'ring Cannons do roar!  
Ladies of *London*, both wealthy and fair;  
*Charon* make haste, and ferry me o'er,  
Lilli Burlero Bullen a lah.

*Chloris*, awake, Fourpence Half-penny Farthing,  
Give me the Lass that is true Country-bred;  
Like *John* of *Gaunt*, I walk *Covent-Garden*,  
I am a Maid, and a very good Maid:  
Twa bonny Lads were *Sawney* and *Jockey*,  
The Delights of the Bottle, and Charms of good Wine,  
Wading the Water so deep, my sweet *Moggy*,  
Cold and raw, let it run in the right Line.

Old *Obadiab* sings *Ave-Maria*,  
Sing Lulla-by-baby on the Tree Top;  
An old Woman and her Cat fat by the Fire,  
Now this is my Love d'ye like her ho?

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 183

Old *Charon* thus preach'd to his Pupil *Achilles*,  
And under this Stone here lies *Gabriel John*;  
Happy was I at the Sight of fair *Phillis*,  
What should a young Woman do with an old Man?

There's old Father *Peters*, with his *Romish* Creatures,  
There was an old Woman sold Puddings and Pies;  
Cannons with Thunder shall fill them with Wonder,  
I once lov'd a Lass that had bright rolling Eyes;  
There's my Maid *Mary*, she does mind her Dairy,  
I took to my Heels, and away I did run;  
And bids him prepare to be happy To-morrow,  
Alas! I don't know the right End of a Gun.

My Life and Death lie both in your Pow'r,  
And every Man to his Mind, *Shrewsbury* for me;  
On the Bank of a Brook, as I sat fishing,  
Shall I die a Maid, and ne'er married be?  
Udsbuds, let *Oliver* now be forgotten,  
*Joan* is as good as my Lady in the Dark;  
Cuckolds are Christians, Boy, all the World over,  
And her'es a full Bumper to *Robin*, *John Clerk*.

## SONG CXCI. *Iantbe the lovely, &c.*

THE Charms of bright Beauty so powerful are,  
'Tis for that we make Peace, and for that we  
make War:

Then tell me no more of Religion and Laws,  
Your Cant of Injustice, your good and bad Cause;  
Your Conquests and Triumphs, your Captives and Spoils;  
Shall never incite me to hazardous Toils.

To be great, wise, and wealthy, I never would chuse,  
Shou'd the Nymph I adore her Favours refuse;  
Then let my *Eugenia* be faithful and kind,  
I'll weary the Winter, I'll weather the Wind;  
I'll ravage the Seas, the Earth, and the Air,  
And combat for her, even Death and Despair.

184 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG CC. *A Soldier and a Sailor.*

**A** Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Taylor,  
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,  
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,  
Whose Name was *Bessie* *Yach*,  
Whose Name was *Bessie* *Yach*,  
For now the Time was ended,  
When she no more intended  
To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,  
And gnaw the Sheets in vain, Sir,  
And lie a-Nights alone,  
And lie a-Nights alone.  
The Soldier swore like Thunder,  
He lov'd her more than Plunder;  
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,  
Which he had brought from far, Sir,  
With fighting for her Sake.  
The Taylor thought to please her,  
By offering her his Measure;  
The Tinker too, with Metal,  
Said he would mend her Kettle,  
And stop up e'ery Leak.

But while these three were prating,  
The Sailor, sily wating,  
Thought, if it came about, Sir,  
That they should all fall out, Sir,  
He then might play his Part:  
And just e'en as he meant, Sir,  
To Logger-heads they went, Sir,  
And then he let fly at her,  
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,  
Which won this fair Maid's Heart.

SONG CCL. *Chevy-Chase.*

**H**ere lies old *Hare*, worn out with Care,  
Who oft times toll'd the Bell;  
Cou'd dig a Grave, and set a Stave,  
And say *Amen* full well.

For

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 185

For sacred Song, he'd *Hopkin's* Tongue,  
And *Sittrubold's* Elke allo;  
With Cough and Hem, he'd stand by them,  
As far as Lungs wou'd go.

Many a Feast for Worms he dress'd,  
Himself then wanting Bread;  
But alas! he's gone with Skin and Bone,  
To starve them now he's dead.

Here take his Spade, follow his Trade,  
Now he is out of Breath,  
Cover the Bones of one who once  
Wrought Journey-Work to Death.

## SONG CCII. *Which no body can deny.*

**O**LD Poets have told us, when they were grown  
mellow.

That *Jupiter* was a fantastical Fellow,  
He wou'd chatter, and thunder, and wheedle, and bellow,  
*Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.*

He was charm'd with a Damsel, but cou'd not tell how  
To humour his liquorish Fancy, and so  
He clap'd up his Nymph in the Limpe of a Cow.  
*Which no body, &c.*

But here let us make up our Poetry full;  
For the Man mast have got no Brains in his Skull,  
Who does not conclude, that *Jove* turn'd a Bull.  
*Which no body, &c.*

His Method of Wooing was loud and condorous,  
At the Time of the Year when the Sun enters *Taurus*;  
Then *Taurus* did enter fair *Io* the Porous.  
*Which no body, &c.*

He gave her two Horns, for a Screen to his Love,  
As *Juno* gave him, as plainly does prove;  
There's a Strumpet below for a Cuckold above.  
*Which no body, &c.*

The



The Lovers, by Instinct, together were moving,  
 When he had a Fancy on Earth to be roving;  
 Then she ran a Bulling, or else ran a Joving,  
*Which no body, &c.*

They may pass for as clever a cornuted Pair,  
 As you e'er saw at *Smithfield* (where the Sight is not rare)  
 Or at *Brentford*, or *Rumford*, or any *Horn-Fair*.  
*Which no body, &c.*

Tho' I take it for granted that nothing more odd is,  
 Instead of a *Shepherdess* lac'd in her *Boddice*,  
 That a swag-belly'd Cow should go for a *Goddess*.  
*Which no body, &c.*

*Alexander*, who conquer'd full many a *Foe*,  
*Mars*, *Hercules*, *Neptune*, and more than we know,  
 Were Sons of this *Jove*, the' not by *Juno*.  
*Which no body, &c.*

But as the prolific *Virtue* wore off,  
 His am'rous Feats made all the *World* laugh,  
 He cou'd get no more *Hero's* and so got a *Calf*.  
*Which no body, &c.*

*Diogenes* grave was the *Fruit* of this *Rub*,  
 For his Name does pronounce him a *Jupiter's* *Cub*;  
 He was born in a *Cow-House*, and liv'd in a *Tub*.  
*Which no body, &c.*

Let a *Concert* of *Butchers* remember the *Thing*;  
 Let *Cleavers* and *Marrow-Bones* merrily ring;  
 Such a jovial *Choir lo-Peans* may sing.  
*Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.*

Song

SONG CCIII. *Thomas, I cannot.*

**C**OME, come, my Molly, come let us be jolly,  
Since we are here met together;  
My Mother's from Home, and we are alone,

Come let us be merry together;  
I'll give you Rings, and Bracelets fine,  
And other fine Trinkets, if you'll be mine.  
O no, kind Sir, I dare not incline.

*My Mother she tells me I munnot, I munnot,*  
*My Mother she tells me I munnot.*

You shall have a Gown of the finest Silk  
That ever yet was seen,

You shall have the Cream of all the Milk  
Of the Cows that go o'er the Green;

You shall have Curds, and Cheese cakes Store,  
And Custards too, all sugar'd o'er.

O no, kind Sir, pray ask no more.

*My Mother she tells me I munnot, I munnot,*  
*My Mother she tells me I munnot.*

You shall have a Petticoat fine and gay,

The best in all the Town,

And you shall wear it ev'ry Day,

And so you shall your Gown;

Your Shift shall be of Holland fine,

If you in Love with me will join.

O no, kind Sir, I dare not be thine.

*My Mother she tells me I munnot, I munnot,*

*My Mother she tells me I munnot.*

I'll settle you in a Copy-hold

Of forty Pounds a Year,

And I have twenty Pounds in Gold,

Will serve to buy good Cheer.

O no, kind Sir, I know you too well,

Give you an Inch, and you'll take an Ell,

And when you have done, you'll tell, you'll tell.

*My Mother she tells me I munnot, I munnot,*

*My Mother she tells me I munnot.*

SONG

SONG CCIV. *O the Mill, Mill-o.*

**B**eneath a green Shade, I fand a fair Maid,  
 Was sleeping sound and still-o;  
 A'to wan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove,  
 Around her with good Will-o,  
 Her Bosom I prest; but sunk in her Rest,  
 She stir'dna my Joy to spill-o;  
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,  
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her, my Fill-o.

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,  
 T'employ my Courage and Skill-o,  
 Fra'er quietly I strā, hoist Sails, and awa,  
 For Wind blew fair on the Bill-o;  
 Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraising Fame  
 Told me with a Voice right shrill-o,  
 My Lafs, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool;  
 Nor ken'd wha had done her the ill-o.

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,  
 I serlying speer'd how she fell-o;  
 Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, Let me die,  
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell-o.  
 Love gave the Command, I took her by th' Hand,  
 And bade her a' Fears expell-o,  
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man,  
 Wha had done her the Deed my fell-o.

My bonny sweet Lafs, on the goweny Grass,  
 Beneath the Shilling-Hill-o,  
 If I did Offence, I'll make ye amends,  
 Before I leave *Peggy's Mill*-o.  
*O the Mill, Mill-o*, and the Kill, Kill-o,  
 And the Cogging of the Wheel-o;  
 The Sack and the Sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,  
 And round with a Sodger reel-o.

SONG. CCV. *There liv'd long ago in a Country Place.*

**G**affer and Gammer were fast in their Nest,  
And all the young Fry of their Cribbs were possist;  
*Spot, Whitefoot, and Puss,* in the Ashes were laid,  
And a blinking Rush-Candle just over their Head.

*Ursla* was scouring her Dishes and Platter,  
Preparing to make her good Friend the Hog fatter;  
Greas'd up to the Elbow, as much to the Eye,  
Till her embroider'd Cloaths were ready to fry.

*Roger* the Plowman i'th' Chimney lay snoring,  
Till *Cupid*, sore vex'd at his Clownish Adoring,  
Did straightway convey to the great Logger-head  
The whisp'ring News, that they were all a-bed.

Up started *Roger*, and rubbing his Eyes,  
Straight to his dear *Ursla* in Passion he hies;  
Then leaning his Elbow on *Ursla*'s broad Back,  
Complain'd that his Heart was ready to crack.

*Ursla*, b'ing vex'd at the Weight of her Love,  
Cry'd, *Cupid*, why dost thou thus treach'rous prove?  
In an angry Mood then she turn'd her about,  
And the Dish-clout lapt over the Face of the Lout.

*Roger* b'ing angry at such an Affront,  
And not at all minding of what might come on't,  
He gave her a Kick, with such wond'rous Mettle,  
As tumbl'd poor *Ursla* quite over the Kettle.

This Noise and Rumbling set *Gaffer* awaking,  
And fearing, lest Thieves had been stealing his Bacon,  
With a Pur down the Stairs, in a trice he came rumbling,  
Where he found *Roger* gaping, while *Ursla* lay tumbling!

Pox take you, quoth he, for a Rogue and a Whore;  
So turn'd the poor Lovers quite out of the Door,  
Nor minding the Rain, nor the cold windy Weather,  
To finish their Loves in a Hog-stye together.

SONG



SONG CCVI. *Listen all, I pray, &c.*

**L**isten all, I pray, to the Words I have to say,  
 In Memory sure insert 'em;  
 Rich Wine do us raise to the Honour of Bays;  
*Quem non fecere disertum?*

Of all the brisk Juice which the Gods do produce,  
 Claret shall be prefer'd before 'em;  
 'Tis Claret shall straight us Mortals create  
*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*

We abandon all Ale, and Beer that is stale,  
*Rosa solis*, and damnable Hum;  
 But sparkling Red shall hold up its Head  
*'Bove Omne quod exit in um.*

This is the Wine, that in former Time  
 Each wise one of the *Mayi*  
 Was wont to carouse in a Chaplet of Boughs;  
*Recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Let the Hop be their Bane, let a Rope be their Shame,  
 Let the Gout and Cholick pine 'em,  
 That offer to shrink in taking their Drink,  
*Seu Græcum, sive Latinum.*

Let the Glas fly about, till the Bottle is out,  
 Let each one do as he's done to:  
 'Vaunt those that hug th'abominable Jug,  
 'Mong us *Heteroclita sunto.*

There's no such Disease, as he that doth please  
 His Palate with Beer for to shame us;  
 'Tis Claret that brings to Fancy its Wings,  
 And says, *Musæ, Majora canamus.*

He's either a Mute, or does poorly dispute,  
 That drinketh not Wine as we Men do;  
 The more Wine a Man drinks, like a subtle *Sphinx*,  
*Tantum valet iste loquendo.*

How it cheers the Brains, how it warms the Veins,  
 How 'gainst all Crosses it arms us!  
 How it makes him that's poor courageously roar,  
*Et mutatas dicere formas.*

Give

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 191

Give me the Boy, my Delight and my Joy,

To my *Tantum* that drinks his *Tale*;

By Wine he, that waxes in our *Syntaxis*,

*Est Verbum personale.*

Art thou weak or lame, or thy Wits to blame?

Call for Wine, and thou shalt have it;

'Twill make thee to rise, and be very wise,

*Cui vim natura negavit.*

We have frolick Rounds, we have merry Go-downs,

Yet nothing is done at random;

For when we're to pay, we club and away,

*Id est commune notandum.*

No Vintners deny the Lads that are dry,

But give 'em Wine, whate'er it cost 'em;

If they do not pay till another Day,

*Manet altâ mente repostum.*

Who ne'er fails to drink all clear from the Brink,

With a smooth and even Swallow,

I'll offer at's Shrine, and call it divine,

*Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

He that drinks still, and ne'er has his Fill,

Has a Passage like a Conduit;

Brisk Wine does inspire with Rapture and Fire,

*Sic Æther Æthera fundit.*

When we merrily quaff, if any go off,

And sily offer to pass ye,

Give their Nose a Twitch, and kick 'em o' th' Breech,

*Nam componuntur ab asse.*

I have told you plain, and will tell ye again,

Be he as furious as *Orlando*;

He is an *Ass* that from hence doth pass,

*Nisi bibit ad Ostia stando.*

SONG CCVII. *While the Town agrees that*  
*Polly.*

**H** Ark, *Lucinda*, to the Wooing,  
Murm'ring Turtles am'rous Cooing;

Shelly

Shelly Grotts their Love rebound:  
Streams along the Pebble trilling,  
Heart with trembling Pleasure filling,  
Sweetly answer to the Sound,  
Sweetly answer to the Sound.

Twisted Boughs above combining,  
Loving Joy around them twining.

Guard thee with a mingled Shade;  
Purple Violets, blushing Roses,

Od'rous Flower's in various Posies,

Dress thy Bosom and thy Head,

Dress thy Bosom and thy Head.

See! their tender Beings flying,

Quickly fading, quickly dying!

Beauty ne'er was fram'd to last:

Let the Lover once advise thee,

To improve the Good that flies thee;

Soon, ah! soon, the Season's past,

Soon, ah! soon, the Season's past.

Air, with hollow Tempests swelling,

Gath'ring Clouds a Storm foretelling,

Shroud in Night the fairest Day:

Springing Beauty, gaily blooming,

Sees not lowly Winter's coming.

To December change her May,

To December change her May.

SONG CCVIII. *Ab! how sweet it is to love!*

**A**H! how sweet it is to love!

Ah! how gay is young Desire!

And what pleasing Pains we prove,

When first we feel a Lover's Fire!

Pains of Love are sweeter far,

Than all other Pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from Lovers blown,

Do but gently heave the Heart:

E'en the Tears they shed alone

Cure, like trickling Balm, their Smart.

**H**  
Lovers

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 193

Lovers, when they lose their Breath,  
Bleed away; an easy Death.  
Love and Time with Rev'rence use,  
Treat 'em like a parting Friends;  
Nor the golden Gifts refuse,  
Which in Youth sincere they send,  
For each Year their Price is more,  
And they less simple than before.  
Love, like Spring-Tides, full and high,  
Swells in ev'ry youthful Vein;  
But each Tide does less supply,  
Till they quite shrink in again;  
If a Flow in Age appear,  
'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

## SONG CCIX. *Grim King of the Ghosts.*

**G**Rim King of the Ghosts, make Haste,  
And bring hither all your Train:  
See how the pale Moon does waste,  
And just now is in the Wain:  
Come, ye Night-Hags, with your Charms,  
And reveling Witches away,  
And hug me close in your Arms,  
To you my Respects I'll pay.  
I'll court you, and think you fair,  
Since Love does distract my Brain;  
I'll go, and I'll wed the Night-Mare,  
And kiss her, and kiss her again;  
But if she prove peevish and proud,  
A Pize on her Love, let her go;  
I'll seek me a Winding-Shroud,  
And down to the Shades below.  
A Lunacy I endure,  
Since Reason departs away,  
I call to those Hags for Cure,  
As knowing not what I say:  
The Beauty, whom I adore,  
Now flighs me with Scorn and Disdain,  
I never shall see her more,  
Ah! how shall I bear my Pain?  
Vot. II. K I ram



## 194 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

I ramble and range about,  
 To find out my charming Saint,  
 While she at my Grief does flout,  
 And laughs at my loud Complaint :  
 Distraction, I see, is my Doom,  
 Of this I am too too sure  
 A Rival is got in my Room,  
 While Torments I endure.

Strange Fancies do run in my Head,  
 While wand'ring in Despair,  
 I am to the Desert led,  
 Expecting to find her there :  
 Methinks, in a spangled Cloud,  
 I see her enthron'd on high ;  
 Then to her I cry aloud,  
 And labour to reach the Sky.

When thus I have rav'd a while,  
 And weary'd myself in vain,  
 I lie on the barren Soil,  
 And bitterly do complain ;  
 Till Slumber hath quieted me,  
 In Sorrow I sigh and weep,  
 The Clouds are my Canopy,  
 To cover me while I sleep.

I dream, that my charming Fair  
 Is then in my Rival's Bed,  
 Whose Tresses of golden Hair  
 Are on the fair Pillow spread ;  
 Then this does my Passion inflame,  
 I start, and no longer can lie ;  
 Ah ! *Sylvia*, art thou not to blame,  
 To ruin a Lover ? I cry.

Grim King of the Ghosts be true,  
 And hurry me hence away.  
 My languishing Life to you  
 A Tribute I freely pay ;  
 To the *Elysian* Shades I post,  
 In hopes to be freed from Care,  
 Where many a bleeding Ghost  
 Is hov'ring in the Air.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 195

## SONG CCX. 'Tis my Glory, &c.

**T**IS my Glory to adore ye,  
 You're so charming, O my Dearest!  
 Why shou'd I of Fate complain?  
 The' I'm not the happiest Swain,  
 Still, still I'm the sincerest.  
 Evermore I'll adore thee, O my Dearest!  
 How tormenting is the Passion,  
 When our Hopes are all in vain,  
 Thus to gaze on one so fair,  
 Makes amends for all my Care,  
 Still, still, I'm the sincerest.  
 Evermore I'll adore thee, O my Fairest!

## SONG CCXI. O lovely Charming.

**C**elia the charming,  
 My Fancy's Darling,  
 All Hopes disarming,  
 Crosses the Main;  
 Since we must sever,  
 Farewel for ever,  
 Thou greatest Pleasure,  
 Thou greatest Pain.  
 No Beauty shall move me,  
 If you will love me,  
 Or if you approve me,  
 E'er shall again;  
 On this relying,  
 Tho' you are flying,  
 Yet when I'm dying  
 I'll sigh your Name.  
 Youth and Desire  
 Will fan the Fire,  
 And make me aspire  
 To all your Gain.

196. THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Go then and leave me,  
'Ere you deceive me,  
Death must relieve me,  
And ease my Pain.

SONG CCXII. *Hark, away, 'tis the merry-  
tune of Horn.*

**T**olly Souls that are gay, rosy and free,  
And true Vor'ries to Bacchus will be,  
To great Bacchus' Shrine let's repair,  
And a Bottle or two offer there.

CHORUS.

*Exempt from Excise, our Joy bigger is,  
Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;  
Our Bottle at Night gives us Joy and Delight,  
And drowns all the drowsy Fatigues of the Day.*

Let the griping old Usurer pine,  
Let the Lover call *Phillis* divine,  
Let each Man what he fancies command,  
My Delight's in my Bottle and Friend,  
*Exempt from, &c.*

O what Joy from the Bottle there springs,  
It can make us greater than Kings;  
If our Spirits by Grief are oppress'd,  
Wine alone can procure us some Rest,  
*Exempt from, &c.*

Great Influence has Wine over Love,  
And the coy can make kinder to prove;  
Tho' the Nymph very slighting denies,  
It discovers the Truth in her Eyes,  
*Exempt from, &c.*

It can make us all Heroes in brief,  
And the Wretched forget all his Grief,  
It inspires the Gallant and Brave,  
And Freedom can give to the Slave.

CHO.

CHORUS.  
*Exempt from Excise, our Joes higher rise,  
 Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;  
 Our Bottle at Night gives us Joy and Delight,  
 And drowns all the drowsy Fatigues of the Day.*

SONG CCXIII. *To you who live at home, &c.*

**T**O you who live at home at Ease,  
 And revel in Delight;  
 We Mariners that sail the Seas,  
 Befriended by a gentle Breeze,  
 To you we thus indite.

Let all your Perturbations die,  
 Your private Feuds allay;  
 Let ev'ry Animosity  
 For ever in Oblivion lie,  
 Now we are gone to Sea.

When forked Lightning flies amain,  
 And Thunder splits our Mast,  
 Think then what Dangers we sustain,  
 Compell'd by you to cross the Main,  
 For human Frailties past.

I hope to see my Dear once more,  
 Tho' I my Voy'ge pursue;  
 Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,  
 To waft me from *Britannia's* Shore,  
 I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the War's Alarms,  
 Nor poison'd *Indian* Dart;  
 But while engag'd in hostile Arms,  
 I'll be inspir'd by *Molly's* Charms,  
 With whom I leave my Heart.

When having suffer'd an Exile,  
 And favour'd by the Wind,  
 Enrich'd with *Carolina's* Spoil,  
 And coasting for my native Isle,  
 Perhaps she'll then prove kind.



198 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG CCXIV. *Sweet are the Charms of  
her I love.*

**I**T is not, *Celia*, in our Pow'r,  
To say how long our Love will last;  
It may be, we, within this Hour,  
May lose the Joys we now do taste:  
The Blessed, that Immortal be,  
From Change in Love are only free.  
Then, since we mortal Lovers are,  
Ask not how long our Love will last;  
But while it does, let us take Care  
Each Minute be with Pleasure past:  
Were it not Madness to deny  
To live, because we're sure to die?  
Fear not, tho' Love and Beauty fail,  
My Reason shall my Heart direct;  
Your Kindness now, shall then prevail,  
And Passion turn into Respect:  
*Celia*, at worst, you'll, in the End,  
But change a Lover for a Friend.

SONG CCXV. *Chloe, a Coquet, &c.*

**C***Hloe*, a Coquet, in her Prime,  
The vainest, ficklest Thing alive;  
Behold the strange Effects of Time!  
Marries, and doats at forty-five.  
So Weather-cocks, that for a while  
Have veer'd about with ev'ry Blast,  
Grown old, and destitute of Oil,  
Rust to a Point, and fix at last.

SONG

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 199

SONG CCXVI. *Would Fate to me Belinda  
give.*

**Y**OU meaner Beauties of the Night,  
Who poorly satisfy our Eyes,  
More with your Number than your Light,  
Like common People of the Skies,  
What are you when the Moon doth rise?

You Violets, that first appear,  
By your fine purple Mantles known,  
Like the proud Virgins of the Year,  
As if the Spring were all your own;  
What are you when the Rose is blown?

You warbling Chanters of the Wood,  
Who fill our Ears with Nature's Lays,  
Thinking your Passion's understood  
By meaner Accents; what's your Praise  
When *Philomel* her Voice doth raise?

You glorious Trifles of the East,  
Whose Estimations Fancies raise,  
Pearls, Rubies, Sapphires, and the rest  
Of glitt'ring Gems; what is your Praise,  
When the bright Di'mond shews his Rays?

So when my Princess shall be seen,  
In Beauty of her Face and Mind,  
By Virtue first, then Choice, a Queen;  
Tell me, if she were not design'd  
Th' Eclipse and Glory of her Kind.

The Rose, the Violet, the whole Spring,  
Unto her Breath for Sweetness run;  
The Di'mond's darken'd in the Ring,  
If she appear, the Moon's undone,  
As in the Presence of the Sun.

SONG CCXVIII. *Black Joke.*

**I**Nspir'd by Int'rest, Passions, or Whims,  
 What one calls Meat, t'other Poison esteems:  
 How Fancies, like Faces, various prove:  
 If Sons of *Bacchus* so oft disagree  
 In Choice of Liquors, then why may not we  
 Have divers and sundry Objects of Love.  
 A free-born *Briton*, each Man may delight,  
 As pleases him most, in Jokes black or white:  
     But, like a dull Jest,  
     To me are the rest,  
     In Country and Town,  
     Compar'd with the brown,  
 The nut-brown that might captive a *Jove*.  
 If Virtue the middlemost Station claims,  
 And Danger lies most in distant Extreams,  
 How safe, how charming then is my Choice?  
 The nut-brown Joke, not a *Saturn*, nor *Sol*,  
 Invites my Senses and raptures my Soul;  
 The temp'rate Zone! a *Canaan* of Joys!  
 To all other Jokes for ever adieu;  
 The brown that conquers can keep me true.  
     How sweet is the Yoke  
     To a nut-brown Joke!  
     To Bounds such as this,  
     Confinement's a Bliss;  
 And all other earthly Manna cloy.  
 Nor Splendour of Courts, nor warlike Alarms,  
 Affect me in my *Florella's* Arms,  
 Or make Impressions in my Mind.  
 I'll laugh at ev'ry rival Fair,  
 At Fortune, at Fame, and anxious Care,  
 While my *Florella's* true and kind.  
 No Magick has so mighty a Force,  
 Both Person and Heart, for better and worse,  
     In a Circle to lock,  
     As her nut-brown Joke,

Where

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 201

Where Ages are lost,  
And Pleasures engross,  
Where Soul and Sense their Paradise find.

## SONG CCXIX. *The Sun was just setting, &c.*

**T**HE Sun was just setting, the Reaping was done,  
And over the Common I tripp'd it alone;  
Then whom should I meet, but young *Dick* of our  
Town,  
Who swore, 'ere I went I should have a green Gown;  
*He press'd me, I stumbl'd*  
*He push'd me, I tumbld;*  
*He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd;*  
*But still he kiss'd on:*  
*Then rose, and went from me, as soon as he'd done.*  
*If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,*  
*May I be worse rump'd,*  
*Worse tumbld and jumbld,*  
*Wherever, wherever I go.*

Before an old Justice I summon'd the Spark,  
And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clark;  
He pull'd out his Ink-horn, and ask'd me his Fee,  
You now shall relate the whole Business, quoth he.  
*He press'd me, &c.*

The Justice then came, tho' grave was his Look,  
Seem'd to wish I wou'd kiss him instead of the Book;  
He whisper'd his Clark, then leaving the Place,  
I was had to his Chamber to open my Case.  
*He press'd me, &c.*

I went to our Parson to make my Complaint,  
He look'd like a *Bacchus*, but preach'd like a Saint;  
He said, We should soberly Nature refresh;  
Then ten times he urg'd me to humble the Flesh.  
*He press'd me, I stumbl'd,*  
*He push'd me, I tumbld,*



202 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

He kiss'd me, I grumbld;  
 But still he kiss'd on;  
 Then rose, and went from me, as soon as he'd done;  
 If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,  
 May I be worse rumpl'd,  
 Worse tumbld and jumbld;  
 Wherever, wherever I go.

SONG CCXX. *Non est vago.*

**I** Come, my fairest Treasure,  
 To seize the Blessing;  
 With thee is ev'ry Pleasure  
 Beyond expressing.  
 The Spring, when Flow'rs are blooming,  
 And ev'ry Sweet perfuming,  
 Your Bloom surpasses.

*Da Capo.*

SONG CCXXI. *Welcome, welcome, Brother-Debtor.*

**W**elcome, welcome, Brother Debtor,  
 To this poor, but merry Place,  
 Where no Bailiff, Dun, nor Setter,  
 Dares to shew his frightful Face.  
 But, kind Sir, as you're a Stranger,  
 Down your Garnish you must pay,  
 Or your Coat will be in Danger,  
 You must either strip or pay.  
 Ne'er repine at your Confinement  
 From your Children or your Wife;  
 Wisdom lies in true Resignment,  
 Through the various Scenes of Life,  
 Scorn to shew the least Repentment,  
 Tho' beneath the Frowns of Fate,  
 Knaves and Beggars find Contentment,  
 Fears and Cares attend the Great.

Tho'

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY: 203

Tho' our Creditors are spiteful,  
And restrain our Bodies here,  
We will make a Gaol delightful,  
Since there's nothing else to fear.  
Every Island's but a Prison,  
Strongly guarded by the Sea,  
Kings and Princes for that Reason  
Pris'ners are as well as we.

What made the Great *Alexander*  
Weep at his unfriendly Fate?  
'Twas because he could not wander,  
Beyond this World's strong Prison Gate.  
The World itself is strongly bounded,  
By the Heavens and Stars above,  
Why should we then be confounded,  
Since there's nothing free but Love?

## SONG CCXXII. *You pretty Birds, &c.*

**Y**OU pretty Birds that sit and sing  
Amidst the shady Valleys,  
And see how sweetly *Phillis* walks  
Within her guarded Alleys:  
Go, pretty Birds, unto her Bow'r,  
Sing, pretty Birds, she may not low'r;  
*For fear my fairest Phillis frown,*  
*You pretty Wantons, warble.*

Go, tell her thro' your chirping Bills,  
As you by me are bidden,  
To her is only known my Love,  
Which from the World is hidden:  
Go, pretty Birds, and tell her so,  
See that your Notes fall not too low;  
*For fear my fairest Phillis frown,*  
*You pretty Wantons, warble.*

204 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Go tune your Voices, Harmony;  
And sing I am her Lover;  
Strain low and high, that every Note  
With sweet Consent may move her;  
Tell her, it is her Lover true,  
That sendeth Love by you and you.  
*Ab me! methinks I see her frown.*  
*You pretty Wantons, warble.*

Fly, pretty Birds, and in your Bills  
Bear me a loving Letter  
Unto my fairest *Phyllis*, and  
With your sweet Musick greet her:  
Go, pretty Birds, unto her nie,  
Haste pretty Birds, unto her fly.  
*Ab me! methinks I see her frown.*  
*You pretty Wantons, warble.*

And if you find her sadly set,  
About her sweetly chant it,  
Untill she smiling raise her Head;  
No'er cease until she grant it:  
Go, pretty Birds, and tell her I,  
As you have done, will to her fly.  
*Ab me! methinks I see her frown.*  
*You pretty Wantons, warble.*

SONG CCXXII. Gently touch the warbling  
Lyre.

**Y**OU I love, by all that's true,  
More than all Things here below;  
With a Pleasure far more great  
Than e'er Creature loved yet;  
And yet still you cry, forbear,  
Love no more, or love not here:

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,  
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 205

Bid the Old be young again,  
 Bid the Nun not think of Man:  
*Sylvia*, when thou this can do,  
 Bid me then not think of you.  
 Love's not a Thing of Choice, but Fate;  
 What makes me love, makes you to hate:  
*Sylvia*, then do what you will,  
 Ease, or cure, torment, or kill;  
 Be kind, or cruel, false, or true,  
 Love I must, and none but you.

## SONG CCXXIV. *Come, let us prepare.*

**W**Hat a Pother of late  
 Have they kept in the State,  
 About setting our Consciences free:  
 A Bottle has more  
 Dispensations in store  
 Than the King and the State can decree.  
 When my Head's full of Wine,  
 I o'erflow with Design,  
 And know no penal Laws that can curb me:  
 What'er I devise  
 Seems good in my Eyes,  
 And Religion ne'er dares to disturb me.  
 No saucy Remorse  
 Intrudes in my Course,  
 Nor impertinent Notions of Evil;  
 So there's Claret in store,  
 In Peace I've my Whore,  
 And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

## SONG CCXXV. *Fair Iris I love, &c.*

**F**Air *Iris* I love, and I hourly die,  
 But not for a Lip, nor a languishing Eye;  
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,  
 For I am as false and as fickle as she;

We



## 206 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

We neither believe what either can say,  
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and say Things of Course,  
We mean not the taking for better for worse;  
When present we love, when absent agree,  
I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me;  
The Legend of Love no Couple can find,  
So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

SONG CCXXVI. *A trifling Song you shall  
bear.*

THE Sun was now withdrawn,  
The Shepherds home were sped,  
The Moon wide o'er the Lawn  
Her silver Mantle spread,  
When *Damon* stay'd behind,  
And saunter'd in the Grove:  
Will ne'er a Nymph be kind,  
And give me Love for Love?  
Oh! those were golden Hours,  
When Love, devoid of Care,  
In all *Arcadia's* Bow'rs  
Lodg'd Nymphs and Swains by Pairs.  
But now from Wood and Plain  
Flies ev'ry sprightly Lark;  
No Joys for me remain,  
In Shades, or on the Grass.

The winged Boy draws near,  
And thus the Swain reproves:  
While Beauty revell'd here,  
My Game lay in the Groves:  
At Court I never fail  
To scatter round my Arrows,  
Men fall as thick as Hail,  
And Maidens love like Sparrows.

Then

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 207

Then, Swain, if me you need,  
 Strait lay your Sheep-hook down,  
 Throw by your Oaten Reed,  
 And haste away to Town:  
 So well I'm known at Court,  
 None ask where *Cupid* dwells,  
 But readily resort  
 To B——n's or L——ll's.

## SONG CCXXVII. *Young Virgins love Pleasure.*

COME Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs and Musicians,  
 Away, and in Troops to the Jubilee jog;  
 Leave Discord and Death to the College-Physicians,  
 Let the Vig'rous whore on, and the Impotent flog:  
 Already *Rome* opens her Arms to receive ye,  
 And of ev'ry Trangression her Lord will forgive ye.  
 Indulgencies, Pardons, and such holy Lumber  
 As cheap are there now as our Cabbages grown;  
 Whilst musty old Relicks of Saints, without Number,  
 For barely the looking upon shall be shown:  
 These, were you an Atheist, wou'd needs overcome ye,  
 That first were made Martyrs, and afterwards Mummy.  
 They'll shew you the River so sung by the Poet,  
 With the Rock from whence Mortals were knock'd  
 on the Head:  
 They'll shew the Place too, as some will avow it,  
 Where once a She-Pope was brought fairly to bed:  
 For which, ever since, to prevent Interloping,  
 In a Chair her Successors still suffer a Groping.  
 What a Sight 'tis to see the gay Idol accouter'd  
 With Mitre and Cope, and two Keys by his Side.  
 Be his Inside what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his outward  
 Shews *Servus Servorum* no Hater of Pride.  
 Those Keys into Heav'n will surely admit ye,  
 As the Clerks of a Parish to a Pew in the City.

What

## 208 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

What a Sight 'tis to see the Old Man in Procession,  
Thro' *Rome*, in such Pomp as the *Cæsars* did ride?  
Here scatt'ring her Pardons, there crossing and blessing,  
With all his shav'd spiritual Trainband by his Side,  
As Confessors, Cardinals, Monks fat as Bacons,  
From rev'rend Arch-bishops, to rosy Arch-deacons.

There for your Diversion, the more to regale ye,  
Fine Musick you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll see;  
Men who much out-warble your am'rous *Fideli*,  
And make ye mere Fools of *Balloon* and *L'Abbe*;  
And to shew you how fond they're to kiss *Vostras Manus*,  
Each *Padre* turns Pimp, and all Nuns *Courtizana's*.

And when you've some Months at old *Babylon* been-a,  
And on Panders and Punks all your Rhino is spent;  
And when you have seen all that's there to be seen-a  
You'll return, not so rich, tho' as wise as you went:  
And 'twill be but small Comfort, after so much Expence-a,  
That your Heirs will do so just a hundred Years hence-a.

SONG CCXXVIII. *Waft me, some soft and  
cooling Breze.*

**B** *Elinda's* blest'd with every Grace;  
See Beauty triumphs in her Face:  
Her Charms such lively Rays display,  
They kindle Darknes into Day.  
When she appears, all Sorrow flies,  
And Gladness sparkles in our Eyes:  
Around her wait the flutt'ring Loves,  
When graceful in the Dance she moves.

SONG CCXXIX. *Greenwood Tree:*

**U** Pon *Clarinda's* panting Breast  
The happy *Strepton* lay,  
With Love and Beauty jointly prest  
To pass the Time away.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 209

Fresh Raptures of transporting Love  
 Struck all his Senses dumb,  
 He envy'd not the Pow'r above,  
 Nor all the Joys to come.  
 As Bees around the Garden rove,  
 To fetch their Treasures home,  
 So Strephon trac'd the Fields of Love,  
 To fill her Honey-comb :  
 Her ruby Lips he kiss'd and prest,  
 From whence all Joys derive ;  
 Then humming round her snowy Breast,  
 Strait crept into her Hive.

## SONO CCXXX. *Tibby has a Store of Charms.*

**T**ibby has a Store of Charms,  
 Her genty Shape our Fancy warms ;  
 How strangely can her sma' white Arms  
 Fetter the Lad who looks at her ?  
 Frae'er Ankle to her slender Waiste,  
 These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her ;  
 Her rosy Cheeks, and rising Breast,  
 Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fu' o' Water.  
 Nelly's gawfy, fast, and gay,  
 Fresh as the lucken Flow'rs in May ;  
 Ilk ane that sees her cries, *Ab bey!*  
*She's bonny ! O I wonder at her !*  
 The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek  
 And Limbs sae plump invite to dawt her ;  
 Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae sleek,  
 Gar many Mouths beside mine Water.  
 Now strike my Finger in a Bore,  
 My Wyson with the Maiden Shore,  
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,  
 When these twa Stars appear thegither.  
 O Love! why dost thou gie thy Fires  
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither ?  
 Our spacious Sauls immense Desires,  
 And ay be in a hankering Swither.

*Tibby's*



## 210 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Tibby's Shape and Airs are fine,  
 And Nelly's Beauties are divine:  
 But since they canna baith be mine,  
 Ye Gods, give ear to my Petition.  
 Provide a good Lad for the tane,  
 But let it be with this Provision,  
 I get the other to my lane,  
 In Prospect *plains* and Fruition.

SONG CCXXXI. *With tuneful Pipe, and  
 merry Glee.*

**A**S Sparabella pensive lay,  
 In dreary Shade along,  
 With woful Mood, the Love-lorn Maid  
 Thus wail'd in plaining Song.  
 The Tears, forth streaming from her Eyes,  
 Adown her Cheeks, fast flow:  
 Her Eyes, which now no longer shine,  
 Her Cheeks no longer glow.  
 Ah! well-a-day! does Colin then  
 Make Mock of all my Smart?  
 Has he so soon forgot his Vows,  
 Which won my Maiden Heart?  
 Ah wilefs Damsel! why did I  
 So soon myself resign?  
 Ah! why didst thou, false Shepherd, say,  
 Thy Heart should still be mine?  
 Oh! Colin, Colin, call to mind  
 What you to me did say,  
 As we in yonder Field were laid  
 Beneath the cocking Hay;  
 Whilst tenderly I stroak'd thy Cheeks,  
 My Apron o'er thee spread,  
 Snatch'd hasty Kisses from thy Lips,  
 And lull'd thy leaning Head.  
 Did you not swear, that Hounds shou'd first  
 With tim'rous Hares unite;  
 The Fox with Geese, with Lambs the Dog,  
 And with the Hen the Kite:  
 The

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 211

The Moon (that roves like thee) should fail,  
The Stars benighted prove,  
The Sun (that burns like me) shou'd cease  
To shine, e'er thou to love?

Oh! then let wide Confusion reign,  
The Hound with Hares unite;  
The Fox with Geese, with Lambs the Dog,  
And with the Hen the Kite:  
Thou Sun, no more with Glory shine,  
Ye Stars, extinguish'd be;  
Drop down, thou Moon, and fall to Earth,  
For Colin's false to me.

The Damsel thus, with Eyes brim-full,  
Rehears'd her piteous Woes,  
When she perceiv'd her fading Life  
Draw near, alas! its Close.  
But first, forewarn'd by me, poor Maid!  
Ah! Maid no more, she cry'd,  
Ye Lasses all, thin flatter'ing Swains;  
Then clos'd her Eyes, and dy'd.

## SONG CCXXXII. *I am a jolly Bowler.*

**I** Am a jolly Huntsman,  
My Voice is shrill and clear,  
Well known to drive the Stag,  
And the drooping Dogs to cheer.  
*And a hunting we will go, will go, will go,  
And a hunting we will go.*

I leave my Bed betimes,  
Before the Morning grey,  
Let loose my Dogs, and mount a Horse,  
And hollow, Come away.  
*And a hunting, &c.*

The Game's no sooner rous'd,  
But in rush the cheerful Cry,  
Thro' Bush and Brake, o'er Hedge and Stake,  
The frighted Beast does fly.  
*And a hunting, &c.*

# 212 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

In vain he flies to Covert,  
A num'rous Pack pursue,  
That never cease to trace his Steps,  
Ev'n tho' they've lost the View.  
*And a hunting, &c.*

To Scentwell, hark! he calls,  
And faithful Finder joins;  
Whip in the Dogs, my merry Rogues,  
And give your Horse the Reins.  
*And a hunting, &c.*

Hark! forward how they go,  
The View they'd lost they gain;  
Tantivy, high and low,  
Their Legs and Throats they strain.  
*And a hunting, &c.*

Now sweetly, in full Cry,  
Their various Notes they join;  
Gods! what a Concert's here, my Lads!  
'Tis more than half divine.  
*And a hunting, &c.*

The Woods, Rocks, and Mountains,  
Delighted with the Sound,  
To neighb'ring Dales and Fountains,  
Repeating, deal it round.  
*And a hunting, &c.*

A glorious Chase it is,  
We drove him many a Mile,  
O'er Hedge and Ditch, we go thro' Stitch,  
And hit off many a Foil.  
*And a hunting, &c.*

And yet he runs it stoutly,  
How wide, how swift he strains!  
With what a Skip he took that Leap,  
And scow'rs it o'er the Plains!  
*And a hunting, &c.*

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 213

See, how our Horses foam,  
The Dogs begin to droop;  
The winding Horn, on Shoulder born,  
'Tis time to chear 'em up.  
And a hunting, &c. [Sound Tauting,

Hark! Leader, Countess, Bouncer,  
Chear up, my merry Dogs all;  
To Tatler, hark! he holds it smart,  
And answers ev'ry Call.  
And a hunting, &c.

Co, Co, there, Drunkard, Snowball,  
Gadzooks! whip Bomer in;  
We'll die i'th' Place, 'ere quit the Chase,  
'Till we've made the Game our own.  
And a hunting, &c.

Up yonder Steep I'll follow,  
Beset with craggy Stones;  
My Lord cries, Jack, you Dog, come back,  
Or else you'll break your Bones.  
And a hunting, &c.

Huzzah! he's almost down,  
He begins to slack his Courfe,  
He pants for Breath; I'll in at's Death,  
Tho' I should kill my Horse.  
And a hunting, &c.

See, now he takes the Moors,  
And strains to reach the Stream;  
He leaps the Flood, to cool his Blood,  
And quench his thirsty Flame.  
And a hunting, &c.

He scarce has touch'd the Bank,  
The Cry bounce finely in,  
And swiftly swim a-cross the Stream,  
And raise a glorious Din.  
And a hunting, &c.



# 214 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

His Legs begin to fail,  
His Wind and Speed are gone,  
He stands at Bay, and gives 'em Play,  
He can no longer run.  
*And a bunting, &c.*

Old Hector long behind,  
By Use and Nature bold,  
In rushes first, and seizes fast,  
But soon is flung from's Hold.  
*And a bunting, &c.*

He traverses his Ground,  
Advances and retreats,  
Gives many Hound a mortal Wound,  
And long their Force defeats.  
*And a bunting, &c.*

He bounds, and springs, and snorts,  
He shakes his branched Head:  
'Tis safest, farthest off, I see,  
Poor Talbot is lain dead.  
*And a bunting, &c.*

Vain are Heels and Antlers,  
With such a Pack set round,  
Spite of his Heart, seize ev'ry Part,  
And pull him fearless down.  
*And a bunting, &c.*

Ha! dead, ware, dead, whip off,  
And take a special Care;  
Dismount with Speed, and cut his Throat,  
Lest they his Haunches tear.  
*And a bunting, &c.*

The Sport is ended now,  
We're laden with the Spoil;  
At home we pass, we talk o' th' Chase,  
O'er-paid for all our Toil.  
*And a bunting, &c.*

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 215

SONG CCXXXIII. *As Tippling John.*

**F**rom *White's* and *Will's*,  
To purling Rills,  
The Love-sick *Strephon* flies;  
There, full of Woe.  
His Numbers flow,  
And all in Rhime he dies.

The fair Coquet,  
With feign'd Regret,  
Invites him back to Town;  
But when in Tears  
The Youth appears,  
She meets him with a Frown.

Full oft the Maid  
This Prank had play'd,  
Till angry *Strephon* swore;  
And, what is strange,  
Tho' loth to change,  
Wou'd never see her more.

SONG CCXXXIV. *Lillibulero.*

**T**HE Soldier disbanded, and forc'd for to beg,  
May talk of his Wars, and his Suff'rings so hard;  
But tho' seam'd o'er with Scars, and with never a Leg,  
His Wants we neglect, nor his Courage regard;  
And the Lads that is poor  
Is sent for a Whore,

With Hemp and with Hammer to make her Complaint;  
But if you have Money,  
All Honours are done ye,  
A Coward's a Hero, a Whore is a Saint.

SONG CCXXXV. *By the Mole, &c.*

**B**Y the Toast of your Health, when full Bumpers go  
down,  
By the am'rous Masquerade Beaus of the Town,  
By the powder'd pert Fop, and the rustick dull Clown.  
*I prithee now hear me, dear Chloe.*

By

# 276 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

By the Pink of the Mode, which the Fair so adore,  
By the Pride of the Sex, when their Smiles we implore,  
By the Charms of your Dress, and the Force of its Pow'r.

*I prithee, &c.*

By the Pofy display'd on your Rings, or your Garter,  
By your delicate Snuff-Box enamell'd much finer,  
By the *Je-ne-say-quoy*, when your Captives cry, Quarter.

*I prithee, &c.*

By the fimpering Dimple your Smiling discovers,  
By the ogling Glance when you captivate Lovers,  
By the coquetting Belles who censure all others.

*I prithee, &c.*

By that Circle your Hoop, which such Charms does in-  
close,

By your killing bright Eyes, and your aquiline Nose,  
By the Death they commit, when a Spark you depose.

*I prithee, &c.*

By your Lips so ambrosial, and Bosom so fair,  
By your Parrot's fine Prattle, which charms your fine Ear,  
By the gen'rous Sylphs who make you their Care.

*I prithee, &c.*

By your Lilly-white Hands, and Fingers so pretty,  
By your exquisite Genius, facetious and witty,  
By all the gay Fancies describ'd in this Ditty.

*I prithee now hear me, dear Chloe.*

## SONG CCXXXVI. *Thomas, I cannot.*

**I** Like a Ship in Storms, was tost,  
Yet afraid to put into Land;  
For seiz'd in the Port, the Vessel's lost,  
Whose Treasure is contraband;  
The Waves are laid,  
The Duty's paid,  
O Joy beyond Expression!  
Thus safe on Shore,

*I ask no more;*

My All's in my Possession, Possession,  
My All's in my Possession.

SONG

SONG CCXXXVII. *Transform'd in Female Shape.*

**T**Ransform'd in Female Shape, both old and lame,  
 The God *Vertumnus* to *Pomona* came;  
 Not as when the Goddess saw all his Charms display'd,  
 But disguis'd, he thus address'd the list'ning Maid:  
 Lovely Goddess, so divine,  
 Guardian of this fruitful Tree,  
 A while thy darling Joys decline,  
 And lend an Ear to Love and me:  
 Blooming Beauties should be kind,  
 And taste of Pleasure while they may;  
 For Death is sure, and Love is blind,  
 And Passion cools as Love decay.

While he appear'd thus odious in her Eyes,  
 The Goddess did his Strains despise;  
 But when transform'd, by Pow'r divine,  
*Vertumnus* did with blooming Beauty shine,  
 Then sat *Pomona* all amaz'd,  
 While on her youthful Swain she fondly gaz'd.

Successful happy Charmer,  
 'Tis you alone can warm her  
 Who never lov'd before:  
 Be blest'd as I can make you,  
 I never will forsake you,  
 But love you more and more.

SONG CCXXXVIII. *Over the Hills, and far away.*

**W**Ere I laid on *Greenland's* Coast,  
 And in my Arms embrac'd my Last,  
 Warm amidst eternal Frost,  
 Too soon the half Year's Night wou'd pass.  
 Were I sold on *Indian* Soil,  
 Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,  
 I wou'd mock the sultry Toil,  
 When on my Charmer's Breast repos'd;



I wou'd love you all the Day,  
 Ev'ry Night we'd kifs and play,  
 If with me you'd fondly stray  
 Over the Hills, and far away.

SONG CCXXXIX. *Peggy grieves me.*

**S**ince we must part, my Love adieu,  
 But oh! I die to leave thee!  
 Your Absence will my Fears renew,  
 And of all Joys bereave me:  
 We part, my Life, to meet again,  
 Tho' now we must retire;  
 Then haste, oh haste! to ease my Pain,  
 Lest I with Grief expire.

SONG CCXL. *The Louvre*

**A**H! tell me no more  
 Of the Duty or Vow,  
 Of Change of Condition  
 No one can allow;  
 I still must importune,  
 For all my lost Fortune,  
 Lost, I know not how;  
 But since such ill Chances  
 Have often been common,  
 That Wealth or a Woman  
 W're fated to lose;  
 'Tis fit we ourselves,  
 When Mankind doth abuse,  
 Shou'd make, as befits us,  
 The best of bad Matters  
 In Wedlock's Trepan,  
 By taking Occasion  
 To ease our wrong'd Passion,  
 As well as we can.  
 For shou'd I complain,  
 'Twou'd cause but Disdain,  
 Since courting of Fashion  
 Mankind will refrain;

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 219

No more of Love's Passion,  
Since courting of Fashion

I'll ne'er love again.

They are all cruel and unkind,

And more false than the Wind,

I never more will mind

Any of their false Sex,

Tho' never so pressing

On me for the Blessing ;

And all those Enjoyments,

And those great Employments,

Shall me no more vex.

I'm free from Confusion,

And Mankind's Delusion

Shall me no more vex.

## SONG CCXLI. *Lovely Ruler of my Heart.*

**L**ovely Ruler of my Heart,

Queen of all and ev'ry Part,

Object of my Soul's Desire,

For whose Sake I cou'd expire :

Witness all you Gods above,

That I only live to love,

That I love but you alone ;

Kindly then my Passion crown.

Queen of my Heart,

And only Idol of my Soul,

I blest the Pow'r

That does my ravish'd Sense controul ;

So mild, so gentle is your Reign,

I gladly wear the pleasing Chain ;

Such Pride I take your Slave to be,

I wou'd not, if I cou'd be free.

## SONG CCXLII. *Bonny Dundee.*

**T**HE Charge is prepar'd, the Lawyers are met,

The Judges all rang'd, (a terrible Show) !

I go undismay'd—for Death is a Debt,

A Debt on Demand, so take what I owe.

L 2

Then

220 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY:

Then farewell, my Love, dear Charmer adieu,  
Contented I die,—'tis better for you:  
Here end Disputes all the rest of our Lives,  
For this Way at once I please all my Wives.

SONG CCXLIII. *'Twas when the Seas were  
roaring:*

**W**Hat's all the World to me,  
Since I must pine and die,  
O! whether shall I flee,  
To shun my Misery?  
Con'd I one Moment have  
Of Peace within my Breast,  
I ne'er wou'd seek my Grave,  
But think of Happiness.

But that can never be,  
Since I have lost my All,  
Unless my Shepherd he  
Shou'd charm me, with his Call:  
I ne'er this Grief once thought,  
When he swore so sincere;  
But he has prov'd quite naught,  
And left me weeping here.

Since Oaths nor Love won't bind  
His fickle Heart I see,  
Ye Gods above, pray find  
Some other Way for me.  
Then *Cupid* took his Bow,  
Strait to his Mother went,  
And ask'd if he shou'd go  
To save the Innocent.

She bid him fly with Speed,  
And use his piercing Dart:  
He made the Shepherd bleed,  
By wounding of his Heart:  
He stood like one amaz'd,  
Not knowing what to do,  
But cry'd, I shall run craz'd,  
And bid the World adieu.

SONG

SONG CCXLIV. *Lumps of Pudding.*

**T**HUS I stand, like a *Turk* with his *Doxies* all round;  
From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound;  
For Black, Brown, and Fair his Inconstancy burns,  
And diff'rent Beauties subdue him by Turns;  
Each calls to her Charms, to provoke his Desires,  
Tho' willing to all, but with one he retires!  
Then think of this Maxim, and put off all Sorrow,  
The wretched To-Day may be happy To-morrow.

SONG CCXLV. *Old Adam, it is true.*

**O**L D *Adam*, it is true,  
No Care in *Eden* knew,  
Yet his Sons live more gay and airy;  
For he tipp'd Water,  
While we, who come after,  
Drink Claret and rare Canary.  
Then let each take his Glass,  
And drink to his Last,  
But ne'er be a Slave unto either;  
For they are only wise,  
Who both equally prize,  
And join *Bacchus* and *Venus* together.  
Whenever thus they meet,  
All our Joys are compleat,  
And our Jollity ne'er can expire;  
They our Faculties warm,  
And us mutually charm,  
While each from the other takes Fire.

SONG CCXLVI. *As soon as the Chaos, &c.*

**A**S soon as the Chaos was made into Form,  
And the first Race of Men knew a Good from  
a Harm,

L 3

They



222 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

They quickly did join in a Knowledge divine,  
That the World's chiefest Blessings were Women and  
Wine;

Since when by Example improving Delights,  
Time governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights.

Love on then, and drink,  
'Tis a Folly to think

Of a Myst'ry out of our Reaches;

Be moral in Thought,

To be merry's no Fault,

Tho' an Elder the contrary preaches:  
For never, my Friends, was an Age of more Vice,  
Than when Knaves would seem pious, and Fools would  
seem wise.

SONG CCXLVII. *When Sylvia in Bath-  
ing, &c.*

**W**hen *Sylvia* in Bathing her Charms did expose,  
The pretty *Bocquet* dancing under her Nose,  
My Heart is just ready to part from my Soul,  
And leap from the Gallery into the Bowl.

Each Day I provide too

A Bribe for her Guide too,

And give her a Crown,

To bring me the Water where she has sat down.

Let sober Physicians think Pumping a Cure;

That Remedy's doubtful, but *Sylvia* is sure.

The Fiddlers I hire to play something sublime,

And all the while throbbing, my Heart beats the Time,

She enters, they flourish, and cease when she goes,

Thus whom 'tis address'd to strait ev'ry one knows.

Would I were a Vermin

Call'd one of her Chairmen,

Or serv'd as her Guide!

Tho' I shew'd, as they do, a damn'd tawny Hide:

Or else like a Pebble at Bottom could lie,

To ogle her Beauties, how happy were I!

SONG CCXLVIII. *Tweed Side.*

**A**LL Nature was smiling and gay,  
 When first my sweet *Nancy* I saw,  
 How swiftly the Hours wing'd away,  
 How pleasant was *Scarborough* Spaw?  
 But since the soft Charmer is gone,  
 No ravishing Comforts remain,  
 The Moments drag heavily on,  
 And *Scarborough* now gives me Pain.

When she bath'd, I have seen the last Wave  
 Seem eager the fair one to meet,  
 Each wantonly strove which should have  
 The Pleasure of kissing her Feet:  
 But now, the Sea, fullen and rough,  
 In Murmurs retires from the Shore,  
 Ye Waves, you've had Pleasure enough,  
 In clasping the Nymph I adore.

In the Dance she went swimmingly round,  
 How nimbly the Fair tripp'd along!  
 What Harmony rose from the Sound,  
 When she chear'd the Long-room with a Song!  
 But now, no Delight can I find,  
 In Dancing or Musick, tho' sweet,  
 Gay *Vipont's* but wakes in my Mind,  
 Soft Transports I ne'er must repeat.

How nimbly the happy Time flew,  
 A Month seem'd no more than a Day;  
 O why, since I lov'd her so true,  
 Was I forc'd from my Angel away!  
 No Joys shall I here ever find,  
 The Long-room's grown a Defart to me;  
*Vipont's* but recall to my Mind,  
 Soft Transports I ne'er more shall see.

SONG CCXLIX. *Jolly Roger, Twangdillo.*

**F**OR a Soldier or Poet consumedly poor,  
 I procure a smart Woman with Pence,  
 For a Shop-keeper ready to shut up his Door,  
 A rich Maukin without common Sense;  
 For Beaus batter'd and old,  
 State Misses with Gold,  
 Tho' toothless as my Grandmother;  
 For a Fellow damn'd leud,  
 An affected rich Prude;  
 For like Tallies they hit one another, *Twangdillo.*  
 Any Maid who undutiful Parents has got,  
 Or a Guardian too rigid upon her,  
 Any worn-out Mistress who'd wed and be thought  
 A Woman of Virtue and Honour;  
 Any Widow in want  
 Of a sturdy Gallant,  
 Any Wife of her Husband quite sick,  
 To their Wishes I grant  
 A Supply in the Nick;  
 Thus I pimp, Sir, with Spirit and Honour, *Twangdillo.*

SONG CCL. *How dismal's the Lover's Condition.*

**H**OW dismal's the Lover's Condition,  
 When Cruelty governs the Fair!  
 When the proper, the only Physician,  
 Insults o'er her Servant's Despair!  
 His Sufferings afford her a Pleasure,  
 Increasing the more he complains;  
 The more that he doats on his Treasure,  
 The faster she binds him in Chains.  
 The faster, &c.  
 Resistless, all-conquering Creature!  
 Disdain not to cure what you cause:  
 O prove not a Rebel to Nature!  
 Nor laugh at Love's sovereign Laws.

Against

Against your own self it is Treason,  
To torture a Heart that is thine:  
My Heart is your own; and what Reason  
The Pain should longer be mine?  
The Pain, &c.

Yet deep, tho' the Darts of your Beauty  
Have wounded the Heart of your Swain,  
I think it both Pleasure and Duty,  
To court and to suffer the Pain.  
Delightful's the true Lover's Anguish;  
In craving, it ever contents!  
'Tis Torture to pine and to languish,  
But pleases the while it contents!  
But pleases, &c.

SONG CCLI. *Bacchus one Day gaily striding.*

**F**Airest Isle, all Isles excelling,  
Seat of Pleasures, and of Love,  
*Venus* here will chuse her Dwelling,  
And forsake her *Cyprian* Groves.  
*Cupid*, from his fav'rite Nation,  
Care and Envy will remove,  
Jealousy, that poisons Passion,  
And Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining;  
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;  
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,  
Shall be all the Pains you prove.  
Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Duty,  
Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove;  
And as these excel in Beauty,  
Those shall be renown'd for Love.



226 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG CCLII. *Troy had a Breed of brave  
stout Men.*

**T**ROY had a Breed of brave stout Men,  
 Yet *Greeks* made shift to rout her,  
 'Cause each Man drank as much as ten,  
 And thence grew ten-times stouter.  
 Tho' *Hector* was a *Trojan* true  
 As ever piss'd 'gainst Wall, Sir,  
*Achilles* bang'd him black and blue,  
 For he drank more than all, Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of War,  
 We shall fear nothing then, Boys;  
 We'll drink all dead, and lay 'em to Bed,  
 And, if they wake not conquered,  
 We'll drink 'em dead again, Boys:  
 Nor were the *Grecians* only fam'd  
 For Drinking and for Fighting;  
 For he that drank, and wa'n't asham'd,  
 Was ne'er asham'd o's Writing.

He that will be a Soldier then,  
 Or Wit, must drink good Liquor,  
 It makes base Cowards fight like Men,  
 And roving Thoughts fly quicker:  
 Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,  
 And God of Wit, and then, Boys,  
 We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,  
 And if the Sun set with his Light,  
 We'll drink him up again, Boys,

SONG CCLIII. *Believe my Sighs, my Tears,  
my Dear.*

**G**O, *Virgin* Kid, with lambent Kifs,  
 Salute a *Virgin's* Hand;  
 Go, senseless Thing, and reap a Bliss  
 Thou dost not understand:

Go,

Go, for in thee, methinks, I find  
 (Tho' 'tis not half so bright)  
 An Emblem of her beauteous Mind,  
 By Nature clad in White.

Securely thou may'st touch the Fair,  
 Whom few securely can;  
 May'st press her Breast, her Lip, her Hair,  
 Or wanton with her Fan;  
 May'st coach it with her to and fro,  
 From Masquerade to Plays;  
 Ah! could'st thou hither come and go,  
 To tell me what she says!

Go then, and when the Morning Cold  
 Shall nip her Lilly Arm,  
 Do thou (oh! might I be so bold!)  
 With Kisses make it warm.  
 But when thy glossy Beauty's o'er,  
 When all thy Charms are gone,  
 Return to me, I'll love thee more  
 Than e'er I yet have done.

SONG CCLIV. *Sweet if you love me, &c.*

**D**On't you teize me, let me go,  
 Let me go, let me go;  
 O! pray now, Dear now, let me go:  
 So close you press, so warm you glow,  
 What 'tis you mean I do not know,  
 But fear you are resolv'd to — let me go, let me go,  
 Resolv'd to force a Maid to marry.  
 Sweet, if you love me, let me go,  
 Let me go, let me go,  
 Sweet, if you love me, let me go:  
 If longer thus you ogling stand,  
 Hang on my Waist, and squeeze my Hand,  
 I fear I shall consent to — let me go, let me go,  
 I fear I shall consent to marry.

SONG CCLV. *In a dark silent shady Grove.*

**I**N a dark silent shady Grove,  
Fit for the Delights of Love,  
As on *Corinna's* Breast I panting lay,  
My right Hand playing with *& cætera.*

A thousand Words and amorous Kisses  
Prepar'd us both to more substantial Blissess;  
And thus the hasty Moments slipp'd away,  
Lost in the Transport of *& cætera.*

She blush'd to see her Innocence betray'd,  
And the small Opposition she had made,  
Yet hugg'd me close, and with a Sigh did say,  
Once more, my Déar, once more, *& cætera.*

But O! the Pow'r to please this Nymph was past!  
Too violent a Flame can never last;  
So we remitted to another Day  
The Prosecution of *& cætera.*

SONG CCLVI. *Chloe, you may boast a Feature.*

**W**Hile on those lovely Looks I gaze,  
To see a Wretch pursuing,  
In Raptures of a bless'd Amaze,  
This pleasing happy Ruin.

'Tis not for Pity that I move,  
His Fate is too aspiring,  
Whose Heart is broke with a Load of Love  
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this Murder you'd forego,  
Your Slave from Death removing,  
Let me your Art of Charming know,  
Or leave you mine of Loving.

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 229

But whether Life or Death betide,  
In Love 'tis equal Measure,  
The Victor lives with empty Pride,  
The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure.

SONG CCLVII. *Here's a Health to those Men.*

**H**ere's a Health to those Men  
That go with us again  
To chuse Knights that can afford, Sir,  
To serve without Pension,  
Or other Pretension,  
But just and right is the Word, Sir,  
As for those that have Pay,  
We have little to say;  
Let the Soldier live by his Sword, Sir:  
We're for them that are known  
To have Lands of their own,  
And just and right is the Word, Sir.

Should we chuse the Court Tools,  
They will call us all Fools,  
Tho' a double Saint, and a Lord, Sir;  
We are sure we can trust  
To the Right and the Just,  
For just and right is the Word, Sir.

Then take off your Glafs fair,  
To do otherwise here  
Is unjust, against Right, and absurd, Sir;  
He, that leaves but three Drops,  
Shall have thrown in's Chops,  
For just and right is the Word, Sir.

SONG CCLIII. *Come hither, pretty Lass.*

He. **N**AY, prithee why d'ye fly,  
And show yourself so coy,  
When sincerely the Truth of my Passion I own?

*Stas.*



230 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

*She.* How can you, Sir, intrude?

I wonder you're so rude;

Consider I'm a Maid —

*He.* Consider we're alone.

*She.* Nay, fie, Sir, let me go.

*He.* Indulge my glowing Flame —

*She.* How can you press me so? —

*He.* Don't think I am to blame —

*She.* What is't you would be at?

*He.* A civil Kifs or two.

*She.* You may talk of this and that, but indeed 'twill never do.

SONG CCLIX. *Then as it fell out, &c.*

**T**hen as it fell out on a Holiday,

Then as it fell out on a Holiday,

Then as it fell out on a Holiday;

'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a,

'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a,

'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a.

Sir *John* he got on his ambling Nag,

Sir *John*, &c.

To *Scotland* for to ride-a,

With a hundred and more of his own he swore,

With an hundred, &c.

To guard him on ev'ry Side-a.

No Errant Knight e'er went to fight,

No Errant, &c.

So bold a Desperado;

Had you seen but his Look, you'd have sworn on a Book,

Had you, &c.

He'd have conquer'd a whole *Armada*.

The Ladies look'd out at their Windows, to see

The Ladies, &c.

So brave, so warlike a Sight-a,

And they did cry, as he pass'd by,

And they, &c.

Sir *John*, why will you go fight-a?]

But

But he, like a hardy Knight, rode on,  
But he, &c.

His Heart would not relent-a;

For, till he came there, what had he to fear?

For, till, &c.

Or why should he repent-a?

The King (God save him) had singular Hope,

The King, &c.

Of him and of his Troop-a,

And all the Throng, as he march'd along,

And all, &c.

For Joy did halloo and hoop-a.

None lik'd him so well as his Colonel,

None lik'd, &c.

Who took him for *John du Arthur*;

But when the Scots Army came in Sight,

But when, &c.

The Knight was not so pert-a.

And when there was Shows of Guns and Blows

And when, &c.

And ev'ry Man must fight-a,

He ran to his Tent, and they ask'd what he mean

He ran, &c.

He said he must needs go sh—e-a.

His Colonel sent for him back again,

His Colonel, &c.

To place him in the Van-a,

But Sir *John* swear, he would never come there,

But Sir *John*, &c.

To be kill'd the very first Man-a.

To ease him of Fear, he plac'd him in the Rear,

To ease, &c.

At Miles back half a Score-a,

Sir *John* he did play a Trip, and away,

Sir *John*, &c.

And ne'er saw the Enemy more-a.

SONG CCLX. *That the World is a Lottery,*  
&c.

**T**Hat the World is a Lottery, what Man can doubt?  
When born we're put in, when dead we're drawn  
out;

And tho' Tickets are bought by the Fool and the Wife,  
Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten Blanks to a Prize.

*Sing Tantarara, Fools all, Fools all,*  
*Sing Tantarara, Fools all.*

The Court has itself a bad Lottery's Face,  
Where ten draw a Blank, before one draws a Place,  
For a Ticket in Law, who would give you Thanks?  
For that Wheel contains scarce any but Blanks.

*Sing Tantarara, keep out, keep out,*  
*Sing Tantarara, keep out.*

'Mongst Doctors and Lawyers some good ones are found,  
But alas! they are rare as the Ten thousand Pound;  
How scarce is a Prize, if with Women you deal?  
Take care how you marry—for oh! in that Wheel,

*(Sing Tantarara) Blanks all, Blanks all,*  
*(Sing Tantarara) Blanks all.*

That the Stage is a Lottery, by All 'tis agreed,  
Where ten Plays are damn'd 'ere one can succeed.  
The Blanks are so many, the Prizes so few,  
We all are undone, unless kindly

*(Sing Tantarara) clap all, clap all.*  
*(Sing Tantarara) clap all.*

SONG CCLXI. *Colin's Complaint.*

**D**EAR *Chloe*, whilst thus beyond Measure  
You treat me with Doubts and Disdain;  
You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure,  
And hoard up an old Age of Pain:

Your

Your Maxim, that Love is still founded  
 On Charms that will quickly decay,  
 You'll find to be very ill grounded,  
 When once you its Dictates obey.

The Passion, from Beauty first drawn,  
 Your Kindness will vastly improve,  
 Soft Smiles and gay Looks are the Dawn,  
 Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love.  
 And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes  
 Should be clouded that now are so gay,  
 And Darkness possess all the Skies,  
 We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his side,  
 You've often regarded with Wonder;  
 He's dropfical, she is sore ey'd,  
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder.  
 Together, they totter about,  
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,  
 And at Night when old *Darby's* Pot's out,  
 His *Joan* will not smoak a Whiff more.

No Beauty or Wit they possess,  
 Their several Failings to smother;  
 Then what are the Charms, can you guess?  
 That make 'em so fond of each other.  
 'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,  
 The Endearments that Youth did bestow,  
 The Thoughts of past Pleasures and Truth,  
 The best of all Blessings below.

Those Traces for ever will last,  
 Which Sickness nor Time can remove,  
 For when Youth and Beauty are past,  
 An Age brings the Winter of Love.  
 A Friendship insensibly grows,  
 By Reviews of such Raptures as these,  
 The Current of Fondness still flows,  
 Which decrepid old Age cannot freeze.

SONG



SONG CCLXII. — *Pope Joan's kiff*

**A**LL you that do to Love belong,  
Mind what my Tale discovers,  
And listen well to this new Song,  
A strange Roundeau of Lovers!

There were eight Lads so blithe and gay,  
That lov'd Seven buxom Lasses;  
But that's untoward, alack-a-day!  
When each his Love misplaces.

Young *Roger* made a Vow (d'ye see?)  
To be a Spark of *Lucy's*;  
But *Lucy* long'd the Spouse to be  
Of *Joseph*, that so spruce is.

Now *Nan* had won the Love of *Joseph*,  
His Heart, and eke his Fancy;  
He'd be content to lose his Nose, if  
He cou'd but gain his *Nancy*.

*Nan* cut her Heart in two, to share it  
'Twixt *Marmaduke* and *Aaron*;  
Both likely Lads, quoth she, I'll swear it,  
As Maids need wish to stare on.

Both *Marmaduke* and *Aaron* courted  
*Kate*, Daughter to a Prick-louse,  
Tho' *Kattern* with her Suitors sported,  
For her Sweet-heart was *Nich'las*.

This *Nich'las* woo'd young *Joan*, who ne'er  
With such a Spark would take up;  
For *Joan*, as sure as you are there,  
Had a Month's Mind to *Jacob*.

Poor *Jacob* made a woful Stir  
To compass nut-brown *Lettice*,  
And fail'd, with much ado, for her  
Affections never met his.

*Lettice*

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 235

*Let*tice likewise her Love was cross'd in, (Fate order'd it should so be)  
For once, in vain, she courted *Austin*,  
And now, in vain, wooes *Toby*.

What Maid wou'd wish to be in her Case?  
For *Toby*, she's so fond on,  
Runs almost mad for little *Dorcas*,  
That newly came from *London*.

Whereas she purely came to visit  
Her Fellow-servant *Edward*,  
To see his pretty Face, and kiss it,  
And gladly would go bed-ward.

While *Ned* his little *Dorcas* answer'd,  
For loving I don't blame ye,  
'Cause you may take an honest Man's Word,  
That I as much love *Amy*.

*Amy*, so passing fair to look on,  
And slender to behold,  
Cry'd till her Heart was almost broken,  
She would be *Roger's* Consort.

These People good, in saddest Mood,  
With Love, grown woundy stupid,  
Made piteous Complaints, and told their Wants  
To *Hymen* and to *Cupid*.

Fain would they wed, in Ring so round,  
Eight Husbands and seven Wives;  
And, doubtless, they must needs have found  
Great Comfort of their Lives.

But 'twas a puzzling Case to *Hymen*;  
O strange! said he, 'twill work ill,  
For I've no Licences to tie Men  
And Maids in such a Circle.

He bid them be, as 'twas but right,  
Content with this Expedient,  
To kiss all round, for so all might  
Have Kissing that had need on't.

Young

Young *Roger* should begin the Play;  
 The rest were, in their Season,  
 To put it round in friendly Way,  
 And do each other Reason.

So *Roger* tall did *Lucy* call,  
 Quoth he, I'll not abuse ye;  
 Good Sooth! it would have done one good,  
 To see him kiss sweet *Lucy*.

Then *Lucy* fair demands her Share  
 Of her dear Sweet-heart *Jossey*,  
 And kiss'd him so, all People know,  
 They both grew wond'rous rosy.

Next *Jos* did greet his *Nan*, as sweet  
 A Damsel as you can see;  
*Nan* for this Youth made up her Mouth,  
 So *Joseph* kiss'd his *Nancy*:

Her Sparks were twain, and that being plain,  
 Some said that she might spare one;  
 She, by her Troth, cry'd, none or both,  
 And kiss'd one more than *Aaron*.

Then *Marmaduke* and *Aaron* broke  
 Their Minds to *Kate* the Slattem;  
 Kind *Kate* held out her dainty Snout,  
 And O! how they kiss'd *Kattern*!

O *Nich'las*, *Nich'las*, where's my *Nich'laid*?  
 Quoth *Kate*, the Taylor's Daughter,  
 And kiss'd, and was with Joy so tickled,  
 She scarce could hold her Water.

*Nic* ran to *Joan*, that had no Stays on;  
 But look'd as red as Claret,  
 And kiss'd her so that 'twould amaze one,  
 How any Maid could bear it.

*Joan* flew at *Jacob* most outrageous,  
 And kiss'd and call'd him Sweeting;  
 Cou'd he have bleated, as *Cinqué-ty* does,  
 Uds-bobs! she'd stop his Bleating.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 237

O *Lettrice*, then quoth *Jacob* stout,  
On thy true Love take Pity;  
She bid him kiss his Kissing out,  
Because he was so witty.

But *Lettrice* call'd aloud for *Toby*,  
As one would call for Mustard;  
He fain wou'd give poor *Lett* the Go-by,  
But *Lettrice* kiss'd him first hard.

'Tis strange to tell, or to declare  
How *Toby* simpered,  
When he got *Dorcas*, his own Dear,  
And kiss'd her quite half dead.

*Dorcas* she leer'd on *Ned* right wistful,  
And kiss'd him all to pieces,  
So fir'd, that, were she but a Pistol,  
She had gone off in Face his.

Sir *Edward* made her no Repartee,  
Tho' he was kiss'd so fashion,  
As knowing well, by Rules of Art, she  
Had done it in her Passion:

And then himself was passionate too  
Of *Amy*, Queen of Spinsters;  
He threw his Wig off, and his Hat too,  
And run his Face against her's.

He tows'd her with his Beard so bushy,  
'Twas far and near admired,  
And tore her Coife quite off, altho' she  
Had scarce wherewith to tie her Head.

Poor Folks may be, most certainly,  
In Love, as well as Ladies,  
And kiss as well, for aught I can tell,  
As they with all their Gayeties.

*Amy* ne'er let a Sweet-heart dodge her,  
But kiss'd like any Widow,  
And stifled *Roger*, tho' poor *Roger*  
Lov'd her more than I do.

Thus



# 238 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Thus finely they all danc'd the Hay,  
Or the best Boy of Mother;  
The Jest went round, and none were found  
That would not pledge the other.

At length they clos'd, and whiff'd about,  
As those that *Margery-Cree* dance,  
Or like to Folk, quite weary'd out,  
Who fain would make good Riddance.

Yet loth to give it o'er, they cry'd,  
How caried fast the Day stirs!  
Tho' before Night, or they're bely'd,  
Their Lips all needed Plaisters.

There ne'er was known, in all the Town,  
Such Kissing as this same was;  
Yet, keeping *Lent* (as is decent)  
Pray who, quoth they, can blame us?

For since (as *Hymen* told them plain)  
Tho' they most grievously burn,  
The Wedding-Noose will ne'er contain  
So many as will *Tyburn*.

They all resolve to live right honest,  
And never be upbraided:  
O! that young Folk were all admonish'd  
To do no worse than they did!

But for all this they did not miss  
Each *Sunday* after Sarmint,  
To meet, and kiss, some more, some less,  
For Kissing has no Harm in't.

Nor would they fail, for a Dozen of Ale,  
To kiss before the King and  
His Gracious Queen on *Turnham-Green*,  
Or any Ground in *England*.

Suppose you might see such a Sight,  
As *Cupid* and as I did;  
Whate'er you are, I'd almost swear,  
You'd not be much affrighted.

SONG CCLXIII. *Ring, ring the Bar Bell,  
&c.*

**R**ing, ring the Bar Bell of the World,  
Great *Bacchus* calls for Wine :  
Haste pierce the Globe, its Juices drain,  
To whet him 'ere he dine.

Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,  
When first you have poured forth ;  
The Globe shall cluck, as soon as tapp'd,  
To brood such Sons of Worth.

When this World's out, more Worlds we'll have,  
Who dare oppose the Call ?  
If we had twice ten thousand Worlds,  
'Ere Night we'd drink them all.

See, see our Drawer *Atlas* comes,  
His Cask upon his Back ;  
Haste, drink and swill, let's booze amain,  
'Till all our Girdles crack.

*Apollo* cry'd, Let's drink amain,  
Lest Time should go astray,  
We'll make Time drunk, the rest reply'd,  
We Gods can make a Day.

Brave *Hercules*, who took the Hint,  
Required Time to drink ;  
And made him gorge such Potions down,  
That Time forgot to think.

Unthinking Time thus overcome,  
And nonplus'd in the Vast ;  
Dissolv'd in the *Æthereal* World,  
Sigh'd, languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now Time's no more, let's drink away,  
Hang Flinching, make no Words :  
Like true-born *Bacchanalian* Souls,  
We'll get as drunk as Lords.

SONO

SONG CCLXIV. *Since all the World, &c.*

Since all the World's turn'd upside down,  
 And all Things chang'd in Nature,  
 As if a Doubt was newly grown,  
 We had not the same Creator.  
 Of ancient Modes and former Ways,  
 I'll teach you, Sir, the Manners;  
 In good Queen *Best's* golden Days,  
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

I had an ancient noble Seat,  
 Tho' now it's come to ruin,  
 Where Mutton, Beef, and such good Meat,  
 In the Hall was daily chewing.  
 Of Humming Beer my Cellar full,  
 I was a yearly Doner,  
 Where toping Knaves had many a Pull,  
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Men of home-spun honest Greys  
 Had Coats and comely Badges,  
 They wore no dirty ragged Lace,  
 Nor e'er complain'd for Wages;  
 For Gaudy Fringe, and Silks o'th' Town,  
 I fear'd no threat'ning Dunner,  
 But wore a decent Grogram Gown,  
 When I was a Dame of Honour.

I never thought Cantharides  
 Ingredient good in Posset,  
 Nor never strip'd me to my Stays  
 To play the Punk at Basset;  
 In Ratafie ne'er made Debauch,  
 Nor reel'd like toping Gunner,  
 Nor let my Mercer seize my Coach,  
 When I was a Dame of Honour;

I still preserv'd my Maiden Fame,  
 In spite of Oaths and Lying,  
 Tho' many a long chinn'd Youngster came,  
 And fain wou'd be enjoying,

My

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 241

My Fan to guard my Lips I kept  
From *Cupid's* lewd O'er-runner,  
And many *Roman* Nose I rap'd  
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My curling Locks I never bought,  
Of Beggars dirty Daughters,  
Nor prompted by a wanton Thought,  
Above Knee ty'd my Garters.

I never glow'd with painted Pride,  
Like Punk, when the Devil has won her,  
Nor prov'd a Cheat to be a Bride,  
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Neighbours still I treated round  
And Strangers that came near me,  
The Poor too always Welcome found,  
Whose Prayers did still endear me.  
Let therefore who at Court would be  
No Churl, nor yet no Fawner,  
Match in old Hospitality,  
Queen *Bess's* Dame of Honour.

## SONG CCLXV. *The Gods and the Goddesses* &c.

THE Gods and the Goddesses lately did feast,  
Where Ambrosia with exquisite Sauces were drest,  
Their Eatables did with their Deities suit,  
But what they should drink did occasion Dispute.  
'Twas time that old Nectar was grown out of Fashion,  
Being what they did drink long before the Creation;  
When the Sky-colour'd Cloth was mov'd from the Board,  
For making the Bowl, great *Jove* gave the Word,  
The Bowl it was large, of a Heavenly Size,  
Wherein they did use Infant Gods to Baptize.

Quoth *Jove*, I'm inform'd they drink Punch upon Earth,  
Whereby the Mortals Wits far exceed us in Mirth;  
Therefore our wise Godheads together let's lay,  
And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.  
'Twas spoke like a God, fill the Bowl up to the Top,  
He is cashier'd from the Heavens that leaves the last Drop.



## 242 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Then *Apollo* sent away two of his Lasses  
 With Pitchers to fill at the Well of *Parnassus*;  
 To Poets new born this Liquor it was brought,  
 And they suck'd it in for their Morning's first Draught.

*Juno* for Lemons stepp'd into her Closet,  
 Which when she was sick she infus'd into Posset,  
 For Goddesses may be as squeamish as Gypsies,  
 The Sun and the Moon you know have their Eclipses;  
 These Lemons were called the *Hesperian* Fruit,  
 Where a vigilant Dragon was said to look to it;  
 Twelve Dozen of these were well squeez'd in Water,  
 The rest of Ingredients in order come after;  
*Venus*, Admirer of all things that were sweet,  
 Without her Infusion there had been no Treat,  
 Commanded her Sugar Loves white as her Doves,  
 To be brought to the Table by a pair of young Loves;  
 So wonderful curious these Deities were,  
 The Sugar it was strain'd thro' a Piece of fine Air.  
 Jolly *Bacchus* gave Notice by dangling his Bunch,  
 That without his Assistance there cou'd be no good Punch,  
 What he meant by the Sequel is very well known.  
 They threw in ten Gallons of trusty Langoon,  
*Mars*, tho' a blunt God, and chief of the Biskers,  
 Was set at a Table a curling his Whiskers.  
 Quoth he, fellow Gods, and celestial Gallants,  
 I wou'd not give a Fig for the Punch without *Nantz*,  
 Therefore, my *Ganymede*, I do command ye  
 To throw in ten Gallons of the best *Nantz* Brandy.  
*Saturn* of all the Gods there he was the oldest.  
 And we may imagine his Stomach was the coldest,  
 He out of his Pouch did some Nutmegs produce,  
 Which being well grated were put in the Juice;  
*Neptune* this Ocean of good Liquor did crown,  
 With a Sea Biscuit baked hard in the Sun.  
 The Bowl being finish'd a Health then began,  
 Quoth *Jove*, let it be to that Creature call'd Man;  
 'Tis to him alone our great Pleasure we owe,  
 For Heaven it was never true Heaven till now.  
 The Gods being pleas'd the Health it went about,  
 'Till *Gorrell* belly'd *Bacchus*'s great Guts nigh burst out.

The

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY 243

The other brave Gods did Oceans of Punch swallow,  
*Alcen* with Hounds and with Huntsman did hollow;  
 The Punch was delightful they Plenty did bring,  
 And all the World over their Fame it did ring.

## SONG CCLXVI. *Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd?*

**T**Hou art so fair, and cruel too,  
 I am amaz'd, what shall I do  
 To compass my Desire?  
 Sometimes thy Eyes do me invite,  
 But, when I venture, kill me quite,  
 Yet still increase my Fire.  
 I still have Thoughts my Love to quell,  
 And all its Furies to repell;  
 Since I no Hopes can find;  
 But when I think of leaving thee,  
 My Heart as much doth torture me,  
 As 'twou'd rejoice if kind.  
 I still must love, tho' hardly us'd,  
 And never proffer'd, but refus'd;  
 Can any suffer more?  
 Be coy, be cruel, do thy worst,  
 Tho' for thy Sake I am accurst,  
 I must and will adore.

## SONG CCLXVII. *O Cupid! why art thou pursuing?*

**O** Cupid, why art thou pursuing  
 Such endless Designs on my Heart,  
 To make me so fond of my Ruin,  
 And doat on the Cause of my Smart.  
 In vain do I strive to remove her,  
 Affection to Reason is blind;  
 In spite of her Failings I love her,  
 She's charming tho' false and unkind.

SONG CCLXVIII. *Believe my Sighs, my  
Tears, my Dear.*

**W**hen first, *Dorinda*, your bright Eyes  
Had made my Heart your Slave,  
In vain I fought for to disguise  
The Fortunes that you gave.

Durst hardly call my Fate unkind,  
Or to myself complain,  
For fear some busy list'ning Mind  
Shou'd overhear my Pain.

Your Beauty did my Passion awe,  
So great your Virtues were,  
That all around I nothing saw,  
But Prospects of Despair.

Fond Heart I cry'd, hide, hide thy Love,  
Thy too fond Thought reclaim;  
But all in vain, alas! I strove  
To hide a raging Flame.

SONG CCLXIX. *My Goddess Celia, &c.*

**S**EE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes,  
And now the Sun begins to rise;  
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks,  
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

With Light united, Day they give,  
But different Fates 'ere Night fulfil:  
How many by his Warmth will live,  
How many will her Coldness kill!

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 245

SONG CCLXX. *Come hither, &c.*

**C**ome hither, my Country 'Squire,  
Take friendly Instructions from me,  
The Lords shall admire  
Thy Taste in Attire,  
The Ladies shall languish for thee:  
*Such Flaunting, Gallanting, and Jaunting,  
And Frolicking thou shalt see,  
Thou ne'er like a Clown  
Shall quit London sweet Town,  
To live in thine own Country.*

A Skimming-dish Hat provide,  
With little more Brim than Lace,  
Nine Hairs on a side,  
To a Pig-tail ty'd,  
Will set off thy jolly broad Face.  
*Such Flaunting, &c.*

Go, get thee a Footman's Frock,  
A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose,  
Then frize like a Shock,  
And plaister thy Block,  
And buckle thy Shoes to thy Toes.  
*Such Flaunting, &c.*

A Brace of Ladies fair  
To pleasure thee shall strive,  
In a Chaise and a Pair  
They shall take the Air,  
And thou on the Box shalt drive.  
*Such Flaunting, &c.*

Convert thy Acres to Cash,  
And saw thy Timber down,  
Who'd keep such Trash,  
And not cut a Flash,  
Or enjoy the Delights of the Town?  
*Such Flaunting, &c.*



# 246 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

## SONG CCLXXI. *The Lads of Paris's Mill.*

**T**Hus when the Tempest high  
 Roars dreadful from above,  
 The constant Turtles fly  
 Together to the Grove;  
 Each spreads its tender Wing,  
 And hovers o'er its Mate;  
 They kiss, they coo, and sing,  
 And love, in spite of Fate.

## SONG CCLXXII. *My Goddess Celia, heavenly fair.*

**A**S swift as Time put round the Glass,  
 And husband well Life's little Space;  
 Perhaps your Sun, which shines so bright,  
 May set in everlasting Night.

Or if the Sun again shou'd rise,  
 Death, 'ere the Morn, may close your Eyes;  
 Then drink before it be too late,  
 And snatch the present Hour from Fate.

Come, fill a Bumper, fill it round,  
 Let Mirth, and Wit, and Wine abound;  
 In these alone true Wisdom lies,  
 For to be merry's to be wise.

## SONG CCLXXIII. *Since you will needs my Heart possess.*

**S**ince you will needs my Heart possess,  
 'Tis just to you I first confess  
 The Faults to which 'tis given:  
 It is to Change much more inclin'd  
 Than Woman, or the Sea, or Wind,  
 Or aught that's under Heav'n.

Nor will I hide from you this Truth,  
It has been from its very Youth,  
A most egregious Ranger :  
And since from me't has often fled,  
With whom it was both born and bred,  
'Twill scarce stay with a Stranger.

The Black, the Fair, the Gay, the Sad,  
(Which often made me fear 'twas mad)  
With one kind Look could win it ;  
So nat'rally it loves to range,  
That it has left Success for Change,  
And, what's worse, glories in it.

Oft, when I have been laid to Rest,  
'I would make me act like one posselt,  
For still 'twill keep a Pother ;  
And tho' you only I esteem,  
Yet it will make me, in a Dream,  
Court and enjoy another.

And now, if you are not afraid,  
After these Truths that I have said,  
To take this arrant Rover,  
Be not displeas'd if I protest,  
I think the Heart within your Breast  
Will prove just such another.

SONG CCLXXIV. *When mighty Roast Beef,  
&c.*

**W**hen humming Brown Beer was the *Englishman's*  
Taste.

Our Wives they were merry, our Daughters were chaste ;  
Their Breath smelt like Roses whenever embrac'd :

*Oh, the Brown Beer of Old England,  
And Old English Brown Beer.*

248 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

'Ere Coffee and Tea found its Way to the Town,  
Our Ancestors they by their Fires sat down,  
Their Bread it was white, and their Beer it was Brown.  
*Ob! the Brown Beer, &c.*

Our Heroes of old, of whose Conquests we boast,  
Could make a good Meal of a Pot and a Toast;  
Oh, did we so now we should soon rule the Roast!  
*Ob! the Brown Beer, &c.*

When the great *Spanish* Fleet on our Coast did appear,  
Our Sailors each one drank a Jorum of Beer,  
And sent them away with a Flea in their Ear.  
*Ob! the Brown Beer, &c.*

Our Clergymen then took a Cup of good Beer,  
'Ere they mounted the Rostrum, their Spirits to cheer,  
Then preach'd against Vices tho' Courtiers were near.  
*Ob! the Brown Beer, &c.*

Their Doctrines then were authentick and bold,  
Well grounded on Scripture and Fathers of old;  
But now they preach nothing but what they are told.  
*Ob! the Brown Beer, &c.*

For since the Geneva and strong Ratisee,  
They are dwindl'd to nothing, but stay — let me see,  
Faith nothing at all but meer Fiddle-dee-dee.  
*Ob! the Brown Beer of Old England,  
And Old English Brown Beer.*

SONG CCLXXV. *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*

WHY, *Sylvia*, will you still be shy,  
And still whate'er I ask deny?  
Why am I always disbeliev'd,  
And with unkind Disdain receiv'd?  
Since you of all your Sex alone  
The Mistress of my Heart I own.

My Suit no longer disapprove,  
But think that you were born for Love;

That

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 229

That with those Charms you now possess,  
Some happy Youth you once must bless;  
And since some one so blest'd must be,  
Oh let that happy Youth be me!

## SONG CCLXXVI. *With tuneful Pipe, and merry Glee.*

**N**O scornful Beauty e'er shall boast  
She makes me love in vain;  
That Man's a Fool, when once he's crost,  
If e'er he loves again:  
To pine, or whine, I never can,  
Nor tell her I must die;  
'Tis something so beneath a Man,  
I cannot, no, not I.  
Tho' *Phillis* you have Charms enow  
To conquer where you please,  
You care not if my Heart you bow  
To such like Loves as these:  
But if to me some Hopes you'll give,  
That happy I shall be,  
I'll love my *Phillis* whilst I live,  
And think of none but she.

## SONG CCLXXVII. *How happy are we.*

**W**HEN you censure the Age,  
Be cautious and sage,  
Lest the Courtiers offended should be;  
If you mention Vice or Bribe,  
'Tis so pat to all the Tribe:  
Each cries, that was levell'd at me.



SONG CCLXXVIII. *When the bright God of Day.*

**I**N Beauty or Wit,  
 No Mortal as yet  
 To question the Empire has dar'd;  
 But Men of Discerning  
 Have thought that, in Learning,  
 To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent Schools,  
 With musty dull Rules,  
 Have Reading to Ladies deny'd;  
 So Papiſts reſule,  
 The Bible to uſe,  
 Left Flocks ſhould be wiſe as their Guide.

'Twas a Woman at firſt,  
 (Indeed ſhe was curſt)  
 In Knowledge that taſted Delight,  
 And Sages agree,  
 The Law ſhould decree,  
 To the firſt Poſſeſſors the Right.

Then bravely, fair Dame,  
 Renew the old Claim,  
 That to the whole Sex does belong,  
 And let Men receive,  
 From a ſecond bright Eve,  
 The Knowledge of Right and of Wrong.

But as the firſt Eve  
 Hard Doom did receive,  
 When only one Apple had ſhe,  
 What a Punishment now  
 Muſt be found out for you,  
 Who have taſted, and robb'd the whole Tree.

SONG CCLXXIX. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

**A**T setting Day and rising Morn,  
With Soul that still shall love thee,  
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe Return,  
With all that can improve thee:  
I'll visit oft the Birken Bush,  
Where first thou kindly told me  
Sweet Tales of Love, and hid my Blush,  
Whilst round thou didst infold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair,  
By Greenwood Shaw or Fountain;  
Or where the Summer-day I'd share  
With thee upon yon Mountain:  
There will I tell the Trees and Flow'rs,  
From Thoughts unfeign'd and tender,  
By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours  
A Heart which cannot wander.

SONG CCLXXX. *Whilst I gaze on Chloe  
trembling.*

**Z**ephyr, who, with Spring returning,  
Wasted soft o'er opening Flowers;  
Breathing in the Face of Morning,  
Wakes *Aurora* from her Bowers,  
While with Love's fierce Flame I languish  
In these dry and desert Plains;  
Gently breathe and soothe my Anguish,  
Fan my Breast and ease my Pains.

SONG CCLXXXI. *Bless'd as th' immortal  
God is he.*

**O**thers false Tongues can you believe,  
Yet not my truer speaking Eyes?  
Mens Tongues Love teaches to deceive,  
But with his Looks no Lover lies.

252 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

The less I boast my real Flame,  
The more my Passion Truth bespeaks;  
Not what the Tongue, but Eyes proclaim,  
Love's Infidel a Convert makes.

For Lovers, like professing Friends,  
Are more believ'd, the less they say;  
Who more our artful Speeches minds,  
Than Looks, does her own Faith betray.

Believe not my loud Rivals then,  
Whilst they to thee such Love profess;  
True Love is, like true Courage, seen,  
But more as we pretend t'it less.

SONG CCLXXXII. *Wast me, some soft and  
cooling Breeze.*

THE feather'd Songster of the Skies,  
Free from the Fowler's fraudulent Snare,  
From Grove to Grove exulting flies,  
And wantons in the Waste of Air.  
But if the Net her Flight restrains,  
She vainly flutters to and fro;  
Of sad Captivity complains,  
In Accents of melodious Woe.

SONG CCLXXXIII. *Sweet are the Charms  
of her, &c.*

THE utmost Grace the Greeks should shew,  
When to the Trojans they grew kind,  
Was with their Arms to let 'em go,  
And leave their ling'ring Wives behind.  
They beat the Men, and burnt the Town,  
Then all the Baggage was their own.  
Then the kind Deity of Wine  
Kiss'd the soft wanton God of Love,  
This clapp'd his Wings, that press'd his Vine,  
And their best Powers united move. While

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 253

While each brave *Greek* embrac'd his Punk,  
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

SONG CCLXXXIV. *Diogenes 'surly and  
proud.*

'TIS Int'rest that governs Mankind  
In every State and Degree;  
For Justice itself waxes blind,  
When brib'd with a competent Fee:  
However the Truth we disguise,  
In order to make ourselves great;  
Yet he that will open his Eyes  
May see the whole World's but a Cheat.

SONG CCLXXXV. *What Class in Life,  
tho' ne'er so great.*

What Class in Life, tho' ne'er so great,  
With a good fat Fellowship can compare?  
We still dream on at our old Rate,  
Without perplexing Thought or Care.

Whilst those of Business, when oppress'd,  
Lie down with Thoughts that break their Rest;  
They toil, they slave, they drudge, and then  
They rise to do the same again.

An easier Round of Life we keep,  
We eat, we drink, we smoak, we sleep;  
We reel to Bed, there snore, and then  
We rise to do the same again.

Come, come, let us drink,  
And give a Loose to Pleasure;  
Fill, fill to the Brink,  
We know no other Measure.

What else have we to do  
In this our easy Station,  
But that we please pursue,  
And drink to our Foundation?

SONG



254 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG CCLXXXVI. *Adieu, ye pleasant Sports and Plays.*

**A** Dieu, ye pleasant Sports and Plays,  
 Farewel each Song that was diverting,  
 Love tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays,  
 I sing of *Delia* and *Damon's* Parting.  
 Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd  
 The dear, tormenting, pleasing Passion,  
 Till *Delia's* Mildness had prevail'd  
 On him to shew his Inclination.  
 Just as the Fair-one seem'd to give  
 A patient Ear to his Love-Story,  
*Damon* must his *Delia* leave,  
 To go in Quest of toilsome Glory.  
 Half-spoken Words hung on their Tongue,  
 Their Eyes refus'd their usual Meeting,  
 And Sighs supply'd their wonted Song,  
 These charming Sounds were chang'd to Weeping.  
 Dear Idol of my Soul, adieu;  
 Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me:  
 While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,  
 No other Charms shall ever move me.  
 Alas! who knows, when parted far  
 From *Delia*, but you may deceive her?  
 The Thought destroys my Heart with Care,  
 Adieu, my Dear, I fear, for ever.

SONG CCLXXXVII. *When Fanny blooming fair.*

**L**ET bold Ambition lie  
 Within the Warrior's Mind,  
 False Honours let him buy  
 With Slaughter of Mankind;  
 To Crowns a doubtful Right,  
 Lay Thousands in their Grave,  
 While wretched Armies fight  
 Which Master shall enslave.

Love

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 255

Love took my Heart with Storm,  
 Let him rule there alone,  
 In *Charlotte's* charming Form,  
 Still sitting on his Throne:  
 How will my Soul rejoice,  
 At his Commands to fly,  
 If spoken in that Voice,  
 Or look'd from that dear Eye?

To universal Sway,  
 Love's Title is the best,  
 Well shall we him obey,  
 Who makes his Subjects blest:  
 If Heav'n, for human Good,  
 Did Empire first design,  
 Love must be understood  
 To rule by Right divine

## SONG CCLXXXVIII. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

FOR many unsuccessful Years  
 At *Cynthia's* Feet I lay,  
 Bathing them often with my Tears,  
 I sigh'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate Wretch, before the Shrine  
 Of some lov'd Saint above,  
 E'er thought his Goddess more divine,  
 Or paid more awful Love.

Still the disdainful Nymph look'd down,  
 With coy insulting Pride,  
 Receiv'd my Passion with a Frown,  
 Or turn'd her Head aside.

Then *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear:

- "Use more prevailing Charms;
- "You modest whining Fool, draw near,
- "And clasp her in your Arms.
- "With eager Kisses tempt the Maid,
- "From *Cynthia's* Feet depart;
- "The Lips he briskly must invade,
- "That would possess the Heart."

With

256 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

With that I shook off all the Slave  
My better Fortunes try'd,  
When *Cynthia* in a Moment gave  
What she for Years deny'd.

SONG CCLXXXIX. *As Sparks fly up-wards, &c.*

**A**S Sparks fly upwards, Man is born,  
To Sorrow and to Trouble,  
But he that takes to him a Wife,  
Doth make his Burthen double;  
For Women we have always found,  
In Strife and Mischief to abound.  
*Of Man they make a Bubble,*  
*Of Man, &c.*

Oh! *Job* he was a patient Man,  
He liv'd in spite of the Devil;  
Tho' Goods and Chattels all were lost,  
Yet *Job* was very civil:  
But when he took to him a Nurse,  
She prov'd indeed his greatest Curse;  
*Ah! she prov'd his greatest Evil,*  
*Ah! she prov'd, &c.*

Oh! *Sampson* was a mighty Man,  
He fill'd the World with Wonder;  
With Jaw-bone he *Philistines* slew,  
His Blows did sound like Thunder:  
But when with *Dalilah* he toy'd,  
The Sorceress soon his Strength destroy'd;  
*She quickly brought him under,*  
*She quickly, &c.*

King *David* was an upright Man,  
I tell you now no Fiction,  
Which eager Rites and Reges did  
From *Samson's* Love depart  
The Sake he built his name  
Upon our Sakes now and Until

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 257

Until that *Beer-sheba* he saw,  
That pretty pleasing Vixen,  
When he her naked Body view'd,  
He found his Goodness soon subdu'd;

*She wrought him great Affliction,  
She wrought, &c.*

King *Solomon* the wisest Man  
That ever toy'd with Woman,  
When he had try'd the Sex all round,  
The Virtuous and the Common,  
They're all alike he wisely cry'd,  
Vexation, Vanity, and Pride,

*They merit Praise of no Man,  
They merit, &c.*

The poor Man he goes out to work,  
As hard as he is able;  
At Night when he comes Home well tir'd,  
She bids him rock the Cradle;  
And if the same he doth refuse,  
The saucy Pufs will him abuse,

*And thumps him with the Ladle,  
And thumps, &c.*

The Thief that rides up *Holborn-Hill*,  
To *Oliver Cromwell's* Palace,  
May find some Friend perchance step in,  
To save him from the Gallows:  
Oh, no, he cries, drive on to Gib,  
I'll ne'er be Slave to my own Rib,

*Drive on the Cart, good Fellow,  
Drive on, &c.*

SONG.



258 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG CCXC. *Stay, Shepherd, stay, I  
prithee stay.*

**W**HY, *Celia*, shou'd you so much strive  
Your kindling Passion to conceal?  
Your Lips, tho' they Denial give,  
Yet all your Actions Love reveal.

In vain you strive, in vain, alas!  
The charming Passion to disguise,  
It glows, it blushes on your Face,  
And sparkles in your swimming Eyes.  
Your Eyes, those Emblems of the Heart,  
Still contradict whate'er you say,  
And tho' your Lips deny the Smart,  
Your Eyes are more believ'd than they.

SONG CCXCI. *Wast me some soft and  
cooling Breeze.*

**S**ince we, poor slavish Women, know  
Our Men we cannot pick and chuse,  
To him we like, why say we No,  
And both our Time and Loyer lose?  
With feign'd Repulses and Delays,  
A Lover's Appetite we pall;  
And if too long the Gallant stays,  
His Stomach's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient, am'rous Guest,  
Unknown to us, away may steal,  
And, rather than stay for a Feast,  
Take up with some coarse ready Meal,  
When Opportunity is kind,

Let prudent Women be so too:  
And, if the Man be to your Mind,  
Till needs you must, ne'er let him go.

The Match soon made is happy still,  
For only Love has there to do:

Let no one marry 'gainst her Will,  
But stand off when her Parents woo:

And

And only to their Suits be coy:  
For she whom Jointure can obtain,  
To let a Pop her Bed enjoy,  
Is but a lawful Wench for Gain.

SONG CCXCII. *Ye Shepherds and Nymphs  
that adorn the gay Plain.*

**I** Try'd not to love, but I try'd all in vain,  
I harden'd with Hate, but I melted again;  
But now I'll persist, and no longer pursue  
A Love so uncertain, a Lover so true.  
Around all the World my fond Eyes they shall range,  
Till they fix on a Lover that never will change;  
My Heart with his Heart shall in soft Sighs agree,  
Forgetting that ever it breath'd one for thee.

SONG CCXCIII. *Greenwood Tree.*

**I** Cannot change, as others do,  
Tho' you unjustly scorn,  
Since that poor Swain, that sighs for you,  
For you alone was born.  
No *Phillis*, no, your Heart to move,  
A surer Way I'll try,  
And to revenge my slighted Love,  
Will still love on and die.  
When kill'd with Grief *Amyntas* lies,  
And you to mind shall call,  
The Sighs that now unpity'd rise,  
The Tears that vainly fall,  
That welcome Hour that ends this Smart  
Will then begin your Pain,  
For such a faithful tender Heart  
Can never break in vain.

SONG CCXCIV. *Tho' you make no Return to  
my Passion.*

**T**HO' you make no Return to my Passion,  
Still still I presume to adore;  
You in Love but an odd Reputation  
When faintly repuls'd to give o'er:  
When

When you talk of your Duty,  
 I gaze on your Beauty,  
 Nor mind the dull Maxim at all;  
 Let it reign in *Cheapside*,  
 With a Citizen's Bride,  
 It will ne'er be receiv'd at *Whitehall*.  
 What Apochryphal Tales are you told,  
 By one that wou'd make you believe,  
 That, because of *so brave and so bold*,  
 You still must be pinn'd to his Sleeve?  
 'Twere apparent high Treason,  
 'Gainst Love and good Reason,  
 Shou'd one such a Treasure engross:  
 He who knows not the Joys,  
 That attend such a Choice,  
 Shou'd resign to another who does.

SONG CCXCV. *Greenwood Tree.*

**D**amon to *Sylvia*, when alone,  
 Did thus express his Love:  
 Fair Nymph, I must a Passion own,  
 Which else wou'd fatal prove.  
 Can you a faithful Shepherd see,  
 Who languishes in Pain,  
 And yet so cruel-hearted be,  
 To let him sue in vain?  
 Then with his Eyes all full of Fire,  
 And whining Phrases, he  
 Intreated her to ease Desire,  
 And grant him Remedy.  
 Allur'd with am'rous Looks, the Maid,  
 Fearing he might prevail,  
 Begg'd, that he wou'd no more persuade  
 A Virgin that was frail.  
 Fear not, dear Nymph, replies the Swain,  
 There's none can know our Bliss!  
 None can relate our Loves again,  
 While this Place silent is.  
 Then *Damon*, with a lov'd Surprize,  
 Leap'd close into her Arms;  
 With ravishing Delight he dies,  
 And melts with thousand Charms.

SONG CCXCVI. *O ye blest'd Pow'rs ! propitious be.*

O Ye blest'd Pow'rs ! propitious be  
Unto my growing Love ;  
None can create my Misery,  
If *Chloe* constant prove ;  
Tell her, if that she'll pity me,  
From her you'll ne'er remove.

Each Breeze of Air my Groans shall bear  
Unto her gentle Breast ;  
Silently whisp'ring in her Ear,  
I never can be blest ;  
If she refuse to be my Dear,  
I never can have Rest.

The Groves that hear each Day my Grief,  
Bear witness of my Pain :  
Tell her, I die, if no Relief,  
I from her Pow'r can gain :  
Tell her, ah ! tell that pretty Thief,  
I die through her Disdain.

Perhaps she may with piteous Eyes,  
When dead, my Hearse survey ;  
And when my Soul 'mongst Deities  
Doth melt in Sweats away,  
Then may she curse those Victories  
That did my Heart betray.

SONG CCXCVII. *Bacchus one Day gaily striding.*

Love is like the raging Ocean,  
When the swelling Surges rise,  
Winds which guide its troubled Motion,  
Woman's Temper well supplies.



262 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Man's the easy Barque, and playing  
On the Surface of the Sea,  
To the worst of Ills betraying,  
*Cupid* must the Pilot be.

SONG CCXCVIII. *No, no, 'tis in vain, &c.*

**N**O, no, 'tis in vain, in this turbulent Town,  
To expect either Pleasure or Rest;  
To Hurry and Nonsense still tying us down,  
'Tis an over-grown Prison at best.

From hence to the Country away,  
Leave the Croud and the Bustle behind,  
And then you'll see liberal Nature display  
A thousand Delights to Mankind.

The Change of the Seasons, the Sports of the Fields,  
The sweetly diversify'd Scene,  
The Groves, and the Gardens, and every thing yields  
A Chearfulness ever serene.

Here, here from Ambition and Avarice free,  
My Days may I quietly spend;  
Whilst the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for me,  
May gather up Wealth without End.

No, I thank 'em, I wou'd not, to add to my Store,  
My Peace and my Freedom resign:  
For who, for the Sake of possessing the Ore,  
Wou'd be sentenc'd to dig in the Mine?

SONG CCXCIX. *Bush aboon Traquair.*

**A** Thousand Ways to wean my Heart  
I've try'd, yet can't remove him,  
And tho' for Life I've sworn to part  
For Life, I find I love him.  
Still, shou'd the dear false Man return,  
And with new Vows pursue me,  
His flatt'ring Tongue would kill my Scorn,  
And still, I fear, undo me.

SONG

SONG CCC. *Had I the World at my  
Command.*

**G**O tell *Amyntas*, gentle Swain,  
I cannot die, nor dare complain;  
Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,  
Thy Words will more prevail than mine.  
To Souls oppress'd, and dumb with Grief,  
The Gods ordain this kind Relief,  
That Musick thou'd in Sounds convey  
What dying Lovers dare not say.  
A Sigh or Tear perhaps we'd give,  
But Love on Pity cannot live;  
Tell her, that Hearts for Hearts were made,  
And Love with Love is only paid.  
Tell her my Pains so fast increase,  
That soon they will be past Redress!  
For ah! the Wretch, that speechless lies,  
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

SONG CCCI. *Draw, Cupid draw.*

**R**eign, *Sylvia*, reign,  
The Rebel quits his Arms;  
Your Power's compleat,  
And I submit  
To Love's victorious Charms;  
The pleasing Pain,  
The gentle Chain  
That constant Hearts unite,  
Such Joys bestows,  
That Freedom knows  
No such sincere Delight.  
I shiver, and I burn,  
I triumph, and I mourn,  
I faint, I die,  
Until I fly  
Her Passion to return;  
But

264 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

But O! I fear,  
Too fierce to bear  
The mighty Joy will be,  
And Love's keen Dart,  
Fix'd in my Heart,  
Prove that of Death to me.

SONG CCCII. O *London is a fine Town.*

**I***tinerants* we are, and merrily agree,  
There's ne'er a Club, around the Globe, more happy  
are and free;  
Antiquity's our Boast, of mighty ancient Fame,  
Nor *Bourbon* nor *Nassau* from longer Date can claim.  
*Antiquity's our Boast, &c.*

Our Founder, great *Adam*, in *Eden's* blissful Bowers,  
Itinerant he was, so sooth'd the passing Hours;  
From him the *ab Origine*, none can our Title blame,  
Then let all due Respects be paid—*Itinerant's* the Name.  
*From him the ab Origine, &c.*

And Travelling is good as learned Doctors tell us,  
It openeth the Lungs, which are the human Bellows,  
It causes good Digestion, and that's the Cause of Health,  
And Health's the Sauce of Life, without it what is Wealth?  
*It causes good Digestion, &c.*

On *Saturdays* we meet, when, down the *Western Hill*,  
The blushing God from *Thetis* takes a handsome Swill;  
We follow his Example, tho' do a little differ;  
He topes the briny Ocean, but we tope better Liquor.  
*We follow his Example, &c.*

Our Principle is Monarchy, no other Schemes advance;  
And hope that the Republican will never lead the Dance;  
That *Hydra-headed* Monster, whose rigid Iron-Claws,  
Whene'er they fasten on us, the vital Crimson draws.  
*That Hydra-headed Monster, &c.*

We drink the Church and King, the Queen and Royal  
Line,  
Old *England* and old Trade, that they may ever shine;  
And

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 265

And then the closing Health comes on, with very decent Pride,

And so we drink our Mistresses, our Wives, and Fire-side.

*And then the closing Health, &c.*

The Wine, in Moderation, thus cordially we take,  
Exhilarate our Friendship, and farther Friendships make.

The Scythe-God is delighted when we together come,  
To hear our Songs, and Mirth and Joys, all echo round  
the Room.

*The Scythe-God, &c.*

*Sic itur ad, Asra*, our Motto's very good,

Thus mounting to the Stars we wou'd be understood;

For there the jocund Orbs immensely travel round,

And infinite *Itinerants* most beautiful are found.

*For there the jocund Orbs, &c.*

## SONG CCCIII. *Chloe, be wise, &c.*

**S**HE, that wou'd gain a constant Lover,

Must at a distance keep the Slave;

Not by a Look her Heart discover,

Men shou'd but guess the Thoughts we have.

Whilst they're in doubt, their Flame increases,

And all Attendance they will pay;

When we're possess'd their Transport ceases,

And Vows, like Vapours, fleet away.

## SONG CCCIV. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

**I**'LL languish no more at the Glance of your Eye;

Can view you all o'er and ne'er fetch a deep Sigh.

No more shall your Voice, *Siren* like, charm my Heart,

In vain you may sigh, use in vain all your Art.

No, Madam, I'm free; when I'm recreant again,

Let me, unpity'd, feel again my old Pain.

I'll Libertine turn, use all things in common;

No more than one Dill be bound to one Woman;

*Vol. II.*

N

Yet



266 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Yet I'll still love the Sex, but my Bottle before 'em; but  
I'll use 'em sometimes, but I'll never adore 'em!  
Go, Madam, be wise: When a Woodcock's i'th' Noose,  
Besure hold him fast, lest like me he gets loose.

SONG CCCV. *Ton humeur est Catharine.*

**W**oman's like the flatt'ring Ocean,  
Who her pathless Ways can find?  
Every Blast directs her Motion,  
Now she's angry, now she's kind,  
What a Fool's the vent'rous Lover,  
Whirl'd and toss'd by every Wind!  
Can the Barque the Port recover,  
When the silly Pilot's blind?

SONG CCCVI. *Sweet are the Charms of her  
I love.*

**C**horis, I cannot say your Eyes  
Did my unwary Heart surprize,  
Nor will I swear it was your Face,  
Your Shape, or any nameless Grace;  
For you are so entirely fair,  
To love a Part Injustice were.

No drowning Man can know which Drop  
Of Water his last Breath did stop:  
So when the Stars in Heav'n appear,  
And join to make the Night look clear,  
The Light we no one's Bounty call,  
But the united Work of all.

He that doth Lips or Hands adore,  
Deserves them only, and no more;  
But I love all, and ev'ry Part,  
And nothing else can ease my Heart:  
Cap'd that Lover weakly strikes,  
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

SONG

SONG CCCVII. *Give, ye Nymphs, &c.*

**G**ive, ye Nymphs, O give your Lover!  
 Give the Bowl, and flowing over;  
 See me panting, glowing, firing,  
 See me, see me just expiring.  
 Give, ye Nymphs, from yonder Bow'r's,  
 Give me Wreaths of cooling Flow'rs;  
 See, my Garlands all are wasted,  
 By my blazing Temples blasted;  
 But if Flames of Love invade thee,  
 What, O what! my Heart can shade thee?

SONG CCCVIII. *Complying, denying.*

**C**omplying, denying,  
 Now free and now coy,  
 Alluring, and curing  
 Love's Pain with its Joy.  
 With Frowns, or with Smiles, that can kindle a Fire,  
 Is a Girl that each Temper and Age must admire.  
 Her Eye darts its Glances,  
 Our Heart feels its Ray;  
 Her Power advances,  
 And ours ebbs away.  
 From Charms so strong there's none can retreat,  
 For, do what she will, she's ev'ry way sweet.

SONG CCCIX. *Waft me, some soft and cooling Breeze.*

**T**ELL me no more you love, in vain,  
 Fair *Celia*, you this Passion feign:  
 Can they pretend to love, who do  
 Refuse what Love persuader them to?  
 Who once has felt his active Flame,  
 Dull Laws of Honour will disdain;  
 You wou'd be thought his Slave, and yet  
 You will not to his Pow'r submit.

268 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

More cruel than those Beauties are,  
Whole Coyneſs wounds us to Deſpair;  
For all the Kindneſs which you ſhow,  
Each Smile and Kiſs which you beſtow,  
Are like thoſe Cordials which we give  
To dying Men, to make them live,  
And languish out an Hour in Pain:  
Be kinder, *Celia*, or diſdain.

SONG CCCX. *In vain, dear Cbloë, you ſuggeſt.*

**C**bloë is handsome, brisk, and gay,  
And gets new Lovers ev'ry Day;  
For in her Eye doth dwell  
A ſecret and a pow'ful Charm,  
That wou'd the coldeſt Hermit warm,  
And draw him from his Cell.

When firſt I ſaw her, I believ'd  
An Angel's Form my Sight deceiv'd,  
So graceful was her Mien;  
And ſurely Angels cannot be  
More bright than is this lovely She,  
Who is of Beauty Queen.

How happy will the Youth be then,  
Who does with matchleſs Truth obtain  
Poſſeſſion of her Heart!  
To meet with ſuch a pow'ful Cure,  
The worſt of Torments I'd endure,  
And laugh at all the Smart.

SONG CCCXI. *In vain, dear Cbloë, you ſuggeſt.*

**O**nce in a Summer Ev'ning fair,  
*Sirena* took the Country Air,  
*Myrtillo* led: he Way,

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 269

Four other Nymphs attendant shone,  
Like Stars around the full-orb'd Moon,  
Rob'd in superior Day.

A Hat, of plaited Straw-work, made  
Aptly to ev'ry Damsel's Head,  
Supply'd a decent Skreen;  
Each lin'd with Silk of diff'rent Hue,  
Of fiery Red, of milder Blue,  
And Heart-refreshing Green.

Thro' Pastures green, o'er Walks of Grass,  
Thro' Fields of ripen'd Corn they pass,  
In mirthful Chat along:  
Nor stand'ring Wit, nor idle Tale,  
Which oft in Female Talk prevail,  
Employ'd each busy Tongue.

Their Theme was the descending Sun,  
Who now in soften'd Glory shone,  
Tho' ampler to behold:  
They wonder'd at the western Skies,  
Stain'd with a thousand diff'rent Dyes,  
And wash'd in Streams of Gold.

Here might you see a stretching Fan,  
Mark the fair Landscape (as it ran)  
Confus'dly laid in Blue;  
And there a waving Hat explains  
The Colours of the nearer Plains,  
Distinguish'd to the View.

One prais'd the calm and breathless Air,  
One the sweet Smells beyond Compare,  
Diffus'd from Greens around:  
All mingl'd, with a pleasant Strife,  
Their Praises of a Country Life,  
With peaceful Pleasures crown'd.

But oft Myrtillo, to be blest'd,  
Wou'd steal *Sixena* from the rest,  
And ease his wounded Mind;

From



# 270 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

From *Qvid* wou'd he take his Cue,  
And talk such Things as Lovers do,  
To make the fair one kind.

Now 'gan the sinking Day to fail,  
And Night kick'd up the doubtful Scale,  
The Wand'ers haste along:  
A-while they stop, a-while they rest,  
The sweet *Sirena* they request  
To tune the sprightly Song.

The Nymph comply'd; but oh! — to tell  
What Musick from her Warbles fell,  
To Angels only's given:  
For sure such Melody of Sound,  
As ne'er in mortal Voice was found,  
Is likest that of Heav'n.

*Myrtillo* stood in sweet Surprise,  
Gay Pleasures wanton in his Eyes,  
His Ears unusual Transports prove;  
While Beauty all her Rays diffus'd,  
While Harmony her Chains unloos'd,  
And fasten'd those of Love.

He gaz'd upon the tuneful Fair:  
Her Charms serene, her easy Air,  
His Heart by silent Treach'ry stole:  
He listen'd to her silver Song,  
He caught it dropping from her Tongue,  
And in Exchange resign'd his Soul.

*Sirena*, conscious of her Pow'r,  
With Smiles her ended Song gave o'er,  
That ended half his Bliss:  
The Damsels all express'd their Joys:  
*Myrtillo* bow'd in lowly-wise,  
And thank'd her in a Kiss.

## SONG CCCXII. Of all States, &c.

OF all States in Life so various,  
Marriage sure is most precarious!  
'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,  
Still we are new Mazes finding;

'Tis an Action so severe,  
That nought but Death can set us clear.  
Happy's the Man from Wedlock free,  
Who knows how to prize his Liberty;

Were Men wary,  
How they marry,  
We should not be by half so full of Misery.

SONG CCCXIII. *'Twas when the Seas were  
roaring.*

**B**eneath a shady Willow,  
Hard by a purling Stream,  
A mossy Bank my Pillow,  
I fancy'd in a Dream,  
That I the charming *Phillis*  
Did eagerly embrace,  
Her Breast as white as Lillies,  
And *Rosamonda's* Face.

What Ecstasies of Pleasure  
She gave, to tell's in vain,  
When with the hidden Treasure,  
She blest'd her am'rous Swain.  
Cou'd nought our Joys discover,  
And I my Dream believe,  
I so cou'd sleep for ever,  
And still be so deceiv'd.

But, when I wak'd, deluded,  
And found all but a Dream,  
I fain would have eluded  
The melancholy Theme.  
Ye Gods, there's no enduring  
So exquisite a Pain;  
The Wound is past all curing,  
That *Cupid* gave the Swain.

SONG CCCXIV. *Sweet Sukey's my Heart's  
Delight.*

**S**weet *Sukey's* my Heart's Delight,  
O! behold her Country Knight,

## 272 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY

Dress'd like a Town Beau,  
 Above and below,  
 With Cloaths and Wit as bright,  
 Behold but this Lace,  
 And this pretty Face,  
 Ah! may she like it, mun;  
 Ah! may her Heart  
 Admire her Smart,  
 Receive a Dart,  
 And take my Part,  
 Or alas! I'm quite undone.

SONG CCCXV. *Greenwood Tree.*

**N**OT *Eden's* Garden did disdain  
 That pleasing Passion Love;  
 Where free from Guilt, and ev'ry Pain,  
*Adam* did gaily rove.  
 Not Tides of Furies' raging Firs,  
 That follow a wanton Chase,  
 Meer Vapours rais'd by hot Desires,  
 That vanish with Disgrace.  
 How guiltless may I meet the Flame  
 Of *Cynthia's* purer Breath,  
 While Friendship makes us still the same,  
 With ev'ry Virtue drest?  
 Her Mind at first a Conquest made,  
 Her graceful Mind I must approve;  
 Her Wisdom chearful still appear'd,  
 And justify'd my Love.  
 Trust not to Features, fleeting Charms;  
 Nor hug a painted Toy;  
 Those Age or Sickness soon destroy,  
 Warm Air will this destroy.  
 Let tender Passions take their Turn,  
 And Virtue lead the Way,  
 Where Minds are match'd, they seldom mourn,  
 Nor curse the Marriage Day.

SONG CCCXVI. *The Turtle lamenting.*

**T**HE Turtle lamenting  
 The Loss of her Mate,

From

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 273

From Comfort absenting,  
 Bemoans her hard Fate;  
 But at his Returning  
 Her Joy she renews,  
 With Extacy burning,  
 Around him she cooes:  
 So I for my Dearest  
 Did languish and mourn,  
 With Sorrow sincerest  
 My Bosom was torn;  
 His Truth, when suspected,  
 How great was my Grief!  
 That Error corrected,  
 How sweet my Relief!

## SONG CCCXVII. *Come, little Cupid, &c.*

**C**OME, little Cupid, God of Love,  
 Each tender Passion gently move;  
 With fondest Wishes, softest Pain,  
 Exert thy courted pleasing Reign;  
 Assist this present new Desire,  
 And gently fan the glowing Fire.  
 Then prune your filken Wings, and bear  
 These Sounds to haughty Celia's Ear;  
 Capricious fair One lay aside  
 Your aukward Coyness, hateful Pride:  
 For know, that now's the happy Hour,  
 That roving Damon owns your Pow'r.  
 Then quickly snatch thy golden Bow,  
 Accept the Flame, receive the Vow;  
 Tell her I rage, I burn, I die,  
 Don't tell her, Boy, 'tis all a Lye;  
 Tell her, To-day if she'll not yield,  
 To-morrow Celia takes the Field.

## SONG CCCXVIII. *As Celia near, &c.*

**T**ELL me not Celia once did bless  
 Another's Mortal's Arms;  
 That cannot make my Passion less,  
 Nor mitigate her Charms.



274 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Shall I refuse to quench my Thirst,  
Depending Life to save,  
Because some doughty Shepherd first  
Has kiss'd the smiling Wave.

No, no; methinks 'tis wond'rous great,  
And suits a noble Blood,  
To have in Love, as well as State,  
A Taster to our Food.

SONG CCCXIX. *Young Damon once the baptist Swain.*

**T**hyrsis, a young and am'rous Swain,  
Saw two Beauties of the Plain,  
Who both his Heart subdue:  
Gay Celia's Eyes were daz'ling fair,  
Sabina's easy Shape and Air  
With softer Musick drew.

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,  
Lives in a fond Romance of Love,  
And seems for each to die;  
Till each a little spiteful grown,  
Sabina Celia's Shape ran down:  
And she Sabina's Eyes.

Their Envy made the Shepherd find  
Those Eyes, which Love cou'd only blind,  
So set the Lover free;  
No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,  
Or with a true Love-knot or Name,  
Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah Celia! (sly Sabina cry'd)  
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd:  
Let either fix the Dart.

Poor Girl! (says Celia) say no more;  
That Spite, which broke his Chains before,  
Would break the other's Heart.

SONG CCCXX. *Sure ne'er was a Dog, &c.*

**S**URE ne'er was Dog so wretched as I,  
Whose Rest is for ever prevented;  
I'm neither at Peace when *Aurelia* looks coy,  
Nor when she looks kind am contented.

Her Frowns give a Pain I'm unable to bear,  
The Thoughts of them set me a trembling;  
Her Smiles give no Joy, since I plaguily fear  
They can be no more than dissembling.

Then prithee, my Dearest, consent and be kind,  
Put an End to this troublesome Wooing;  
For I see I shall ne'er be at Peace in my Mind,  
Till once you and I have been doing.

Let your poor Dog no longer with Justice complain,  
Of Usage that's hard above Measure;  
But since he has tasted so much of Love's Pain,  
Prithee fling him a Bit of his Pleasure.

SONG CCCXXI. *Room, Room for a Rover.*

**F**Rail's the Bliss of Woman  
Fleeting as a Shade;  
While we pity no Man,  
Goddeses we're made:  
If our Favour's wanting,  
To their Wants we're kind;  
Ruin'd by our granting,  
We no Favour find:  
Birds, for kind complying,  
Love their Females more;  
We're lov'd for denying,  
Scorn'd when we implore,  
While on ev'ry Tree,  
Cherry, Cherry, sing the small Birds,  
Terry, Terry sings the Black Bird,  
Happier far than we.

276 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG CCCXXII. *Sweet, use your Time.*

**T**HE Frantick know  
No Thought of Woe,  
No Sense of Fear and Smart,  
Reflection wings  
Ten thousand Springs,  
With Anguish to the Heart,  
What they have lost,  
We to our Cost,  
But for our Torment keep;  
Their Cares forgot  
They feel 'em not;  
But laugh while others weep.

SONG CCCXXIII. *The Sun was sunk beneath  
the Hill.*

**W**HY, *Damon*, with the forward Day  
Dost thou thy little Spot survey?  
From Tree to Tree, with doubtful Cheer  
Observe the Progress of the Year,  
What Winds arise, what Rains descend,  
When thou before that Year shalt end.  
What do thy Noon-day Walks avail,  
To clear the Leaf and pick the Snail?  
Then wantonly to Death decree  
An Insect usefuller than thee,  
Thou and the Worm are Brother-kind,  
As low, as earthy, and as blind.  
Vain Wretch, can'st thou expect to see,  
The downy Peach make Court to thee?  
Or that thy Sense shall ever meet  
The Bean-flower's deep embosom'd Sweet?  
Exhaling with an Evening's Blast,  
Thy Evenings then will all be past.

Thy

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 277

Thy narrow *Pride*, thy fancied *Green*,  
(For *Vanity's* is little *seen*)  
All must be left when *Death* appears  
In spite of *Wishes*, *Groans*, and *Tears*;  
Not one of all thy *Plants* that grow,  
But *Rosemary*, will with thee go.

## SONG CCCXXIV. *My Goddess Celia, heavenly*

*Fair*

**T** WAS in the solemn Noon of Night,  
As I lay by a murm'ring Stream,  
Betray'd by Fancy's sweet Delight,  
Amused by an am'rous Dream.

When strait I heard, or seem'd to hear,  
From an Ivy's dark rev'rend Shade,  
A solemn Sound assault mine Ear,  
And heavily pierce the thick Glade,

But soon a faint-pale Form appear'd,  
Like a Shade on a Moan-thin Wall;  
To it's gor'd Breast it's Hand it rear'd,  
And utter'd this sorrowful Call.

O pity me, kind-hearted Swain!  
For you know, ah too well! the false Maid;  
She lov'd me first, first sooth'd my Pain,  
She sooth'd it, but then she betray'd.

Depress'd with Anguish, Rage, and Grief,  
I fatally sought out this Grove,  
Here rashly cut the Thread of Life,  
And ended all Hopes of my Love,

But yet, tho' Beauty cannot please,  
And tho' I'm now tasteless of Charm;  
'Twill rob me of eternal Rest,  
To think her enjoy'd in thy Arms.

Yet



278 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Yet once, I think, thou wert my Friend,  
Till the Friend in the Rival was lost,  
O kindly let the Rival end,  
Nor farther torment a poor Ghost!

For this, a restless Shade I rove,  
Be warn'd by my pitiful Fate!  
Betimes, betimes, renounce your Love,  
Nor ponder this Lesson too late!

So may good Angels guard thy Sleep,  
But I to the false-hearted Maid  
Will glide, and thro' the Curtains peep,  
There shew her the Man she betray'd.

She cannot, sure, she cannot see  
So wretched an Object unmov'd!  
At least, I think, she'll pity me,  
More truly than ever she lov'd.

Farewel — but, to yonder Cave,  
Where my Bones to the Ravens lie bare;  
Inhume them kindly in a Grave,  
And my Fame from Aspergers, O dear!

I trembled as the Spectre spoke,  
And, starting, awak'd with the Fright,  
While the hoarse Night-Birds hollow Croak,  
Presented the shivering Sprite.

A sudden Chilliness froze my Breast,  
My Soul in a Terror was fled,  
Fainting, I sunk, benumb'd, oppress'd;  
And dream'd that Belshazzar was dead.

When soon, for now the dawning Light,  
Be-jewell'd the dew-dropping Vale,  
A Youth came posting thro' the Night  
To tell me the fore-boded Tale.

The Maid was dead — my Tears were gulf'd;  
I arose, and soon found out the Cave;  
Prepar'd an Urn, then mix'd their Dust,  
And, weeping, laid both in a Grave.

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 279

SONG CCCXXV. 'Twas on a River's verdant Side, &c.

When *Cynthia* saw *Bathsheba's* Charms,  
In wanton Colours drest,  
Those Lips, those killing Eyes, those Arms,  
I dare not name the rest!

The blushing, envious, angry Maid  
Observ'd with various Passions tost,  
To ev'ry vulgar Eye betray'd  
The Beauties she alone could boast.

A fatal Weapon forth she drew,  
To check the curious Painter's Pride,  
To veil those Charms she only knew,  
Those Beauties only she could hide.

'Tis well, enamour'd *Damon* cry'd,  
E'en let the paltry Copy fall,  
By you the Loss is well supply'd,  
In you we find th' Original.

SONG CCCXXVI. *Genius of England.*

Genius of *England*, from thy pleasant Bow'r of Bliss  
Arise, and spread thy sacred Wings,  
Guard, guard from Foes the *British* State;  
Thou, on whose Smiles do wait

Th' uncertain happy Fate of Monarchies and Kings.  
Then follow, brave Boys, then follow, brave Boys, to the Wars,

Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,  
Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wars,  
Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wars:

The Laurel you know is the Prize,  
The Laurel you know is the Prize,  
Who brings home the noblest, the noblest,  
The noblest Scars looks finest in *Celia's* Eyes.

Then

280 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Then shake off your slothful Ease,  
 Let Glory, let Glory, let Glory inspire your Hearts;  
 Remember a Soldier, in War and in Peace,  
 Remember a Soldier, in War and in Peace,  
 Is the noblest of all other Arts;  
 Remember a Soldier, in War and in Peace,  
 Remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace,  
 Is the noblest of all other Arts.

SONG CCCXXVII. *Young Philoret and  
 Celia met.*

THE Youth, whom I  
 To save would die,  
 Surpasses all Desire;  
 Love's fatal Dart  
 Inflames my Heart,  
 And sets me all on Fire.

The plaintive Dove,  
 Without her Love,  
 Thus mourns like me oppress;  
 But when her Mate  
 Arrives, tho' late,  
 Joy triumphs in her Breast.

SONG CCCXXVIII. *Bless'd as th' immortal  
 God is he.*

IN Slumber sweet as *Venus* lay  
 Within a fragrant Myrtle Grove,  
 Where Odour-breathing *Zephyrs* play,  
 There wily *Cupid* chanc'd to rove.

Surpriz'd, he sees the Goddess there  
 Alone, and calmly lull'd to Rest,  
 With loos'n'd Zone, and golden Hair,  
 Soft waving o'er her snowy Breast.

This Love-creating Zone, he cries,  
 Shall now diviner *Capt'rt* grace,  
 Shall give new Lustre to her Eyes,  
 And spread new Beauty o'er her Face. The

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 281

The Girdle seiz'd, and Cupid flown,  
 From Sleep arose the Queen of Love;  
 She miss'd her Beauty-giving Zone,  
 And sought it, anxious, thro' the Grove.  
 This Loss will all my Charms destroy,  
 She cries, and O I fear — my Son,  
 To give a fav'rite Female Joy,  
 Hath all his Parent's Power undone.  
 To search him out, she speeds away  
 From Place to Place with eager Haste;  
 And spies him full of Mirth and Play,  
 At beauteous *Car'et's* Toilet plac'd.  
 The Fair such Charms possess'd before,  
 As ne'er in mortal Form were seen;  
 The Girdle adds a thousand more,  
 By which she rivals Beauty's Queen.  
 In *Car'et's* Face such Grace smil'd  
 The Goddess looks away her Rage;  
 I'm pleas'd, she cries, since thus beguil'd,  
 To show Perfection to the Age.

## SONG CCCXXIX. *If Love the Virgin's Heart*

**W**HEN *Daphne* o'er the Meadows led,  
 To save her untouch'd Maidenhead,  
 And shun *Apollo's* Suit:  
 The haughty Virgin did not fear  
 His certain Darts, nor seem to hear  
 The Musick of his Lute.  
 No — something else must needs create  
 The Cause of such a cruel Hate;  
 And this was her Condition:  
 She lov'd the God, as he was fair,  
 And of a bright immortal Air,  
 But hated the Physician.



SONG CCCXXX. *Amongst the pure Ones all.*

**A**mongst the pure Ones all,  
 Who Conscience do profess,  
 And yet that sort of Conscience  
 Do practise nothing less:  
 I mean the Sect of those Elect,  
 That loath to live by Merit,  
 That lead their Lives with other Mens Wives,  
 According unto the Spirit.

One met with a holy Sister of ours,  
 A Saint who dearly lov'd him,  
 And fain he would have kiss'd her,  
 Because the Spirit mov'd him;  
 But she deny'd, and he reply'd,  
 You're damn'd unless you do it;  
 Therefore consent, do not repent,  
 For the Spirit both move me to it.  
 She, not willing to offend, poor Soul,  
 Yielded unto his Motion,  
 And what these Two did intend,  
 Was out of pure Devotion.

To lie with a Friend and a Brother,  
 She thought she should die no Sinner;  
 But e're five Months were past,  
 The Spirit was quick within her.  
 But what will the Wicked say,  
 When they shall hear of this Rumour?  
 They'll laugh at us every Day,  
 And scoff at us in every Corner:  
 Let 'em do so still, if that they will,  
 We mean not to follow their Fashion;  
 They're none of our Sect, nor of the Elect,  
 Nor none of our Congregation.

But

But when the Time was come  
That she was to be laid,  
It was no very great Crime,  
Committed by her, they said;  
'Cause they did know, and she did shew,  
'Twas done by a Friend and a Brother,  
But a very great Sin, they said, it had been  
If it had been done by another.

SONG CCCXXXI. *Stay, Shepherd, stay, I  
prithbee stay.*

O Why did e'er my Thoughts aspire  
To wish for that no Crown can buy,  
'Tis Sacrilege, but to desire  
What she in Honour will deny.  
As *Indians* do the eastern Skies,  
I at a Distance must adore  
The brighter Glories of her Eyes,  
And never dare pretend to more.

SONG CCCXXXII. *My Goddess Celia, A  
heav'nly Fair.*

U Ngrateful Love! thus ev'ry Hour,  
To punish me by her Disdain!  
You tyrannize to show your Power;  
And she to triumph in my Pain.  
You, who can laugh at human Woes,  
And Victims to her Pride decree,  
On me, your yielding Slave, impose  
Your Chains; but leave the Rebel free.  
How fatal are your poison'd Darts!  
Her conqu'ring Eyes the Trophies boast;  
Whilst you ensnare poor wand'ring Hearts,  
That in her Charms and Scorn are lost.

Impious

# 234 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Impious and cruel you deny  
A Death to ease me of my Care,  
Which she delays, to make me try  
The Force of Beauty and Despair.

SONG CCCXXXIII. *Say, cruel Armoret, how long.*

**S**AY, cruel *Armoret*, how long,  
In Billet-doux, and humble Song,  
Shall poor *Alexis* wean  
If neither Writing, Sighing, Dying,  
Reduce you to a soft Comploring,  
O! when will you come to?

Full thirteen Moons are now pass'd over,  
Since first those Stars I did adore,  
That set my Heart on Fire;  
The conscious Play-house, Parks, and Court,  
Have seen my Sufferings made your Sport,  
Yet was I ne'er the nigher.

A faithful Lover should deserve  
A better Fate, than thus to starve  
In fight of such a Feast,  
But oh! if you'll not think it fit  
Your hungry Slave should taste one Bit;  
Give some kind Looks at least.

SONG CCCXXXIV. *Amelia wishes, &c.*

**A** *Melia* wishes, when she dies,  
Her dearest Lord may close her Eyes,  
And Heaven may open his;  
Then will he wish, but all in vain,  
To have her render'd back again,  
From Realms of endless Bliss.

enough

SONG

SONG CCCXXXV. *Stay, Shepherd, stay,  
I prithee stay.*

When *Chloe* shines serenely gay,  
Oh! how Love's Goddess she outvies!  
How on her Lips the Graces play,  
And *Cupids* wanton in her Eyes!

What soft Delights her Smiles impart!  
What Raptures does young *Damon* feel,  
When thus she ravishes his Heart,  
With Joys too mighty to reveal!

Let the Conceited of her Sex  
Requite, with Scorn, the Lover's Pain;  
Let them take Pleasure to perplex,  
And triumph o'er a dying Swain.

The Nymph must have a heav'nly Mind,  
A Soul that's gen'rous, great, and brave;  
Who conquers only to be kind,  
And makes it her Delight to save.

The God-like *Romans* so (tho' crown'd,  
Where'er they came, with Victory)  
Not for their Arms were more renown'd,  
Than for their Acts of Clemency.

SONG CCCXXXVI. *Jolly Roger.*

Jolly *Roger*, *Twangdillo* of *Plowden Hill*,  
In Chest had two thousand good Pound,  
Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,  
And a hundred good Acres of Ground;  
Which made ev'ry Maiden with Maiden-head laden,  
And Widows tho' just set free,  
To wrangle and fret, and plump up their Wit  
To train to the Net *Twangdillo*, *Twangdee*.

The first that *Brake Ice* was a *Lass* had been,  
Born of a good House, but decay'd;  
Her Gown was new dy'd and her Nightrail clean,  
And to sing and talk *French* had been bred;      She'd



She'd dance *Northern Nancy*,  
 Ask, *Parlez vous Fransay?*  
 That *Hodge* might her Breeding see,  
 She'd roll her black Eye,  
 Breathe short with a Sigh,  
 When e'er she came nigh *Twangdillo, Twang. &c.*

The next was a Sempstress of Stature low,

That fancy'd she wanted a Male,  
 Her Hair as black as an *Autumn Sloe*,

And hard as a Coach-Horse's Tail:

She'd ogle and wheedle,

And prick with her Needle;

What d' lack? what d' buy? cry'd she;

But now the brisk Tone

Is chang'd to a Groan,

Ah! Pity my Moan, *Twangdillo, Twang. &c.*

A musty old Chamber-Maid, lean and tall,

The next as a Suitor appears,

With a Tongue loud and shrill but no Teeth at all,

For Time had drawn them many Years;

Cast Gowns, and such Lumber,

Old Smocks without Number,

She bragg'd should her Dowry be:

Forty pair of lac'd Shoes,

Ribbons Green, Red, and Blues,

But all wou'd not noose *Twangdillo, Twang. &c.*

The next was a Lass of a *Popish* Strain,

That *Jesuit* Whims had been taught,

She bragg'd they should soon have King *J*—, again,

Tho' her Spouse was late hang'd for the Plot;

The *French* wou'd come over,

And land here at *Dover*,

And all as they wish'd wou'd be;

The *Jacobite* Jade

Talk'd as if she was mad,

In hopes to have had *Twangdillo, Twang. &c.*

A Vintner's fat Widow then straight was view'd,

Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some Pelf;

He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he'd brew'd;

And lately had poison'd himself,

With

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 287

With Bumpers of Claret,  
 No Soufe paying for it,  
 She'd Roger's Companion be;  
 Strike Fift on the Board,  
 Huzza was the Word,  
 Come kifs me, ador'd *Twangdillo, Twang, &c.*  
 But Roger resolv'd not to be her Man,  
 And so gave a Loose to the next,  
 The Niece of a canting blear-ey'd Non-con,  
 That stiffly cou'd canvas a Text,  
 A Dame of *Cheapside* too,  
 Wou'd fain be his Bride too  
 And make him of *London* free:  
 But no Lafs wou'd down,  
 In Country or Town,  
 So pufe-proud was grown *Twangdillo, Twang, &c.*  
 Till at last pretty *Nancy*, a Farmer's Joy,  
 That newly a milking had been:  
 Round fac'd, cherry cheek'd, with a smirking Eye,  
 Came tripping it over the Green:  
 She mov'd like a Goddess,  
 And in her lac'd Bodice  
 A Span she wou'd hardly be,  
 Her L'ps were plump grown,  
 And her Hair a dark Brown;  
 'Twas she that brought down *Twangdillo, Twangdillo,*  
*Twangdillo, young lusty Twangdillo, Twangdee.*

## SONO CCCXXXVII. Dying Swan.

**G**Lide swiftly on, ye purling Stream,  
 Pursue the Lad I love;  
 In softest Murmurs tell my Flame,  
 And try his Heart to move.  
 So may thy Banks be ever green,  
 Thy Channel never dry,  
 Whene'er thy Springs are failing seen,  
 My Tears shall them supply.

May gilded Carp thy Surface skim;  
 Instead of useleſs Weeds,  
 May painted Flow'rs adorn thy Brim,  
 And Knots of bending Reeds.

SONG CCCXXXVIII. *How brim-ful, &c.*

**H**ow brim-ful of *Nothing's* the Life of a Beau?  
 They've *Nothing* to think of, they've *Nothing* to do;  
 Nor they've *Nothing* to talk of, for — *Nothing* they know:  
*Such, Such is the Life of a Beau.*

For *Nothing* they riſe, but to draw the freſh Air;  
 Spend the Morning in *Nothing* but Curling their Hair;  
 And do *Nothing* all Day but ſing, ſaunter, and ſtare:  
*Such, Such is the Life of a Beau.*

For *Nothing* at Night to the Play-houſe they crowd.  
 For to mind *Nothing* done there they always are proud,  
 But to bow, and to grin, and talk — *Nothing* aloud:  
*Such, Such is the Life of a Beau.*

For *Nothing* they run to th' Aſſembly and Ball;  
 And for *Nothing* at Cards a fair Partner call.  
 For they ſtill muſt be beaſted who've — *Nothing* at all:  
*Such, Such is the Life of a Beau.*

For *Nothing* on Sundays at Church they appear.  
 For they've *Nothing* to hope, nor they've *Nothing* to fear;  
 They can be *Nothing* no where, who — *Nothing* are here:  
*Such, Such is the Life of a Beau.*

SONG CCCXXXIX. *No more, Sir, no more, &c.*

**N**O more, Sir, no more, I'll e'en give it o'er,  
 I ſee it is all but a Cheat;  
 Your ſoft wiſhing Eyes, your Vows and your Lyes,  
 Which thus you ſo often repeat.

'Tis you are to blame, who fooliſhly claim  
 So ſilly a lean Sacrifice:  
 But Lovers, who pray, muſt always obey,  
 And bring down their Knees and their Eyes.

Of

Of late you have made Devotion a Trade,  
In Loving, as well as Religion;  
But you cannot prove, thro' th' Ages of Love,  
Any Worship was offer'd but one.

That one let it be in which we agree,  
Leave Forms to the Maids who are younger,  
We're both of a Mind, make haste and be kind,  
And continue a Goddess no longer.

SONG CCCXL. *Sweet are the Charms.*

**B**Ehold, and listen, while the Fair  
Breaks in sweet Sounds the willing Air,  
And with her own Breath Fans the Fire,  
Which her bright Eyes do first inspire.  
What Reason can that Love controul,  
Which more than one Way courts the Soul?

So when a Flash of Lightning falls  
On our Abodes, the Danger calls  
For human Aid, which hopes the Flame  
To conquer, though from Heaven it came;  
But if the Winds with that conspire,  
Men strive not but deplore the Fire.

SONG CCCXLI. *Thou rising Sun, &c.*

**T**Hou rising Sun, whose gladsome Ray  
Invites my Fair to rural Play,  
Dispel the Mist, and clear the Skies,  
And bring my Orra to my Eyes.

O were I sure my Dear to view,  
I'd climb the Pine-Tree's topmost Bough,  
Aloft in Air that quivering plays,  
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?  
What Woods conceal my sleeping Maid?  
Up by the Roots, enrag'd I'll tear  
The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair.



290 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Oh! I can'd ride on Clouds and Skies,  
Or on the Raven's Pinions rise;  
Ye Storke, ye Swans, a Moniment buy,  
And waite a Lover on his Way.

My Bliss, too long, my Bride denies,  
Apace the waisting Summer flies,  
Or yet the wintry Blasts I fear,  
Not Storms, or Nights shall keep me here.

What may for Strength with Steel compare?

Oh! Love has Fetters stronger far;  
By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,  
But cruel Love enchains the Mind.

No longer then perplex thy Breast,  
When Thoughts torment, the first are best!  
'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay,  
Away to *Orra*, haste away.

SONG CCCXLII. *I'll range around the  
shady Bowers.*

**T**HAT, which her slender Waste confin'd,  
Shall now my joyful Temples bind;  
No Monarch but wou'd give his Crown,  
His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extreamest Sphere,  
The Pale which held that lovely Dear,  
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,  
Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow Compass, and yet there,  
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:  
Give me but what this Ribband bound,  
Take all the rest, the Sun goes round.

SONG CCCXLIII. *Who to win a Woman's Favour.*

**W**HO, to win a Woman's Favour,  
Would solick long in vain?  
Who, to gain a Moment's Pleasure,  
Would endure an Age of Pain?  
Idle toying,  
Ne'er enjoying,  
Pleas'd with Suing,  
Fond of Ruin,  
Made the Martyr of Disdain.  
Give me, Love, the beauteous Rover,  
Whom a gen'ral Passion warms,  
Fondly blessing ev'ry Lover,  
Frankly proffring all her Charms:  
Never flying,  
Still complying,  
Fond to please you,  
Glad to ease you,  
Circled in her snowy Arms.

SONG CCCXLIV. *Molly Mog.*

**W**ITH her round the World will I wander,  
For her ev'ry Hardship I'll bear,  
Distress will but make me grow fonder,  
While smiling, the Sweeting's my Care;  
Since then my fond Passion does grieve you,  
O let me your Blessing implore,  
And then I for ever will leave you,  
No, never to trouble you more.

SONG CCCXLV. *Thus Kitty, beautiful and young.*

**B**lyth was I each Morn to see,  
My Swain come o'er the Hill;  
He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me,  
I'll meet him with Good-will.

I neither wanted Yew nor Lamb,  
When his Flocks near me lay,  
He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,  
And cheer'd me all the Day.

He tun'd his Pipe, and play'd so sweet,  
The Birds sat list'ning by,  
And the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,  
Charm'd with his Melody.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,  
Cou'd I but grateful be,  
He won my Heart, cou'd I refuse  
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

Hard Fate! that I must banish'd be,  
Go heavily and mourn,  
'Cause I oblig'd the kindest Swain,  
That ever yet was born.

SONG CCCXLVI. *Wast me some soft and cooling Breeze.*

**O**F all the mighty Pow'rs above,  
First *Damon* su'd to that of Love,  
And fondly begg'd a Nymph to find,  
Both fair and constant to his Mind:  
The little God, with waggish Ear,  
Heard all, but granted half the Pray'r;  
A Fair inconstant *Damon* found,  
She chain'd him fast, then left him bound.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. T 293

In hopes his Freedom to retrieve,  
Since charming *Chloe* cou'd deceive,  
Young *Damon*, *Racchus* next address,  
And pray'd to drive her from his Breast;  
The jolly God the Dose apply'd,  
But *Damon's* Love its Force defy'd;  
The more he drunk, the more he found,  
That Wine inflam'd, not heal'd his Wound.

To *Phæbus* then he thus complains,  
With Musick's Charms unbind my Chains,  
Or make my *Chloe* faithful prove;  
For what can Love reward, but Love?  
But in soft Notes he try'd in vain,  
To ease his Mind, and sooth his Pain;  
For when the Swain his Lyre had strung,  
He thought on *Chloe* whilst he sung.

At last young *Damon* try'd if *Mars*  
Wou'd take his Love or Life in Wars;  
But on the March, and in the Fight,  
False *Chloe's* ever in his Sight:  
With fetter'd Art what can he do?  
His Body's made a Captive too:  
Thus doubly bound he makes his Moan,  
And begs Relief of her alone.

Call me not false, because I strove  
To cure my own, or fix thy Love;  
Cease to be jealous of three Gods,  
Since still in spite of all the Odds,  
My *Chloe's* Charms more pow'rful prove,  
Than all the Deities above,  
Your Chains, with Pleasure, let me wear;  
However those of State I bear.

## SONG CCCXLVII. *Had I the World at my Command.*

O Bserve the num'rous Stars which grace  
The fair, the fair expanded Skies;  
So many Charms has *Lesbia's* Face,  
A thousand thousand more her Eyes.



294 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY, T

Where'er the beauteous Maid appears,  
We cannot, cannot but admire;  
But when she speaks she charms our Ears,  
And sets, and sets our Souls on Fire.

SONG CCCXLVIII. *My Goddess Celia,  
Dearest Fair.*

**B**elinda, see from yonder Flow'rs  
The Bee flies loaded to its Cell;  
Can you perceive what it devours,  
Are they impair'd in Show or Smell?  
So tho' I robb'd you of a Kiss,  
Sweeter than their ambrosial Dew,  
Why are you angry at my Bliss,  
Has it at all impoverish'd you?

'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,  
In spite of your unkind Reserve,  
To keep my famish'd Love alive,  
Which you inhumanly wou'd starve.

SONG CCCXLIX. *I Burn, &c.*

**I** Burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes,  
Each Eye-ball too like Lightning flashes;  
Within my Breast there glows a solid Fire,  
Which in a thousand Ages can't expire.  
Blow, the Wind's great Ruler, blow,  
Bring the Pe and the Gorge hither,  
'Tis sultry Weather;  
Pour them all on my Soul,  
It will hiss like a Coal,  
But never be the cooler.

'Twas Pride not as Hell,  
That first made me rebel;  
From Love's awful Throne, a ruin'd Angel I fell;  
And mourn now my Fate,  
Which myself did create,  
Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well,  
Adieu,

Adieu, transporting Joys;  
Off, ye fantastick Toys,  
That dress their Face and Body to allure.  
Bring me Daggers, Poison, Fire,  
Since Scorn is turn'd into Desire,  
All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I, endure.

SONG CCCL. *When Lovers for Favours*  
*petition.*

**W**hen Lovers for Favours petition,  
Oh, then they approach with Respect;  
But when in our Hearts they've Admission,  
They treat us with Scorn and Neglect:  
'Tis dang'rous ever to try them,  
So artful are Men to deceive,  
'Tis safer, much safer to fly them,  
So easy are Maids to believe.

SONG CCCLI. *Greenwood Tree.*

**F**arewel the World, and mortal Cares,  
The ravish'd *Strephon* cry'd,  
As full of Joy and tender Tears  
He lay by *Phyllis'* Side:  
Let others toil for Wealth and Fame,  
Whilst not one Thought of mine  
At any other Bliss shall aim,  
But those dear Arms of thine.  
Still let me gaze on those bright Eyes,  
And hear thy charming Tongue,  
I nothing ask t'increase my Joys,  
But thus to feel 'em long.  
In close Embraces let us lie,  
And spend our Lives to come,  
Then let us both together die,  
And be each other's Tomb.

SONG CCCLII. *No longer I'll bear.*

**N**O longer I'll bear,  
In the Heart of the Fair,

A Rival thus happy to reign;

While I in Despair,

Tormented with Care,

For ever must sigh and complain;

Affist me *Lachesis*,

Affist me *Nemesis*,

Ye Furies, ye Destinies aid;

Their Union divide,

And vanquish the Pride

Of this charming, this obstinate Maid.

SONG CCCLIII. *With tuneful Pipe, &c.*

**S**Hall Strangers weep, and shall not I,  
The Cause of all his Woe?

I'd freely drain these Eye-strings dry,

Could I his Grief forego;

Why did I treat with such Disdain,

A Flame so pure and true?

Why love I still, yet love in vain,

Where Hate is only due?

SONG CCCLIV. *Who'er to a Wife.*

**W**HO'er to a Wife

Is link'd for his Life,

Is plac'd in most wretched Condition:

Tho' plagu'd with her Tricks,

Like a Blister she sticks,

And Death is his only Physician,

And Death, &c.

To trifle and toy

May give a Man Joy,

When summon'd by Love or by Beauty:

But

But where is the Bliss in  
Our conjugal Kissing;  
When Passion is prompted by Duty?  
*When Passion, &c.*

The Curr who's possess'd  
Of Mutton the best,  
A Bone he could leave at his Pleasure:  
But if to his Tail  
'Tis ty'd, without Fail,  
He's harrass'd and plagu'd beyond Measure,  
*He's harrass'd, &c.*

SONG CCCLV. *Who'er to a Wife.*

**T**Hat Man who for Life  
Is bless'd in a Wife,  
Is sure in a happy Condition;  
Go things how they will,  
She sticks by him still,  
She's Comforter, Friend, and Physician.  
*She's, &c.*

Pray where is the Joy,  
To trifle and toy,  
Yet dread some Disaster from Beauty?  
But sweet is the Bliss  
Of a conjugal Kiss,  
Where Love mingles Pleasure with Duty.  
*Where, &c.*

One extravagant Whore  
Shall cost a Man more,  
Than twenty good Wives that are saving;  
For Wives they will spare,  
That their Children may share,  
But Whores are eternally craving.  
*But, &c.*

SONG CCCLVI. *Tweed-Side.*

**I**N Richmond's cool Grotto's, reclin'd,  
On a verdant soft mossy Bed;  
Who wou'd to a Court be confin'd,  
When such Bliss is possess'd in the Shade?



# 298 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

The *Thames* that flows smoothly along,  
A Witness to Lovers sad Pain,  
Inspires their am'rous Song,  
And echo's in Rills to their Strains.

Sweet warble the Lark and the Thrush,  
In every Field and each Grove;  
The Nightingale too from each Bush,  
Replies to the soft cooing Dove.

The Zephyrs, that play 'midst the Trees,  
Spread a genial Fragrance around,  
And refresh, with a sweet cooling Breeze,  
The Flow'rs that enamel the Ground.

The Rustic, polite and refin'd,  
All Nature's vast Pleasures in view;  
New Graces still rise to the Mind,  
And Transports each Hour renew.  
Were Mortals their Stations to choose,  
In lieu of their Paradise lost,  
Each Retreat but this they'd refuse,  
And find it as blest'd as the first.

## SONG CCCLVII. *All in the Downs the Fleet was moor'd.*

Poor *Celia* once was very fair;  
A quick bewitching Eye she had,  
With Lustre shone her braided Hair,  
Her rosy Cheeks would make you mad;  
Upon her Lips did all the Graces play,  
And on her Breast ten thousand Cupids lay.

Then many a doating Lover came,  
From seventeen till twenty-one;  
Each told her of his mighty Flame;  
But she (forsooth) affected none;  
One was not handsome, 'other was not fine,  
This of Tobacco smelt, and that of Wine.

But,

But, t'other Day, it was my Fate,  
To walk along that Way alone,  
I saw no Coach before her Gate,  
But, at the Door, I heard her moan:  
She dropp'd a Tear, and, sighing, seem'd to say,  
Young Ladies, marry, marry while you may!

SONG CCCLVIII. *My Goddess, Celia,  
heav'nly Fair.*

**T**H O', lovely *Phillis*, thou art coy,  
And cruel to the am'rous Swain;  
Regardless of the sighing Boy,  
And senseless of thy Lover's Pain.  
Yet still I keep thee in my Heart,  
Thou art the Fair whom I must love,  
I'll keep thy Image, tho' with Smart,  
And try if Constancy can move.  
In Sighs I to the Winds complain,  
And to the harden'd Rocks I weep;  
By Day, thou art my constant Pain,  
At Night, the Vision of my Sleep.

SONG CCCLIX. *Thomas, I cannot.*

**A** Fig for the dainty civil Spouse  
Who's bred at the Court, or *France*;  
He treats his Wife with Smiles and Bowls,  
And minds not the good main Chances;  
Be *Gregory*  
The Man for me,  
Tho' giv'n to many a Maggot,  
For he would work  
Like any Turk,  
None like him e'er handled a Faggot, a Faggot,  
None like him e'er handled a Faggot.

SONG CCCLX. *Beneath a cooling Shade.*

**B**eneath a cooling Shade,  
Young *Strephon* sought Relief,  
The Flowers around his Head  
Pin'd, conscious of his Grief.

Fond, foolish Wretch, he cry'd,  
I love and yet despair;  
Pursue, tho' still deny'd  
By the too cruel Fair.

The Courtier asks a Place,  
The Sailor tempts the Sea,  
The Miser begs Increase,  
Love only governs me.

Nor Honour, Wealth, nor Fame,  
Can like soft Transports move,  
On Earth 'tis Bliss supreme,  
And Heaven is but to love.

SONG CCCLXI. *Believe my Sighs, my Tears,  
my Dear.*

**I** Love, I doat, I rave with Pain,  
No Quiet's in my Mind,  
Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,  
Were *Sylvia* less unkind:  
For when (as long her Chains I've worn)  
I ask Relief from Smart,  
She only gives me Looks of Scorn;  
Alas! 'twill break my Heart

My Rivals, rich in worldly Store,  
May offer Heaps of Gold;  
But surely I a Heaven adore,  
Too precious to be sold:

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 301

Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize,  
For Wealth, and not Desert,  
And my poor Sighs and Tears despise?  
Alas! 'twill break my Heart!

When, like some panting hov'ring Dove,  
I for my Bliss contend,  
And plead the Cause of eager Love,  
She coldly calls me, Friend.  
Ah *Sylvia*! thus in vain you strive  
To act a Healer's Part;  
'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,  
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely pensive Bed,  
I lay me down to Rest,  
In hopes to calm my raging Head,  
And cool my burning Breast,  
Her Cruelty all Ease denies:  
With some sad Dream I start,  
All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,  
And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising, thro' the Path I rove,  
That leads me where she dwells,  
Where to the senseless Waves my Love  
Its mournful Story tells;  
With Sighs I dew and kiss the Door,  
Till Morning bids depart,  
Then vent ten thousand Sighs and more;  
Alas! 'twill break my Heart!

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,  
And I am dead and cold,  
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,  
Nor glory when 'tis told;  
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid  
Will take my injur'd Part,  
And curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,  
For breaking my poor Heart.



# 302 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY T

## SONG CCCLXII. *By a young faithful Swain*

**T**ELL me, ye Gay, ye Brave, ye Wise,  
 Ye Strangers all to *Celia's* Eyes,  
 Whose Hearts are ever free,  
 Tell me, how shall a wounded Swain  
 The Conflicts of his Mind restrain,  
 'Twixt Love and Liberty?  
 With constant Care my *Flavia's* charms,  
 And courts me to her willing Arms,  
 The truest Nymph is she;  
 My rebel Heart still unconfin'd,  
 To all her fond Endearments blind,  
 Seeks Love and Liberty  
 A Victim falls to *Celia's* Shrine,  
 Who reigns alone, with Pow'r Divine,  
 Despotick Queen of me,  
 And spite of all my conscious Shame,  
 My guilty Eyes reveal my Flame,  
 I've lost my Liberty.  
 Oh hear, cruel God of Love,  
 Propitious to thy Suppliant prove,  
 Ah! let me still be free;  
 Grace *Flavia* with her Rival Charms,  
 Or bless me in my *Celia's* Arms,  
 With Love and Liberty.

## SONG CCCLXIII. *As Celia near a Fountain*

**S**HE sung — with such a Sweetness sung,  
 And look'd with such a Grace,  
 Methought I heard an Angel's Tongue,  
 And saw an Angel's Face.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 363

Of Beauty such a winning Charm,  
Such Innocence of Soul;  
At once the coldest Heart may warm,  
The warmest may controul.

And shall then Gold — [O impious Thought!]  
Such Excellence our weigh?  
Can she (O vile Exchange!) be bought  
To brutal Lust a Prey?

Are these the Fruits of Charms divine?  
O wond'rous hapless Maid!  
And do the more thy Graces shine,  
The more to be betray'd?

But know, O Fair! the World's a Stage,  
And Life itself a Play;  
The vary'd Act, a vary'd Age,  
The changeful Scene, a Day.

How sweetly hast thou fill'd thy Part,  
As *Cassio's* gen'rous Wife!  
Be still the same, and keep thy Heart,  
Still spotless in thy Life.

O! scorn a *Polly's* tawdry Fate —  
No, still be nobly poor:  
What God can gild, or change the Hare-  
ful Name, or Gilt of W——

Nor need'st thou (as I judge) be told,  
No Sum's can countervail the Cost,  
(Tho' Crowns or Garters give thee Gold)  
Of Innocence and Virtue lost.

## SONG CCCLXIV. *As Celia near a Fountain lay.*

**A** Female Friend advis'd a Swain,  
(Whose Heart she wish'd at Ease)  
Make Love thy Pleasure, not thy Pain,  
Nor let it deeply seize.

Beauty,

# 304 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Beauty, where Vanities abound,

No serious Passion claims;

Then till a Phoenix can be found

Do not admit the Flames.

But griev'd, she finds that his Replies

(Since prepossess'd when young)

Take all their Hints from *Sylvia's* Eyes,

None from *Ardelia's* Tongue.

Thus, *Cupid*, of our Aim we miss,

Who would unbend thy Bow;

And each slight Nymph a Phoenix is,

When Love will have it so.

SONG CCCLXV. *Phyllis, as her Wine she sipp'd in.*

*S**ylvia*, on her Arm reclining,

In a shady Grove's Retreat,

Lay in loose Attire, designing, *fa, la, la, &c.*

To avoid the sultry Heat.

Tho' unveil'd, she thought no Stander-

by could view the lonely Fair,

While young *Zephyrs* came and found her, *fa, la, &c.*

Beauteous Face with fragrant Air.

There the blooming Nymph lay panting,

Sighing for her absent Swain,

There extended she lay wanting, *fa, la, &c.*

Him to ease her love-sick Pain.

Soon the happy Youth, who won her,

To the kind Retreat drew near,

And in Transport gaz'd upon her, *fa, la, &c.*

Charms repos'd in Slumber there.

Love persuaded, 'twas no Sin to

Vent his Flames without Debate,

So he boldly enter'd into, *fa, la, la, &c.*

Tales of Love with *Sylvia* trait.

SONG

SONG CCCLXVI. *With tuneful Pipe and merry Glee.*

**R**anging the Plain one Summer's Night,  
To pass a vacant Hour,  
I fortunately chanc'd to light  
On lovely *Phyllis's* Bow'r.  
The Nymph, adorn'd with thousand Charms,  
In Expectation sat,  
To meet those Joys in *Seraphon's* Arms,  
Which Tongue cannot relate.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,  
Her Breasts did gently rise;  
That ev'ry Lover might have read  
Her Wishes in her Eyes.  
At ev'ry Breath that moves the Trees,  
She suddenly would start;  
A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,  
A Trembling on her Heart.

But he, that knew how well she lov'd,  
Beyond his Hour had stay'd;  
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd  
The melancholy Maid.

Ye Gods, said she, how oft he swore,  
He would be here by One;  
But now, alas! 'tis Six, and more,  
And yet he is not come.

SONG CCCLXVII. *Who has e'er been at Paris.*

**C**ome listen, ye *English*, a while to my Strain,  
While I tell you a Story will give you much  
Pain,  
How *Englishmen* starve while the *Foreigners* gain.  
*With a down, down, derry, derry, &c.*

What



What have you e'er done to deserve such a Doom?  
 With your Fathers your Wars is sure all in the Tomb,  
 That you forfeit your Sense for a Squaller of Rome.  
*With a down, &c.*

The Voice of an Englishman what Clown won't obey?  
 Sound Sense for *Francis* you've barter'd away,  
 And for Glasses your Eyes you exchange ev'ry Day.  
*With a down, &c.*

No Fool is so dull but their Worth will enhance,  
 But if all their Nations come hither to dance,  
 I hope we shall quickly be tired of *France*.  
*With a down, &c.*

Court, City, and Country stand on their Side,  
 Our Delight it is grown, and our Boast, and our Pride,  
 To see *Englishmen* walk while the Foreigners ride.  
*With a down, &c.*

With *Monsieur* our Play-bills are stock ev'ry Day,  
*Italian, French, Dutchman* fill up ev'ry Way,  
 And *Signior* and *Monsieur* is all we can say.  
*With a down, &c.*

Our Heroes like *Italians* now Impotent grow,  
 Our Elders all weak as *Francis* in his Show,  
 And our Statesmen short-sighted, alas! as a *Beau*.  
*With a down, &c.*

Ye Schools, that for Learning are worthily known,  
 No Wonder your Benches so empty are grown,  
 Since our Nation despise ev'ry Art that's their own.  
*With a down, &c.*

In the Manners of *England* none try to excel,  
 Most of us, like *Frenchmen*, both Habit and Feed,  
 But who can't talk *French*, is a Blockhead indeed.  
*With a down, &c.*

Our Old *English* Dishes we're taught to disown,  
 To Ragouts and Toupees we now are so prone,  
 That we've neither a Drest nor a Dish of our own.  
*With a down, &c.*

SONG CCCLXVIII. *Bobbing Joan.*

**M**Aids like Courtiers must be woo'd,  
Most by Flatt'ry are subdu'd;  
Some capricious, coy, or nice,  
Out of Pride protect the Vice;  
But they fall,  
One and all,  
When we bid up to their Price.

SONG CCCLXIX. *The Sun had just withdrawn his Fires.*

**T**HE Sun had just withdrawn his Fires,  
And *Phæbe* shone with milder Ray,  
When *Thyrsis* to the Grove retires,  
As Love had pointed out the Way.  
His trembling Knees the Turf receives,  
His aching Head the Cowslips press,  
His Breast, that Sighs alone had eas'd,  
At last gave Way to this Address.  
O Queen that guid'st the silent Hour,  
If e'er *Endymion* sooth'd thy Pain,  
By all thy Joys in *Carian* Bow'rs,  
Restore me *Resolind* again.  
To thee my mournful Plaint I send,  
Protectress of the virtuous Mind,  
Do thou thy chaste Assistance lend,  
*Venus* is lewd, and *Cupid* blind.  
Behold these Cheeks, how pale, how wan,  
That once were grac'd with rosy Pride,  
Dim are my Eyes, their Lustre gone,  
My Lips a purple Hue deride.  
To wretched me it nought avails,  
That *Phæbus*' self has strung my Lyre,  
Since *Plutus*, worthless God, prevails,  
And only sordid Wealth can fire.

The

### 308 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

The Nightingale, that pines with Love,  
With melting Notes does Grief suspend;  
Me Verse nor sweetest Sounds can wake,  
My Torments she alone can end.

But hark! the Ravens dreadful Croak  
Join'd with the Owls ill-boding Shriek:  
In frightful Concert Fate have spoke,  
Alas! my Love-sick Heart does break.

Too cruel Nymph, haste, haste away,  
And see your prostrate Victim lie,  
I faint, I can no longer stay,  
O *Rosalind*, for thee I die!

Sono CCCLXX. *Waft me, some soft and  
cooling Breeze.*

**W**ith Gems as bright as are thy Eyes,  
Thy lovely Frame I will adorn,  
Till thou out-shine the Summer Skies,  
Or *Phœbus* ush'ring in the Morn:  
Instead of this thy home-spun Grey,  
With *India* Silks I'll deck thy Frame;  
Then why perverse dost thou delay,  
To spread thy lovely Beauty's Fame?

Scorn the low Courtship of the Swain,  
Nor give your Mind to rural Sports;  
With me in greater Splendor reign,  
With me partake the Joys of Courts:  
We'll study Pleasures Life to spend,  
Strangers to ev'ry anxious Sigh;  
All Day to Music we'll attend,  
All Night in Love's sweet Trances lie.

Sono

SONG CCCLXXI. *Blow on, ye Winds, &c.*

**H**enceforth, vain Youth, your Arts forbear,  
 Nor thus torment my Heart;  
 My Virtue is my only Care,  
 Nor from it will I part.  
 What tho' your Gold appears so bright,  
 Your glitt'ring Diamonds shine,  
 They're mortal all nor please my Sight,  
 But Virtue is divine.  
 Tho' I in State might Kings excel,  
 And strut in guilty Pride,  
 In virtuous Poverty I'll dwell,  
 Content by Harry's Side:  
 No higher Love I e'er shall crave,  
 In vain is all your Art,  
 None shall my Person ever have,  
 Without my constant Heart.

Your Wit nor Gold's of no Import,  
 Nor Love in me create;  
 To gay Coquets go make your Court,  
 And leave me to my Fate.  
 Tho' you in Love appear so gay,  
 And Harry's meanly drest,  
 Yet you are false and will betray,  
 But Harry's poor and just.

SONG CCCLXXII. *Stripp'd of their Green  
 our Groves appear.*

**S**tripp'd of their Green our Groves appear,  
 Our Vales lie bury'd deep in Snow,  
 The blowing North controuls the Air,  
 A nipping Cold chills all below.  
 The Frost has glaz'd the deepest Streams,  
 Phœbus withdraws his kindly Beams,

Yet



10 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Yet, Winter, blest'd be thy Return,  
Thou'lt bring the Swain for whom I us'd to mourn,  
And in thy Ice with pleasing Flames I burn.

Too soon the Sun's reviving Heat  
Will thaw that Ice and melt that Snow,  
Trumpets will sound, and Drums will beat,  
And tell me the dear Youth must go.

Then must my weak unwilling Arms  
Relinquish him up to stronger Charms:  
What Sweets, what Flow'rs, what beauteous Thing,  
Now *Damon's* gone can Ease or Pleasure bring?  
Winter brings *Damon*, Winter is my Spring.

SONG CCCLXXIII. To all you Ladies now  
at Land.

IN vain's the Force of Female Arms,  
In vain their offer'd Love,  
Their Smiles, their Airs, nor all their Charms,  
My Passion can remove;

For all that's fair and good I find,  
In *Chloe's* Form, in *Chloe's* Mind.

Let *Celia* all her Wit display,  
That glitters while it kills,  
My Heart disdains the feeble Ray,  
Nor Light nor Heat it feels.

For all that's bright and gay I find,  
In *Chloe's* Form, in *Chloe's* Mind.

Fair *Flavia* shines in Gems of Gold,  
And uses all her Arts;

Not richest Chains my Heart can hold,  
Unpierc'd by Diamond Darts;

For all that's rich and fair I find,  
In *Chloe's* Form, in *Chloe's* Mind.

These Notes, sweet *Myra*, now give o'er,  
They once had Pow'r to wound;

When *Chloe* speaks, they are no more,  
But mix with common Sound:

All Grace, all Harmony I find,  
In *Chloe's* Form, in *Chloe's* Mind.

SONG

THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 31

SONG CCCLXXIV. *Hunt the Squirrel.*

THE Gentlefolke of *London*, an old London al  
 Infamy scatt'ring;  
 Neighbours bespatt'ring;  
 Care not who are undone;  
 But blast both living and dead,  
 On high and low,  
 They Scandal throw.  
 Wou'd you the Reason find,  
 'Tis 'cause they fear,  
 Themselves t'appear,  
 The worst of human Kind.

SONG CCCLXXV. *Farewel, ye Hills and Vallies.*

FAREWEL the fatal Pleasures,  
 The shining Masquerade,  
 And all the dying Measures  
 That tender Love perswade:  
 Ye Notes that sweetly languish,  
 To aid the Lover's Flame,  
 Whilst he reveals his Anguish,  
 And begs the fair one's Name:  
 No more you can invite me,  
 You sing alas in vain;  
 No Musick can delight me,  
 Tho' Orpheus play'd again;  
 A lovely Sailor pleading,  
 With Wit in every Word,  
 Both skill'd in Love and Breeding,  
 Has fix'd my Heart on Board.

In ev'ry Dream appearing,  
 All Charming, all Divine,  
 A Manner most endearing,  
 A Voice as soft as mine:  
 His Hands so gently pressing,  
 As if no Ropes they knew,  
 What is my Song confessing!  
 It grows a *Billet-doux*.

Some

Some tuneful Voice befriending  
The Fondness of my Heart,  
In mournful Notes descending,  
My Tenderness impart:  
Oh! sure he soon will know it,  
If Love inspire his Sight,  
Those Eyes, that made the Poet,  
I fear will guess too right.

SONG CCCLXXVI. *To Purple-blooming  
Roses.*

**Y**E Purple-blooming Roses,  
Whom Love in Wreaths disposes,  
Why guard ye so your Treasures,  
And grudge the Boy his Pleasures?  
So mixt with Sweet and Sower,  
Life's not unlike the Flower:  
Its Sweets, unpluck'd, will languish,  
And gather'd, 'tis with Anguish.  
*In Sweets, &c.*

Then, lovely Boy, bring hither  
The Chaplet e're it wither,  
Steep'd in the various Juices,  
The cluster'd Vine produces:  
This round my moisten'd Tresses,  
The Use of Life expresses,  
Wine blunts the Thorn of Sorrow,  
Our Rose may fade To-morrow.

SONG CCCLXXVII. *In vain, dear Gbloe,  
you suggest.*

**Y**OUNG *Civiana*, gay and fair,  
Known for her Wit, and well-bred Air,  
A Visit made one Day:  
Where *Cymon*, with an awkward Mien,  
Unluckily for him, came in,  
His Folly to betray.

He

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 313

He bow'd and scrap'd, ne'er took his Chair,  
But wou'd all round salute the Fair;

Not only those he knew;  
The Visited; but the gay *Bills*,  
The Visiter; ah, Shame to tell!  
The Blockhead kiss'd her too.

And, what was worse, or was as bad,  
The rest, by his Example led,

Repeated the Affront;  
The Lads did her Resentment show,  
She snapt her Fan, she bent her Brow;  
Such Rudeness, she upon't!

Fair one, while thus your Anger burns,  
If *Cymon* to the Place returns,

As soon no doubt he will;  
Be there with twenty Virgins more,  
For Kisses three inflict threescore,  
You can't use him too ill.

Do, at the self-same Time and Place,  
That all may witness his Disgrace,

Repeat the Punishment;  
With throbbing Heart the guilty Clown  
Shall your impartial Justice own,  
And—sit him down content.

## SONG CCCLXXVIII. *My Molly is, &c.*

**M**Y *Molly* is of Form divine,  
Kind as first meeting Loves,  
Sweeter than the Jessamine,

Softer than the Down of Doves;  
Thousand Charms,  
E'er renewing,  
Love disarms,

All pursuing;  
When the Dance she briskly leads,  
Each Heart with secret Wishes bleeds,



# 314 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY

Whene'er she passes through the Grove,  
The Violets spring beneath;  
The gentle Zephyrs softly move,  
And sweetly Odours breathe:  
On her Lip  
Trembling, sighing,  
Dew they sip,  
Scorn defying;

Cou'd I share with them in Bliss,  
I'd turn to Air to gain one Kiss.

## SONG CCCLXXIX. *My Goddess, Celia, heavenly Fair.*

**T**HY vain Pursuit, fond Youth, give o'er,  
What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?  
Thy Worth I own, thy Fate deplore;  
All are not happy that are true.

Suppress thy Sighs and weep no more,  
Shou'd Heav'n and Earth with thee combine,  
'Twere all in vain, since any Pow'r,  
To crown thy Love, must alter mine.  
But if Revenge can ease thy Pain,  
I'll sooth the Ills I cannot enroy;  
Tell thee I drag a hopeless Chain,  
And all that I inflict endure.

## SONG CCCLXXX. *As Celia near a Foun- tain lays*

**T**HE rosy Morn unbar'd her Gates,  
To let the Day appear;  
When, I afraid of b'ing to late,  
Stole softly to my Dear.  
Wrap'd in a pleasing Sleep she lay,  
Her Veil was loosely spread,  
Which did her tender Limbs betray,  
Nor kept one Beauty hid.

I gently

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 315

I gently stole an am'rous Kiss,  
Which crimson'd o'er her Face;  
Nor yet content with such a Bliss,  
Sought a diviner Place.

Ye Pow'rs! when panting on her Breast,  
No greater Boon I'd sue;  
Had all the Transports of the Blest,  
A Heaven in every View.

Her Eyes, then op'ning, like the Day,  
Emit a piercing Beam;  
She wak'd — I stole with Speed away,  
She took it for a Dream.

## SONG CCCLXXXI. *Gently touch the warbling Lyre.*

**I**F *Corinna* would but hear  
What impatient Love could say,  
She would banish idle Fear,  
And with Ease his Laws obey;  
She would soon approve the Song,  
Like the Voice and blest the Tongue.  
Since to Silence I'm confin'd,  
Sighs and Ogles must declare,  
What torments my thoughtful Mind;  
How I wish, and how despair:  
All the Motions of my Heart  
Sighs and Ogles must impart.

## SONG CCCLXXXII. *Believe my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear.*

*Damon.* **B**Ehold the Birds, in Love combin'd,  
In friendly Couplets move!  
O would you try, you soon would find,  
Like theirs, my constant Love.

## 316 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY

*Celia.* Such moving Words I must not hear,  
So fatal to a Maid;  
Should I believe, too much I fear,  
My Love would be betray'd.

*Damon.* O smile, my Dear! nor thus disdain,  
The Heart which is your Prize;  
Then kindly look, and ease my Pain;  
Or wretched *Damon* die.

*Celia.* If *Damon* I your Heart have won,  
And cause you so to grieve;  
I, in Exchange, have lost my own,  
Which I can ne'er retrieve.

*Damon.* Then since our mutual Love we've shewn,  
No more, my Dear, torment.

*Celia.* Altho' I'm willing, I must own,  
I dare not yet consent.

*Damon.* To yonder Shade we'll straight repair,  
And be for ever blest.

*Celia.* Your Tongue's so sweet, I must declare,  
I can no more resist.

### SONG CCCLXXXIII. *What tho' I am a Country Lass, &c.*

**T**H O' late I was a Nun most pure,  
I now am alter'd quite-a;  
A Cloyster I'll no more endure,  
Nor say my Prayers i'th Night-a;  
In warmer Work the Hours I'll spend,  
Nor to a Priest give Ear-a;  
Tho' to Religion some pretend,  
A young Gallant is dearer.

My Cloaths were once of Linnen clean,  
But now they're Silk most gay-a,  
For since the courtly Dames I've seen,  
I'll be as fine as they are.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 317

Old Father *Ginny* I'll despise,  
Nor to their Rules incline-a;  
I'll love but those, who say, my Eyes  
The rising Sun out-shine-a.

To Church, alas! I'll never go,  
Nor at Confession kneel-a;  
But at the Play I'll hear some Beau  
His tender Passion tell-a.

Since Maids such Pleasures here partake,  
Who would be then confin'd-a?  
I do not doubt but Time will make  
Each *Vestal* of my Mind-a.

## SONG CCCLXXXIV. *Why will Florella, when I gaze.*

**I**N *Chloe's* Frowns I read my Fate,  
Her Eyes bid me despair;  
Each Action shews her rooted Hate;  
Oh Pain! too great to bear!

When I in Tears fall at her Feet,  
She'll not one Look afford;  
Nor all the Torments I repeat,  
Can gain one tender Word.

Since *Chloe's* Love, alas! I know,  
It is in vain to crave,  
Her Pity must one Word bestow,  
And dying *Damon* save.

Ye Lovers happy with the Fair,  
O teach me all your Art,  
That I to Joy may change my Care,  
And gain my *Chloe's* Heart.

## SONG CCCLXXXV. *There liv'd long ago in a Country Place.*

**W**AS ever a Mistress so gentle as mine!  
A Nature so pleasant! a Soul so divine!



# 318 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Not one of her *Airs* to the *Coquet* allude,  
Nor has the *Art* of the whimsical *Prude*,  
She's always familiar, and yet never rude;

Tender of *Friends*, and to *Enemies* kind;  
Cautious of *Praise*, to her *Feibles* not blind;  
Good-nature and *Virtue* in *Celia* do blend,  
And tho' she's so good, she's still striving to mend,  
And, what few will do, she'll to *Council* attend.

Ye *Maids*, that would prove what *Woman* ought to be,  
Follow th' *Example* in *Celia* you see;  
Let *Lovers*, like *Strepson*, throw *Folly* aside,  
And only in *Sense* and in *Virtue* confide,  
And *Lover* and *Husband* shall never divide.

## SONG CCCLXXXVI. *He's a Man ev'ry Inch.*

HE's a *Man* ev'ry *Inch*, I assure you,  
Stout, vigorous, active, and tall;  
There's none can from *Danger* secure you,  
Like brave gallant *Moore* of *Moore-Hall*.  
No *Giant* or *Knight* e'er quell'd him,  
He fills all their *Hearts* with *Alarms*,  
No *Virgin* yet ever beheld him,  
But wish'd herself clasp'd in his *Arms*.

## SONG CCCLXXXVII. *The Lass of Broomball-Green.*

THE *Lass* of *Broomball-Green*,  
When coming from her *Cow*,  
Dress'd like the *Cyprian Queen*,  
Love triumph'd on her *Brow*.  
Her *Pail* surpass'd a *Crown*,  
The rising *Sun* her *Eyes*,  
Majestick *Robes* her *Gown*,  
A *Goddess* in *Disguise*.  
Her *Breath* perfum'd the *Air*,  
Not *Paradise* so sweet,  
Like shining *Pearls* her *Hair*,  
As *Indian Silks* her *Feet*;

And,

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 319

And, when she sung, my Ears  
Were ravish'd with her Voice,  
The Musick of the Spheres  
To her was jarring Noise.  
I left her with Regret,  
So graceful was her Mien,  
That I shall ne'er forget  
The Lais of *Broomball-Green*;  
Nor dare th' admiring Fops  
Presume to court, for she  
Must, when the next Life drops,  
The Landlord's Heriot be.

## SONG CCCLXXXVIII. *Little Flea, &c.*

**L**ittle Flea, why so Blood-thirsty,  
Thou'st drank till it has almost burst ye;  
Thou'rt now too full of Pride, I warrant,  
To stir a Step on *Strephon's* Errand.

Yet, prithee, sweet, sincere Back-biter,  
To *Chloe* go, that false Delighter;  
Go, hide thyself within her Boddice,  
And make her own, she is no Goddess.

Tell her, The Shafts of *Cupid's* Quiver  
So from her Eyes have pierc'd my Liver;  
And when she holds thee 'twixt her Fingers,  
Say thus, Your Love-sick *Strephon* lingers.

## SONG CCCLXXXIX. *Hence, thou Deceiver.*

*She.* **H**ence, thou Deceiver,  
Never, ah! never  
Wilt thou return to thy *Chloe* again.  
Grown, in your Leisure,  
Fond of new Pleasure,  
Some fairer Rival will laugh at my Pain.

*He.* Dry up those Showers,  
Sweeter than Flowers;

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY

Look in the Fountain and see thyself there;

Where is the Creature,

Throughout all Nature;

Half so engaging, so sweet, and so fair!

*She.* Go — you'll deceive me —

No — I'll believe thee —

Lean on my Breast and thy Constancy swear;

Should you deceive me,

Or ever leave me,

*Chloe* would languish and die with Despair.

*He.* My sweetest Treasure,

Every Pleasure,

Every Charm in my *Chloe* I find;

And all the Graces,

Of newer Faces,

Call but my *Chloe* back into my Mind.

SONG CCCXC. *'Twas on a River's verdant Side.*

**O** Say! what is that Thing call'd Light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy,  
What are the Blessings of the Sight,  
Tell your poor blind Boy!

You talk of wond'rous Things you see,

You say the Sun shines bright;

I feel him warm, but how can he

Then make it Day or Night?

My Day or Night myself I make,

When'er I wake or play,

And could I ever keep awake,

With me 'twere always Day.

With heavy Sighs, I often hear,

You mourn my hopeless Woe;

But sure, with Patience I may bear

A Loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have,

My Cheer of Mind destroy;

Whilst thus I sing, I am a King,

Altho' a poor blind Boy.

SONG

SONO CCCXCI. *As musing I rang'd, &c.*

**A**S musing I rang'd in the Meads all alone,  
 A beautiful Creature was making her Moan;  
 Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes,  
 And she pierc'd both the Air and my Heart with her  
 Cries.

Oh! the Tears, &c.

I gently requested the Cause of her Moan,  
 She told me her sweet *Sensino* was flown;  
 And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,  
 Unless the dear Charmer would come back again.

Why, who is this Mortal, so cruel, said I,  
 That draws such a Stream from so lovely an Eye?  
 To Beauty so blooming, what Man can be blind,  
 To Passion so tender, what Monster unkind?

'Tis neither for Man nor for Woman, said she,  
 That thus in lamenting I water the Lee;  
 My Warbler celestial, sweet Darling of Fame,  
 Is a Shadow of Something, a Sex without Name.

Perhaps, 'tis some Linnet, some Black-bird, said I;  
 Perhaps, 'tis your Lark that has soar'd to the Sky:  
 Come dry up yout Tears and abandon your Grief,  
 I'll bring you another to give you Relief.

No Linnet, no Black-bird, no Sky-lark, said she,  
 But one much more tuneful by far than all three;  
 My sweet *Sensino*, for whom I thus cry,  
 Is sweeter than all the wing'd Songsters that fly.

Adieu, *Farinelli*, *Cantata* likewise,  
 Whom Stars and whom Garters extol to the Skies;  
 Adieu to the Opera, adieu to the Ball,  
 My Darling is gone, and a Fig for them all.



372 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

SONG CCCXCII. *A Lads that was loaden  
with Care.*

**A** Lads that was loaden with Care,  
Sat heavily under a Thorn,  
I litten'd a while for to hear,  
And thus she began for to mourn:

So merry as we twa have been,  
So happy as we twa have been;  
O! my Heart it is like to despair,  
When I think of the Days we have seen.

When you, my dear Shapherd, was there,  
The Birds did melodiously sing,  
And the cold nipping Winter did wear  
A Face that resembled the Spring.

Our Flocks feeding close by his Side,  
As he gently press'd my Hand,  
I had the wide World in my Pride,  
And cou'd all its Glories withstand.

My Dear, he wou'd oft to me say,  
What makes you hard-hearted to me;  
Or why do you thus turn away,  
From him who is dying for thee.

But now he is far from my Sight,  
Perhaps new Advice may approve,  
Which makes me lament Day and Night,  
That ever I granted him Love.

At the Eve, when the rest of the Folk  
Were merrily seated to spin,  
I sat my self under his Oak,  
And I heavily sigh'd for him.

SONG CCCXCIII. *The Charms of Florimel.*

**T**HE Charms of *Florimel*,  
Nor Force of Time or Art,  
Shall sever from my Heart,  
But ever to the World I'll tell,

*The Charms of beauteous Florimel.*

Each Rock and sunny Hill,  
The flow'ry Meads and Groves,  
Shall say *Myrtillo* loves;  
And Echo shall be taught to tell,

*The Charms, &c.*

Each Tree within the Vale,  
That on its Back doth wear  
The Triumph of my Fair,  
To future Times in Verse shall tell,

*The Charms, &c.*

Each Brook and purling Rill,  
Shall on its bubbling Stream  
Convey the Virgin's Name;  
And as it rolls, in Murmurs tell,

*The Charms, &c.*

The sylvan Gods that dwell  
Amidst this sacred Grove,  
Shall wonder at my Love;  
Whilst ev'ry Sound conspires to tell,

*The Charms of beauteous Florimel.*

SONG CCCXCIV. *The Hounds, &c.*

**T**HE Hounds are all out, and the Morning does peep,  
Why how now you sluggardly Sot?  
How can you, how can you lie snoring a-sleep,  
While we all on Horseback have got?

*Brave Boys, while we all on Horseback, &c.*

# 324 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

I cannot get up, for the Over-night's Cup  
 So terribly lies in my Head;  
 Beside, my Wife cries, my Dear do not rise,  
 But cuddle me longer a Bed;  
*Dear Roy, but cuddle, &c.*

Come, on with your Boots, and saddle your Mare,  
 Nor tire us with longer Delay;  
 The Cry of the Hounds, and the Slight of the Hare,  
 Will chase all our Vapours away,  
*Brave Boys, will chase, &c.*

## SONG CCCXCV. *What shall I do to shew how much I love her.*

**C**upid, Commander of ev'ry Creature,  
 Ev'ry Quality, Rank, and Degree;  
 Scorn of Dignity, Person, and Feature,  
 Striking at Monarch, as well as at me.

Choose me a Dart that is sharp as my Passion,  
 Hard is the Task I would have it to try;  
 Arm it with Feathers of softest Persuasion,  
 Swiftly and quickly permit it to fly.

Hit my dear *Phyllis*; but oh! do not harm her,  
 If it prove hurtful to pity her Slave,  
 Keep in thy Arrow, abuse not my Charmer,  
 Leave her to Fortune, and me to my Grave.

But if my Fate be as kind as my Will is,  
 And my Petition no Detriment be,  
 Fill me with Raptures, exalt me to *Phyllis*,  
 Make her as happy in swooping to me.

## SONG CCCXCVI. *Cruel Creature, &c.*

**C**harming *Phyllis*, clear as Lillies,  
 But her Will is to disdain;  
 This fair Creature's beauteous Features  
 Give me Pleasure mix'd with Pain.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 383

Lips like Cherries, black as Berries  
Are the Eyes of *Phyllis* fair;  
Slender waisted, Snow-white breasted,  
None with *Phyllis* can compare.

Breath like *Ponies* *Jaws* disposes,  
Sweet as *Roses* fragrant Smell;  
Brisk and airy, like a *Fairy*,  
Charms that Nature doth excell.

Ever pleasing, never teasing,  
Yet she's freezing cold as Snow  
To her Lover, who to move her,  
Melting Language does bestow.

Send an Arrow, pierce her thorough,  
Oh! kind *Cupid*, see my Grief:  
Make her kinder, let me find her  
Warm'd with Love to find Relief.

Lovely Jewel, be not cruel,  
Quench my Fuel, see me burn;  
See me languish, ease my Anguish,  
Turn, oh! lovely *Charmer*, turn.

Grant your Favour, and I ever  
Will endeavour to adore;  
I'll care for thee, and will bless thee,  
With true Love for evermore.

## SONG CCCXCVII. *Zeno, Plato, &c.*

**Z***eno, Plato, Aristotle,*  
All were Lovers of the Bottle;  
*Poets, Painters, and Musicians,*  
Churchmen, Lawyers, and Physicians,  
All admire a pretty Lass,  
All require a chearful Glas:  
Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season,  
Love and Drinking are no Treason.



# 346 THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

## SONG CCCXCVIII. *Wine does Wonders, &c.*

**W**ine does Wonders ev'ry Day,  
Makes the Heavy light and gay;  
Throws of all their Melancholy,  
Makes the Wisest go astray,  
And the Busy toy and play,  
And the Poor and Needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling Cowards bold,  
Men in Years forget they're old;  
Women leave their Modesty,  
Who till then were neat and shy;  
Makes a Niggard slight and kind,  
And the Foppish entertaining.

## SONG CCCXCIX. *If the Glasses they are empty.*

**I**F the Glasses they are empty,  
Fill again, my Soul's a-dry;  
Sure such Wine as this will tempt ye,  
To carouse in Sympathy.  
Thirsty Souls like Plants expiring,  
Moisture ever are desiring;  
Thus caressing  
Nature's Blessing,  
We'll the sober World despise.

See, the Bottle, how its Beauty  
Smiles in ev'ry ruby Face;  
We to Bacchus owe a Duty,  
Drink, brave Heroes, drink a-pace.  
Cou'd the Globe be fill'd with Claret,  
Souls like mine wou'd never spare it;  
Ever drinking,  
Void of Thinking,  
We'd the happy Hours embrace.

SONG

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY. 327

## SONG CCCC. *O London is a fine Town.*

**O** *London* is a dainty Place,  
A great and gallant City;  
For all the Streets are pav'd with Gold,  
And all the Folks are witty.

And there's your Lords and Ladies fine,  
That ride in Coach and Six;  
That nothing drink but Claret Wine,  
And talk of Politicks.

And there's your Beaux, with powder'd Cloaths,  
Bedaub'd from Head to Chin;  
Their Pocket-holes adorn'd with Gold,  
But not one Soufe within.

And there the *English* Actor goes  
With many a hungry Belly;  
While Heaps of Gold are forc'd, God wot,  
On Signior *Farrinelli*.

And there's your Dames, of dainty Frames,  
With Skins as white as Milk;  
Dress'd every Day in Garments gay,  
Of Satin and of Silk.

And if your Mind be so inclin'd,  
To have them in your Arms;  
Pull out a handsome—Purse of Gold,  
They can't resist its Charms.

## SONG CCCCI. *Love's a gentle, &c.*

**L**ove's a gentle generous Passion,  
Source of all sublime Delight,  
When with mutual Inclination  
Two fond Hearts in one unite,  
*Two fond, &c.*

What are Titles, Pomp or Riches,  
If compar'd with true Content?

That

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

That false Joy which now bewitches,  
When obtain'd we may repeat,  
*When obtain'd, &c.*

Lawless Passions bring Vexation,  
But a chaste and constant Love  
Is a glorious Emulation  
Of the blissful State above,  
*Of the, &c.*

### SONG CCCCII. *Let Prudes and Coquets, &c.*

**L**ET Prudes and Coquets their Intentions conceal,  
With Pride and with Pleasure the Truth I'll reveal;  
You're all I can wish and all I desire,  
So fix'd is my Flame it ne'er can expire.  
*So fix'd, &c.*

Let Rakes and Libertines revel and range,  
Possess'd of such Pleasure, what Mortal would change?  
You're the Source of my Hope, the Spring of my Joy,  
A Fountain of Bliss that never can cloy,  
*A Fountain, &c.*

### SONG CCCCIII. *Ye Cats that at Midnight, &c.*

**Y**E Cats, that at Midnight spit Love at each other,  
Who best feel the Pangs of a passionate Lover;  
I appeal to your Scratches and tatter'd Furr,  
If the Business of Love be not more than to purr.  
Old Lady *Grimalkin*, with Gooseberry-Eyes,  
When Kitten knows something, for why? she was wise:  
You find by Experience the Love Fit's soon o'er,  
Puss, Puss, lasts not long, but turns to Cat-Whore.  
Men ride many Miles,  
Cats tread many Tiles,  
Both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the Fray;  
Only Cats, if they fall  
From a House, or a Wall,  
Keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails,  
and away.

SONG

SONG CCCCIV. *'Twas on a River's verdant Side.*

**T**HE Night was still, the Air serene,  
 Fann'd by a Southern Breeze;  
 The glimm'ring Moon might just be seen,  
 Reflecting thro' the Trees.

The bubbling Water's constant Course,  
 From off th' adjacent Hill,  
 Was mournful Echo's last Resource,  
 All Nature was so still.

The constant Shepherd sought this Shade;  
 By Sorrow sore oppress'd,  
 Close by a Fountain's Margin laid,  
 His Pain he thus express'd.

Ah, wretched Youth! why did'st thou love,  
 Or hope to meet Success;  
 Or think the Fair would constant prove,  
 Thy blooming Hopes to bless?

Find me the Rose on barren Sands;  
 The Lilly midst the Rocks;  
 The Grape in wide deserted Lands;  
 A Wolf to guard the Flocks.

Those you, alas! will sooner gain,  
 And will more easy find,  
 Than meet with aught but cold Disdain,  
 In faithless Womankind.

Riches alone now win the Fair,  
 Merit they quite despise;  
 The constant Lover, thro' Despair,  
 Because not wealthy, dies.

SONG



SONG CCCCIV. *We'll all to conquering  
Beauty.*

**T**O thee, the brightest of thy Race,  
Thy Swain submissive sends,  
Thy Virtue beautifies thy Face,  
And ev'ry Charm commends.

That Wit, that Elegance of Air,  
Those all Things that can move,  
Have drawn my Soul into the Snare,  
And O! I die with Love.

With Pity, Nymph, my Sighs regard,  
Nor let me vainly burn,  
My Flame with equal Flame reward,  
And Love for Love return.

Thus both shall find in *Celia's* Field,  
What Blessings must ensue,  
Where both at once with Transport yield  
And both at once subdue.

SONG CCCCVI. *In vain, dear Cbloë, you  
suffer.*

**C**elia, thou fairest of the Fair,  
Those Eyes such pointed Arrows bear,  
To dart Defiance round:  
Thus to go arm'd in you is vain,  
Whose very Frown, or cold Disdain,  
Can kill without a Wound.

Then be not, *Celia*, thus disarm'd,  
Let Swords on hither side be plac'd,  
From such rough Acts desist:  
Unarm'd you can conquer more,  
Nor can great *Mars*, with all his Pow'r,  
Your naked Force resist.

SONG CCCCVII. *Waste me, some soft and  
cooling Breeze.*

**I**N Storms, when Clouds the Moon does hide,  
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,  
Shew me at Sea, the boldest there,  
Who does not wish for Quiet here.

For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights,  
Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights;  
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,  
Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Since Wealth and Pow'r too weak we find,  
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;  
Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,  
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.

Happy the Man with little bless'd,  
Of what his Father left possess'd;  
No base Desires corrupt his Head,  
No Fears disturb him in his Bed.

What then in Life, which soon must end,  
Can all our vain Designs intend?  
From Shore to Shore why should we run,  
When none his tiresome self can shun?

For baneful Care will still prevail,  
And overtake us under Sail;  
'Twill dodge the great Man's Train behind,  
Out-run the Roe, out-fly the Wind.

If then my Soul rejoice To-day,  
Drive far To-morrow's Cares away;  
In Laughter let them all be drown'd;  
No perfect Good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow,  
Another's ling'ring Death comes slow;  
And what of Life they take from thee,  
The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy

## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

Thy Portion is a wealthy Stock,  
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,  
Horses and Chariots for thy Race,  
Rich Robes to deck and make thee please.

For me a little Cell I chuse,  
Fit for my Mind, & for my Muse;  
Which soft Content does best contain,  
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

SONG CCCCVIII. *I wish my Love were in  
a Mine.*

THE thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,  
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.  
The Plants suck in the Earth and Air,  
With constant Drinking fresh and fair.  
The Sea itself, which one would think  
Should have but little Need of Drink,  
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,  
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.  
The busy Sun (and one should guess,  
By's drunken fiery Face, no less)  
Drinks up the Sea; and when it's done,  
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun;  
They drink and dance by their own Light,  
They drink and revel all the Night;  
Nothing in Nature's sober found,  
But an eternal Health goes round.  
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,  
Fill all the Glasses there; for why  
Shou'd ev'ry Creature drink but I,  
Why, Men of Morals, tell me why?

SONG CCCCIX. *Whilst I gaze on Chloë, &c.*

THE fairest Month of the fair Year,  
Like thy own Beauty fresh and clear,  
Presents thee on this happy Day,  
With the first Fruits of infant May.

For

For where should *Fava* spread her Sweets,  
But where she equal Fragrance meets!  
To thee their Breath the Zephyrs bring,  
And rob again to make the Spring.

How happy is the Youth that sips  
The tasteful Nectar of thy Lips!  
*Hyblean* Store! Partition sweet!  
See now the Sister-Corals meet.

Now they divide again — then kiss,  
Each senseless of the other's Bliss.  
O! what a glorious Theft it were,  
To steal the Balm that lodges there.

SONG CCCCX. *Greenwood Tree.*

**T**Hose Arts which common Beauties move,  
*Corinna*, you despise;

You think there's nothing wise in Love,  
Or eloquent in Sighs.

You laugh at Ogle, Cant, and Song,  
And Promises abuse;

But say — for I have courted long,  
What Methods shall I use?

We must not praise your Charms and Wit,  
Nor talk of Dart and Flame;

But sometimes you can think it fit  
To smile at what you blame.

Your Sex's Forms, which you disown,  
Alas! you can't forbear,

But in a Minute smile and frown,  
Are tender and severe.

*Corinna*, let us now be free,  
No more your Arts pursue,

Unless you suffer me to be  
As whimsical as you.



## THE VOCAL MISCELLANY

At last the vain Dispute desist,  
To Love resign the Field;  
'Twas Custom forc'd you to resist,  
And Custom bids you yield.

### SONG CCCCXI. For haughty Phillis Thyrsis

**A** Rist, who underneath the Table  
Thy curious Feature hath display'd,  
Who, if we may believe the Fable,  
Wast once a blooming lovely Maid.

Insidious, restless, watchful Spider,  
Fear no officious Damsel's Broom,  
Extend thy artful Building wider,  
And spread thy Banners round my Room.

While I thy wond'rous Fabrick stare at,  
And think on hapless Poet's Fate,  
Like thee confin'd to lonely Garret,  
And proudly banish'd Rooms of State.

And as from out thy tortur'd Body,  
Thou draw'st thy slender Wit with Pain;  
So does he labour like a Noddy,  
To spout Materials from his Brain.

He for some gaudy flutt'ring Creature,  
That spreads her Charms before his Eye,  
And that's a Conquest little better,  
Than thine o'er captive Butterfly.

Thus far, 'tis plain you both agree,  
Your Death, perhaps, may better show it;  
'Tis ten to one but Penury  
Ends both the Spider and the Poet.

SONO CCCCXII. *When first I saw those Lips,  
those Eyes.*

**D**ear Molly, why so oft in Tears?  
Why all these Jealousies and Fears,  
For thy bold Son of Thunder?  
Have Patience till we've conquer'd France,  
Thy Closet shall be stor'd with Nantz;  
Ye Ladies like such Plunder.

Before Thoulon thy Yoke-mate lies,  
Where all the live-long Night he fights  
For thee in lousy Cabbin:  
And tho' the Captain's Choler cries,  
'Tis I, dear Bully, prithee rise —  
He will not let the Drab in.

But she, the cunning'st Jade alive,  
Says, 'Tis the readiest Way to thrive,  
By sharing Female Bounties:  
And, if he'll be but kind one Night,  
She vows he shall be dubb'd a Knight,  
When she is made a Countess.

Then tells of smooth young Pages whipp'd,  
Cashier'd, and of their Liv'ries stripp'd,  
Who late to Peers belonging;  
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge  
With Links, because they would not drudge,  
To save their Lady's Longing.

But Vol the Eunuch cannot be  
A colder Cavalier than he,  
In all such Love Adventures:  
Then pray do you, dear Molly, take  
Some Christian Care, and do not break  
Your conjugal Indentures.

# THE VOCAL MISCELLANY.

*Bella!* who does not *Bella!* know!  
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Dea,  
Gives out, he loves you dearly;  
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,  
And soft Impertinence and Noise,  
Full oft has beat a Parley.

But, pretty Turtle, when the Maiden bold  
Shall come with arms and sword,  
Soon from the Window take him:  
But if Reproof will not prevail,  
And he perchance attempt to scale,  
Discharge the Jordan at him.

## SONG CCCCXIII. *Young I am, and yet un-* *skill'd, &c.*

**P**Rithee, *Chloe*, not so fast,  
Let's not run and wed in haste;  
We've a thousand Things to do,  
You must fly, and I pursue;  
You must frown, and I must sigh;  
I entreat, and you deny.  
Stay——if I'm never crost,  
Half the Pleasure will be lost.  
Be, or seem to be severe,  
Give me Reason to despair;  
Fondness will my Wishes cloy,  
Make me careless of the Joy.  
Lovers may of course complain  
Of their Trouble, and their Pain;  
But if Pain and Trouble cease,  
Love without it will not please.

SONG CCCCXIV. *Sweet are the Charms of  
her I love.*

**C**loris, 'twill be for either's Rest,  
Truly to know each other's Breast;  
I'll make th' obscurest Part of mine,  
Transparent as I wou'd have thine:  
If you will deal but so with me,  
We soon shall part, or soon agree.

Know then, tho' you were twice as fair,  
If it cou'd be, as now you are,  
And tho' the Graces of your Mind  
With a resembling Lustre shin'd,  
Yet if you lov'd me not, you'd see  
I'd value those, as you do me.

Tho' I a thousand times have sworn,  
My Passion shou'd transcend your Scorn,  
And that your bright triumphant Eyes  
Create a Flame that never dies;  
Yet, if to me you prov'd untrue,  
Those Oaths shou'd prove as false to you.

If Love I vow'd to pay for Hate,  
'Twas 'cause I knew 'twas not my Fate,  
Or that my Flame shou'd deathless prove,  
'Twas but to render so your Love;  
I bragg'd, as Cowards use to do,  
Of Dangers they'll ne'er run into.

And now thy Tenets I have show'd;  
If you think them too great a Load,  
T' attempt your Change were but in vain,  
The Conquest not being worth the Pain;  
With them I'll other Nymphs subdue,  
'Tis too much to loose Time and you.



SONO CCCCXV. *Stay, Shepherd, stay!*

THE Pride of ev'ry Grove I chose,  
 The Violet sweet, and Lilly fair;  
 The dappl'd Pink, and blushing Rose,  
 To deck my charming *Cbler's* Hair.

At Morn the Nymph vouchsaf'd to place  
 Upon her Brow the various Wreath;  
 The Flow'rs less blooming than her Face,  
 The Scent less fragrant than her Breath.

The Flow'rs she wore along the Day:  
 And ev'ry Nymph and Shepherd said,  
 That in her Hair they look'd more gay,  
 Than growing in their native Bed.

Undress'd at Evening, when she found  
 Their Odours lost, their Colours past;  
 She chang'd her Look, and on the Ground  
 Her Garland and her Eye she cast.

That Eye dropp'd Sense distinct and clear,  
 As any Muse's Tongue could speak;  
 When from its Lid a pearly Tear  
 Ran trickling down her beauteous Cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
 My Love, my Life, said I, explain  
 This Change of Humour: Prithee tell;  
 That falling Tear——What does it mean?

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the Flow'rs  
 Pointing, the lovely Mor'ist said:  
 See! Friend, in some few fleeting Hours,  
 See yonder, what a Change is made:

Ah me! the blooming Pride of *May*,  
 And that of Beauty, are but one;  
 At Morn both flourish bright and gay,  
 Both fade at Evening, pale and gone.

At Dawn poor *Stellia* danc'd and sung;  
 The am'rous Youth around her bow'd,  
 At Night her fatal Knell was rung;  
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her Shroud.

Such as she is, who'dy'd To-day;  
 Such I, alas! may be To-morrow;  
 Go, *Damon*, bid thy Muse display  
 The Justice of thy *Chloe's* Sorrow.

SONG CCCCXVI. *Dying Swan.*

I Prithee send me back my Heart,  
 Since I cannot have thine:  
 For if from yours you will not part,  
 Why then shou'dst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie;  
 To find it were in vain:  
 For thou'st a Thief in either Eye,  
 Wou'd steal it back again.

Why shou'd two Hearts in one Breast lie,  
 And yet not lodge together?  
 Oh Love, where is thy Sympathy,  
 If thus our Breasts thou sever?

But Love is such a Mystery,  
 I cannot find it out;  
 For when I think I'm best resolv'd,  
 I then am most in doubt.

Then farewell Care, and farewell Woe,  
 I will no longer pine;  
 For I'll believe I have her Heart,  
 As much as she has mine.

SONG CCCCXVII. *Oh cease, cease, urge no more, &c.*

**O**H cease, cease, urge no more the God to swell my Breast!

The Mansion dreads the greater Guest:

But lo! he comes! I shake! I feel, I feel his Sway!

And now he hurries me along.

Then Crowds believe, and Kings obey,

'Tis Heav'n inspires the Song.

Haste! to the Gods due Vengeance give,

Hark! from their Seats they cry,

Who lets Blasphemers live,

Shall by Blasphemers die.

Haste, haste, due Vengeance give,

Let the Sound

Echo all round,

Haste, haste, due Vengeance give.

Beware! ten thousand, thousand threat'ning Ills I see!  
Invasions! Wars! Plagues! Ruins! endless Woes!

Ah, wretched Isle! I weep for thee!

Save, save thyself, resign the Gods blaspheming Foes.

Now, now, the Thunder roars,

The Earth now groans and quakes,

The rising Main a Deluge pours,

The World's Foundation shakes.

Hell gapes! the Fiends appear!

Oh hold, ye angry Pow'rs, relent, or we despair.

See we fulfil

On your Foes your dreadful Will!

See the Throng!

Hoot 'em as they're dragg'd along;

Now they tear 'em! now they die!

All applaud, and shout for Joy:

Peace returns, all Nature smiles,

Happy Days now bless our Isles;

Now we laugh, with Plenty crown'd,

Merry Sports and Love go round.

SONG CCCCXVIII. *I am the lovely, &c.*

**G**ive o'er, foolish Heart, and make haste to despair,  
 For *Daphne* regards not thy Vow, nor thy Pray'r;  
 When I plead for thy Passion, thy Pains to prolong,  
 She courts her Guittar, and replies with a Song:  
 No more shall true Lovers thy Beauty adore,  
 Were the Gods so severe, Men wou'd worship no more.

No more will I wait, like a Slave, at thy Door,  
 I'll spend the cold Nights at thy Window no more;  
 My Lungs in cold Sighs I no more will exhale,  
 Since thy Pride is to make me look sullen and pale.  
 No more shall *Amintas* thy Pity implore,  
 Were the Gods so ingrate, Men wou'd worship no more.

No more shall thy Frowns, or free Humour persuade,  
 To court the fair Idol my Fancy has made;  
 When thy Saints so neglected their Follies give o'er,  
 Thy Deity's lost, and thy Beauty's no more.  
 No more shall *Amintas*, &c.

How weak are the Vows of a Lover in Pain,  
 When flatter'd by Hope, or oppress'd by Disdain?  
 No sooner my *Daphne's* bright Eyes I review,  
 But all is forgot, and I vow all a-new.  
 No more, cruel Nymph, I will murmur no more;  
 Did the Gods seem so fair, Men wou'd worship them  
 more.

SONG CCCCXIX. *Sweet are the Charms, &c.*

**L**ately, on yonder swelling Bush,  
 Big with many a coming Rose,  
 This early Bud began to blush,  
 And did but half itself disclose:  
 I pluck'd it, tho' no better grown,  
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inspire,  
 With such a purple Light they shone,  
 As if they had been made of Fire,  
 And spreading so would flame anon;



# THE VOCAL MEANS.

All that was meant by Air or Sun,  
To the young Flow'r my Breath has done.  
If our lost Breath is much can do,  
What may the same in Power of Love,  
Of pure Love, and Musick too,  
When *Flavia* it aspires to move?  
When that, which lifeless Bods persuades  
To wax more soft, her Youth invades!

## SONG CCCCXX. *Alexis Journ'd, &c.*

**W**HY, *Delia*, when I tell the Pain  
Which I endure from thy Disdain,  
Art thou not touch'd at my Complaint?  
Oh! dost thou know the Cares I feel!  
To what vast Height my Sorrows swell!  
For Pity you'd relent,  
When at the glad Approach of Day  
All Nature looks serene and gay,  
And the pleas'd Birds their joys proclaim;  
Then rising Griefs my Bosom rend,  
And ev'ry mournful Hour I spend  
In fighting out thy Name.  
Say, Charmer, can't this Torment move  
That Heart, which seems averse to Love,  
To grant some Ease to my Despair?  
Say, must I hope no kind Return?  
Must I with fruitless Passion burn,  
And you as cruel be as fair?

F I N I S



